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MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

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BY

WILLIAM JERDAN,

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE REAL ACADEMIA DE LA HISTORIA OF SPAIN,
ETC. ETC.

97534

. . . . . Tamen me
Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia.

Illustrated with Facsimile Autographs.

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TO THE

RIGHT HON. LORD CHIEF BARON POLLOCK.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Two passages which occur in the sketches of Mr. Hallam and Lord Truro, will suggest my reasons for desiring to inscribe this Volume with your name.

And also, because there is no one else who can appreciate and confirm the fidelity of its statements so entirely as yourself.

But, above all, an intimate friendship, rendered (to my feelings) almost sacred by the extent of its period from youth to age, inspires my earnest wish to dedicate the last of my literary efforts to One who has cheered my path and comforted my toil, throughout every concomitant vicissitude and anxiety.

It is but a faint expression of the faithful attachment and affectionate regard, with which I am,

My dear, excellent friend,

Always yours,

W. JERDAN.

BUSHEY HEATH, *April* 16, 1866.

PREFACE.

A FEW words of preliminary explanation may be necessary towards placing this work in its proper light. It is simply a genuine reminiscence of peculiar or personal traits which marked the characters described, and illustrated their connection with the social and intellectual movements of their period. It may, at the first glance, appear somewhat egotistic, but its very nature precluded the use of any other style, and its Author hopes he has neither transgressed the rules of propriety nor laid himself open to the charge of weak vanity. The literal fact is, that during many years of a life occupied with duties on the periodical press, he was, *inter alia*, for a considerable time editor of a daily newspaper adhering to the Government of the day, and in that capacity made a number of eminent political friends; and that afterwards, in a similar position, on an influential and popular weekly literary publication, which he conducted for the third part of a century, he enjoyed opportunities of close and confidential intercourse with the leading scientific and literary minds of the time, which have furnished the mate-

rials for his last faithful record—in fact, from 1810 to 1850, he lived and took an active part in a focus of very general intelligence. Thus, without presumption on his part, he would account for the terms of intimacy, more or less, on which he lived with the foremost men of his busy time, and the tone in which he speaks of them.

It should be stated that the sketches contained in this volume are reprinted, by permission of the proprietors of the "Leisure Hour," from the pages of that excellent publication, in which they appeared at intervals during several years. On revising them, however, it was thought that some congenial additional matter, which had since become available, could be advantageously recalled to memory, and this has accordingly been appended under the head of Addenda to the original papers.

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THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

LORD ABERDEEN belongs to history, and history will do him justice. This much at the outset I may say, that his is a name which will shine brighter as time advances. How he came to be less exalted in his lifetime offers a problem only to be partially solved by reference to his particularly reticent character and habits. Scholars far below him in endowments, and politicians every way his inferiors in statesmanship, filled loudly the popular ear, and loomed large in the public eye; whilst the many voices of opinion were silent upon the refined learning, the elegant accomplishments, and the commanding abilities and important national services, of the Earl of Aberdeen. As to how this eclipse happened, I profess to give an explanation—simple, but I believe correct. Lord Aberdeen was that rare character —and more rare in such a station, with (it is impossible to doubt) a consciousness of superior talent—a modest man. Retiring and diffident, quiet and unassuming, noble as a man and virtuous as a minister, estimable alike in private and in public life, he never put forward his own merits, nor allowed them to be proclaimed by admiring friends or adherents. Thus, he was understood only by the few and well-informed, whilst by the multitude and their ignorant leaders his patriotic labours were misrepresented and his great diplomatic achievements undervalued. His natural unobtrusiveness was called shyness (which, indeed, it partly was), and

his shyness was ascribed to pride. He took no pains to correct the error, but held on the even tenor of his way—a lofty path, having only the welfare of his country in view—and eschewing alike the turmoil of popularity-hunting and the troubles of party strife.

I do not meddle with politics in these personal recollections; but a sketch of a prime minister can hardly avoid some allusion to his policy in that pre-eminent position. We must, in this instance, look to his antecedents, when, in 1813-14-15, as the British Ambassador at Vienna, his admirable penetration, skill, and energy conquered every difficulty; won Austria to the common cause; detached Murat, at Naples, from his potent friend; and contributed mainly and ultimately to that settlement of Europe which lasted forty years. His intercourse with the Emperor Nicholas seemed to have inspired him with a confidence in that monarch which was undeserved. Nicholas certainly changed much in his latter years, and Lord Aberdeen may have trusted to his knowledge of him in better days. Trust in the Emperor's honour, and a wise love of peace, cherished in effect by his reliance on the pacific professions of Russia, induced the memorable definition of a policy in a single word, that of having been "drifted" into war. I may remark that the noble Foreign Secretary himself, Lord Clarendon, who first used the expression, in spite of the views upheld in his masterly despatches and state papers, could not help *drifting* with the rest of the ship's company, and being, perhaps the most unjustly of all, made a sacrifice to the Machiavellian device of a treacherously-excited and iniquitously-aggravated popular outcry. In due time he, like Lord Aberdeen, was removed out of the way of plotting ambition—made the scapegoat for measures not only unanimously sanctioned by the Cabinet, but approved by the Conservative opposition. History will also rectify this great wrong, and replace Lord Clarendon, in the estimation of posterity, in the same elevated position he held with his

contemporaries before this crafty intrigue effected its aim, and he was universally considered to rank with the foremost of British statesmen. To return, however, more directly to Lord Aberdeen—a premier object to be pulled down and supplanted—the perusal of Mr. Kinglake's able work has confirmed me more pointedly in the question I was about to raise, and I will therefore set it down with less reservation. Whether or not he was mistaken—whether peace might have attained all our objects, and war been avoided, I know not; but of this I am sure, that we were exceedingly ill-provided for entering into hostilities, and that the deplorable war cost the nation torrents of its dearest blood, and led to results which no politician can contemplate with unmixed satisfaction.

Lord Aberdeen, however, stands unquestionably higher in those earlier negotiations, where there can be no doubt or difference of opinion. Independently of all other, and unanimous testimony, we have only to read the Londonderry papers and official documents to be convinced that he played the grand essential part in the negotiations on which hung the destinies of the living generation of men; for the able editor of that work, while engaged in exalting the fame of other personages of his own family also distinguished in the conflict ending with the fall of Napoleon, could not fail to throw a lustre over the name of George Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen.

With regard to the earlier portion of his political life, it should be remembered that it passed through a period of extraordinary transition; that the Tory party to which he belonged, consisted of two grades—the alarmed, or ultra, and the more moderate and conciliatory; and, consequently, when we observed some of them, hostile to far-seeing Canning, afterwards going beyond his loyal liberality, and yielding to pressure more than he voluntarily offered, we could only ascribe it as an excuse for their change, that circumstances had become too strong for their cherished ideas,

and, as is always the case, they were compelled to stop the mouth of demand with greater concessions than would have satisfied the original appetite for experimental policy. In the end, Lord Aberdeen, when he did yield, yielded gracefully, and enjoyed, to the end of his high career, a full share of the popularity which awaits the reclamation of converted statesmen. "Tempora mutantur!"—the proverb (though undeniably universal) is somewhat musty.

I gladly turn, however, from this requisite episode, to speak of the noble Earl as he steered his grateful course over less vexed and stormy seas. In him the world had evident "assurance of a man," and, what is yet a higher model for humanity, a perfect gentleman. And how much is involved in this brief phrase! Not simply the suavity implied by it, but high attainments, superior intelligence, a gracious nature, and true nobility of soul. Of all the men I have known, I never knew one more deserving of the title, without exception, than Lord Aberdeen.

"Hail, travell'd thane, Athenian Aberdeen!"

is a brief, but lasting record, by another famed Gordon (Byron), of the literary tastes and scholarly accomplishments of the noble Earl. That he was an ardent admirer and zealous student of the classic beauties bequeathed to us in the delicious language of Greece, was noted by a local habitation and a name—the foundation, when barely of age, of the Athenian Society Club, eligibility to be a member of which required that the candidate should have visited Athens.

But in all that belonged to literature and the fine arts, he was not only himself a largely-gifted proficient and a refined judge, but he carried his love of both into the action of his daily life. Elected President of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, his enlightened mind adorned the station, and few critics could be found who better understood

the value of matters brought forward for discussion, or more certainly distinguish the frivolous or fabulous from the sterling and intrinsic of archæological "discoveries." He occupied the chair with discretion and dignity, and was always easy of access when occasion needed, without (as I have noticed) courting favour by popular flatteries. Indeed, he shrank from such means of ingratiating himself—

> "To cozen fortune, and be honourable,
> Without the mark of merit."

He strove assiduously and manfully to deserve, and if his desert was acknowledged, he could not be otherwise than gratified; but if circumstances prevented the recognition—if blindness, or cavil, or misrepresentation intervened—it failed to disturb his philosophic equanimity; and not only did he never resent the injustice, but (and it conveys a lesson to all statesmen who can depend upon themselves, and regard not the "idle wind" that blows past them) he never condescended to vindicate his own share in the measures which his patriotism adopted as the best for his country.

His publications are of the highest classic order; but his conversation was simplicity itself. The richly enlightened mind shone through the whole—to listen was a supreme pleasure, where the subject was worthy, and called forth his opinions; and these opinions were so free from dictation, so easy, clear, and persuasive, that I can remember nothing more gratifying than to yield at once to their happily illustrative and convincing cogency. An early patron of the Royal Geographical Society, he thus gave good reasons for the grant of five hundred pounds in aid of its spirited exertions; and the success of the institution proves that the *prestige* was wisely directed.

His dislike to the seeking of public notice and approbation rendered his appearance very rare on any of the various

occasions when princes, statesmen, or other distinguished persons are not averse to exhibition on the platform. Public meetings, addresses to mechanics' institutes and other popular bodies, opening of great railways, laying the foundations of important buildings, did not harmonize with his manner and habits, and were therefore avoided, and left open to contemporaries more desirous of the display, and more ambitious of the honours. I can recollect only one example of his presiding over a notable festive entertainment, viz., a dinner in "Freemasons' Hall," in aid of the subscription for completing the monument over the grave of Burns, at Dumfries. The Earl of Aberdeen, to be sure, was a Scotchman, and Burns is a name which always stirs the enthusiasm of Scotchmen.

There is this to be said truly, that in whatever other elements there are poetic names higher than that of Burns, there is not one to be compared with him for intense and fervent patriotism; and it was through this dominant spirit that he identified himself with the feelings of Scotland, and made himself their representative. Every countryman acknowledges him,— the humorous for his playfulness or satire; the susceptible for his sweetness and pathos; the lover of nature for his touching naturalness; and the patriotic for his devoted attachment to the land of the mountain and the flood—land of their sires! At this festival (1816) Lord Aberdeen consented to preside, in consequence of an unexpected disappointment of the (then) Duke of Buccleuch, and performed all the duties of the chair to the delight of the company and the solid benefit of the fund, to which upwards of three hundred pounds were subscribed. Campbell wrote a charming ode for the meeting, which was finely recited by Augustus Conway. Wilkie was toasted, and returned appropriate thanks; and, above all, a youthful son of the poet, who was seated quietly at the lower end of the room, was brought forward and made known to Mr. Charles Grant (Lord Glenelg), on the right hand of the

president, from whom in the course of a few weeks he received an Indian cadetship, the foundation of his own and his brother's prosperity in the uncertain walk of life, and their happy return home as honoured field officers! Great doors often turn on small hinges. The immortal Burns, as the chairman observed in his touching speech, had "a hard fate while living, and was not sufficiently valued when among us; this was our reproach, and we owed his memory a long arrear of admiration." It seemed to be only expended upon his tomb. Yet here, by apparently a mere accident, a fortunate provision was secured for his family, the second son having been enabled to follow his brother to the East.

To Lord Aberdeen's excellent public qualities, I shall only add one illustration more. From the character I have so faintly sketched, it might naturally be predicated that, being no pushing aspirant for place, no solicitous candidate for passing *éclat*, he neither courted party nor engaged in intrigue for the sake of elevation to office; and, when in power, never corrupted patronage to political jobs, which ministers in closely-balanced and critical times are too apt to do. His always pacific policy, and the cordial union he effected with France (the climax of his aim, after having contributed so much to the reorganization of Europe, and the settlement of the American Oregon pretension), are the solid grounds on which posterity will estimate the vast importance of his national services. And, more still, he was to the utmost letter a pure and honest servant of the Crown, a true lover of his country, and an honest minister. In the Colonial and Foreign Offices, as in all his difficult diplomatic employment, his guidance was of the utmost value; and, if we look around at the affairs of the State for a long, long season, we must acknowledge that he stands conspicuous for lofty integrity in the discharge of the high functions of the chief of England's Government. Of his nepotism, not a whisper was ever heard or uttered. It is a delicate thing

to allude to; but the Earl of Aberdeen, as Premier of the British empire, with a multitude of rich gifts to bestow, hardly countenanced his family in advancing their interests on the paths where they were making their own way; and I may state, in further proof, that he had one son, exemplary as a clergyman, who was never spoken of for a bishopric or any church preferment, but remained simply incumbent of the village of Stanmore, where his virtuous and honoured father lies buried.*

ADDENDA.

I have very little to add to this memoir. I have been much gratified by having it cordially approved as just and true by men of the highest rank among living statesmen of all political opinions, and by a number of admiring friends who enjoyed the happy fortune of communion with Lord Aberdeen in the intercourse of social and private life. In classic literature and the fine arts, his taste was cultivated to the highest pitch—in all he was at home, a most accomplished judge and master. His conversation, coupled with a quiet simplicity of manners and persuasive tone of voice, was, consequently, instructive and delightful. You came away from it, wondering that what seemed so easy should have impressed itself with so much force; it was as if whispering could reach the sense with the sound of trumpets.

* The mansion in which the illustrious statesman resided in Argyll Street was unpretending like its owner, and was illumined not by show but by intellect. It is now being fitted up for a splendid and noisy railway-station hotel.

Of the Burns Commemoration, to

> "Strew garlands round
> The holy ground,"

where Scotland's dearest minstrel is laid at rest, if not literally, as Motherwell sang, yet in the form of an abiding structure, designed by Mr. Thomas Hunt, and a statue of the illustrious ploughman, by Turnerelli, I may add a few lines, though I have written on the subject before. I believe that Lord Palmerston* was the last survivor of the long list of stewards (many of distinguished names), and that Lord Glenelg and myself alone live, to look back with deep emotion on the association and proceedings of that day. The feeling manner in which Lord Aberdeen filled the chair, and appealed to the memory of Burns to evoke the aid needful for the completion of his tomb, was at once calmly just and impressively effective. "As Scotchmen" (he addressed the assembled company), "we may well be vain of his talent and his name; for his genius was truly national. Scotland may exult in having given him birth, for he might almost be said to have sprung from her very soil! But while, as Scotchmen, we are justly proud that it was reserved for our country to give birth to such a poet, the hard fate of Burns, while living, and the comparative obscurity in which he closed his days, prove, I am afraid, that while among us he was not sufficiently valued [What genius ever was?], and this reflection turns our very pride into our reproach! We owe to his memory a long arrear of admiration. The only way in which we can poorly discharge this debt is by uniting to honour his tomb. This has now become the duty of his friends and admirers—call it a vain and fruitless duty if you will, but still it is a duty, which those who feel an interest in the honour of their country, and in the powers of genius being duly appreciated, will not be the less anxious to fulfil."

* His lordship did not attend the dinner.

Spoken with touching fervour, this patriotic and judicious, I may almost say, critical appeal, was answered by a subscription amounting to between three and four hundred pounds; and I humbly presume to think that no enthusiastic rhapsody, so usual on such occasions, could have produced so gratifying a result. I am tempted to add the two concluding stanzas of Campbell's stirring ode:—

"Farewell, high chief of Scottish song,
That couldst alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong,
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the age.

Farewell, and ne'er may Envy dare
To wring one baleful poison-drop
From the crush'd laurels of thy bust;
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop,
To bless the spot that holds thy dust."

In an eloquent speech, Mr. Grant (Lord Glenelg) paid an enthusiastic tribute to the genius of Burns, and pronounced a warmly-applauded eulogy upon the high classic accomplishments of the president, whose health he proposed; and his lordship, in returning thanks, admirably expressed his earnest feeling for the welfare in every respect, and especially where connected with the literature, of his native land. The object in view was effected. Alas! fifty years have left almost a vacant number to remember the patriotic and genial enjoyment of that far-distant day; but half a century is an awful vista—a little farther, and there can be none! God's will be done.

Aberdeen

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

THE author of "The Ingoldsby Legends of Mirth and Marvels" holds a prominent place among the memories of the Men I have Known; and the shadow of his departure falls yet heavily upon my spirit. He was remarkable for the elements mixed up in his composition. They were, as a whole, in perfect harmony; yet, when viewed in parts, often seemed to be connected by the slightest possible links, and apparently moved by no common springs whatever. Thus his very playfulness was so sincere that jocular reproofs from his lips were often the essence of oracular wisdom, and not seldom wrought more good than if they had been administered in a graver manner. In more important affairs he was largely tolerant; but it was not that sort of toleration now so widely spread, which masks the visage of indifference. The outpourings of his levity, if so humorous a vein could be so denominated, were mainly directed to the exposure of Romish frauds, and the subversion of Romish superstition. Against these his Protestant faith maintained an earnest hostility; and if he warred against them with the shafts of ridicule, his destructive inroads were at least in effective alliance with the action of the more regular force, fighting in the panoply of grave and learned argument. Throughout his entire productions, whether treating miscellaneous themes or buffeting religious error, he never fails to inculcate the most laudable social principles, though he deemed it expedient

to offer a kind of apology to those who might imagine his verse occasionally too flippant or free :—

"For if rather too gay,
I can venture to say,
A fine vein of morality is, in each lay
Of my primitive muse, the distinguishing trait."

The gravest and most serious of readers and thinkers will, I doubt not, coincide with me in holding that no excuse was needed for the style which covered so powerful an array of sound judgment and penetrating truth. It may be well to recall the pungency with which he assailed and the irony with which he attacked the superstitious ceremonials of a church which he held to be supported by imposture and sensuous rites. In his judgment all was artificial, ostentatious, and cunningly devised to subjugate the human mind under the slavish yoke of an audacious conspiracy.

"Saint Medard was a holy man,
A holy man, I ween, was he;
And even by day
When he went to pray,
He would light up a candle that all might see."

What a happy turn to one of the chief sources of the troubles in Knightsbridge, and the greater scandals of St. George's in the East! No weapon employed by parish authorities on behalf of irritated congregations, could touch the evil more efficaciously than this home-thrust of sarcasm—"that all might see."

Still stronger expressions of the author's contempt for idolatrous rites is found in the ludicrous "Legend of St. Genulphus." Wisdom and fun seem to be most fitly allied in attacking such preposterous follies as the legendary miracles of pretended saints, whose idle tales were fomented only to "bring grist to the mill." But Barham's graver mood

was not applied to this class of subjects. Therefore, with only one example more, I will try to illustrate his simply sportive manner. It is the fixing of a date to the "Old Woman in Grey." The writer was diligently schooled, and indeed a devoted investigator of our national relics in archæology, as well as an acute expositor of the ancient priestly deceptions exhumed by his research, and was thus very competent for a task of so much consequence, *ex. gr.*—

"All that one knows is,
It must have preceded the wars of the Roses;
Inasmuch as the times
Described in these rhymes,
Were as fruitful in Virtues as ours are in crimes.

And if 'mongst the Laity,
Unseemly gaiety
Sometimes betray'd an occasional taint or two;
At once all the Clerics
Went into hysterics,
While scarcely a convent but boasted a Saint or two;
So it must have been long ere the time of the Tudors,
As since then the breed
Of saint rarely indeed
With their dignified presence have darken'd our pew doors."

But, as I have noted, in the midst of all the raillery upon pseudo-saintship, holding up the monstrous forms of the Dunstans, Nicholases, Odilles, and similar pretenders to sanctity and supernatural power, while they carried forward the business of ambition, or perhaps the vilest worldly schemes: in the midst of all the scoffing and indignation heaped upon these crafty delusions, there are seen little gems of poetry which manifest the inmost nature of the satirist, whose shafts are so piercing against evil, but whose disposition is full of kindness and human sympathies. It is true that such freaks as those of manufacturing Japan martyrs to be received into the brotherhood and sisterhood

of Saints would have provoked his caustic song; but there would have been a useful and benevolent lesson with the grotesque garniture. Most readers will remember the poem of Lord Tomnoddy going to witness an execution at Newgate. The description is most whimsical and characteristic; but the sadness of the subject touches the heart of the poet more nearly than his purposed reproof of frivolous fashion and degrading taste; and he breaks off from the disgraceful picture, clever and satirical as it is, to fall, by a natural revulsion of his own genuine feeling, into the pathetic, in a style equally beautiful, picturesque, and affecting:—

"Sweetly, oh! sweetly the morning breaks
With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;
Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things far and nigh,
On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die.
Alas!

* * * * *

And hark! a sound comes big with fate;
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight!
List to that low funereal bell;
It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!
And see from forth that opening door
They come—he steps that threshold o'er,
Who never shall tread upon threshold more!
Alas! 'tis a fearsome sight to see
That pale, wan man's mute agony—
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky;
As though it were scanning, in doubt and fear,
The fate of the spirit's unknown career.
Those pinion'd arms—those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again—*not even in prayer!*
That heaving chest. Enough—'tis done;
The bolt has fallen! the spirit is gone,
For weal or for woe is known but to One.
* * * Oh, 'twas a fearsome sight! Ah, me
A sight to shudder at—not to see."

Life is composed of smiles and tears, and it may be that their occurrence in close juxtaposition can impart a more striking effect to either, and that, observing this result, the talent of the orator and poet is often displayed in the skilful application of contrast; but be this as it may, it has never consisted with my experience, to meet with a more natural, more touching, or more powerful example of this beauty than in the lines just quoted—a fervid apostrophe rising out of the vicious vagaries of such amateurs of capital punishment as the Tomnoddies and lower rabble, who are prone to indulge in the witnessing of these horrors.

In the few quotations I have made, and still more in the "Jackdaw of Rheims" and the "Witches' Frolic," the critical reader must have observed Mr. Barham's mastery of the English language, and extraordinary facility in every species of poetical composition. His ear for the music of rhythm was perfect. In the latter he displayed curious original powers, adding piquancy to ideas quite sufficient in themselves to excite admiration. And another remarkable feature was the readiness and fertility with which he used the familiar topics of the day to illustrate and point the old stories extorted from moth-eaten legendary lore. In this peculiarity I am not aware that he has ever had an equal; nor could one be easily found. For he was learned with Bishop Copleston, humorous with Sydney Smith, jocular with Theodore Hook, facetious with Edward Cannon of the Royal Chapel,* and genial and conciliatory with

* Cannon was as quaint and eccentric a being as I ever saw. His oddities were so entertaining, his wit so sharp, and his bearing altogether so singular, that even the Prince Regent put up with his humours. The rough, surly Lord Thurlow rejoiced in his company; and he was courted for his society by leading men in church and state. He was a fine musician and an accomplished scholar—in a singular degree resembling Dean Swift; but towards the close, the repetition of absurdities overlapped the attractions of genius, and poor Cannon dwindled into insignificance—his earlier friends all gone.

all with whom he associated, in every class, from the wearer of the mitre or coronet to the equal or inferior grades of every-day and common life intercourse. He was indeed not more remarkable for his literary talent than estimable for his unruffled kindliness, friendly benevolence, and love of harmony and peace. Yet, with all these estimable and pacific elements, had he been a soldier instead of a clergyman, he could not have presented a more maimed and mutilated candidate for the consideration of the Horse Guards. A native of Canterbury (fruitful, by the by, in distinguished men of the present century), at the age of five or six years he inherited from his father the property of Sappington and the old manor-house, which figure so conspicuously in several of his compositions. Even in boyhood, his casual and unfortunate accidents began. He was upset in the Dover mail, and shattered his right arm so that it could never be very useful again. Later in life he was overturned in a gig, which broke one leg and sprained the other, so as to aggravate his crippled condition; and by some other mischance, one of his eyes was seriously affected. It was probably a consequence of the first of these injuries which led to his relinquishment of a career that required active physical powers, and the choice of the Church as a profession, as it was unquestionably the result of all that turned him into the field of literature. He was educated at St. Paul's School, where he was contemporary, *inter alios*, with Bentley the publisher, Sir C. Clarke, and Sir Frederick Pollock. Mrs. Roberts (the wife of the head master) kindly nursed him when laid up with his crushed arm, and it was then that he first attempted poetry, which he cultivated more sedulously at Brazenose College. Here he was the companion of Lord Nugent, and (during his terms) of Theodore Hook, who declined, in the buoyancy of early and precocious genius, to curb his vivacity within the rules of scholastic discipline, and who was still less inclined to submit to theological training. To Hook, from that day to his

death, Barham was ever the most faithful adviser and the warmest friend. I have known many cases in which his interference or arbitrament was productive of the most beneficial results to every one concerned: his peace-making was pre-eminently successful, for his mind was just, and his judgment cool, and his voice persuasive. Whilst he felt for the wronged, he could make needful allowance for the wrong-doer; his construction towards both was tempered with mercy; it was his province to declare the truth, to direct the right way, and to reconcile mistaken opinions or angry passions with mutual forbearance and the golden rule. I dwell the more upon this, because it was a very prominent and estimable feature in his life and character; his great human merit was goodness, and performing kindly actions his delight.

As I am not here a systematic biographer, I shall say nothing of his auspicious marriage with a lady worthy of him, or of his clerical preferments, which were moderately lucrative and honourable. Nor of his literature shall I add more than that it was when laid up with his second severe accident that he wrote "Baldwin," a novel, which produced him £20, and the promise of certain publishers' future advantages, which Hook wittily designated as "contingencies that never happen." "Cousin Nicholas" was more successful at a later day. This class of writing was not his forte. As leisure and inclination prompted, he contributed many miscellaneous and attractive papers to "Blackwood's Magazine," the "Literary Gazette," "Bentley's Miscellany," "The Globe" and "John Bull" newspapers, and other periodicals. His principal work, however, was for Gorton's "Biographical Dictionary," to which, it is stated, he supplied a third portion of the contents. His life has been modestly and affectionately written by his son.

His school intimacy with Mr. Bentley made him the warm and efficient coadjutor, with the first of his Legends, in the establishment of the Miscellany to which the pub-

lisher affixed his own name in 1837; he survived that friendly aid only eight years, dying at the age of fifty-seven, in 1845.

Of all his writings, as of all his conduct, I may affirm that in his liveliest moods he never transgressed the limits* of decent mirth (I speak of him merely as a man of letters); that his kindness of heart was constant and inexhaustible; that he was closely allied to every humanity. I, and all who knew him, deeply lamented his premature loss, in the full vigour of faculties which never faded to the end; near which he penned some mournfully applicable lines, which only added to our melancholy and regret. I leave them, however, to conclude with another extract from his writings, pathetically written on the occasion of a similar sorrow :—

> "And thus 'twill be—nor long the day,
> Ere we, like him, shall pass away.
> Yon sun, that now our bosom warms,
> Shall shine, but shine on other forms;
> Yon grove, whose choir so sweetly cheers
> Us now, shall sound to other ears;
> The joyous lamb as now shall play,
> But other eyes its sports survey;
> The stream we loved shall roll as fair,
> The flowery sweets, the trim parterre,
> Shall scent as now the ambient air;
> The tree whose bending branches bear
> The one loved name, shall yet be there,
> But where the hand that carved it—Where?"

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* My MS. reads, "limits of becoming mirth—of mirth becoming in a preacher of the Gospel," such being my own opinion of humorists like Sydney Smith or Ingoldsby.

ADDENDA.

REFRAINING from any remark on the subject which was Ingoldsby's persevering literary labour to expose in its folly and deformity, I have only to offer a few characteristic traits of a different kind—traits connected with his genial disposition and passage through social life. First, so truly was he appreciated, that he was often sought as a referee to compose strifes and settle disputes. I knew instances, some of the most delicate nature and others of conflict (such as may occur in family affairs, and such as do occur among authors and publishers); and in all he was the surest of peace-makers. His genial disposition, his persuasive manner, his soothing toleration, and his sound sense and knowledge of mankind, enabled him to accomplish success, where, at the outset, all appeared to be hopeless and insurmountable. In this way it was his pleasure to take pains, and his delight to do good.

In his lighter moods it was, indeed, a treat to catch him on some quiet walk, and see him pull from his pouch the diminutive memorandum-book, about the size of half the palm of his hand, and jot down—what was it? the sprightly idea of the moment, or some of those quaintest of rhymes with which his compositions are so plenteously sprinkled; for his talent over the English tongue, and his musical mastery of it, tended equally to the charm of his versification. 'Nowhere else can I meet with burlesque so melodious.

He entertained a high opinion of the public benefit which might be reaped from the Drama, and his critical taste and judgment on dramatic productions, for the closet or the stage, were of the foremost order. It was therefore not inappropriate to meet him as one of the founders of the Garrick Club, and for many years one of its most active and distinguished members. *Dulce est desipere in loco*, and

many a scene of merry sportiveness was enacted among the original phalanx, who chiefly formed and animated the Society—and some of whom were well-known and highly-prized favourites with the outer world. When a first anniversary arrived, an Ingoldsby might extemporize and hand to a singer such a song as this :—

"Let poets of superior parts
Consign to deathless fame
The larcenies of the knave of hearts,
Who robb'd his royal dame.
The honest Muse
Such themes eschews,
Disdains all knavish cubs,
And hails to-day,
With joyous lay,
Thy birth, fair Queen of Clubs!
Salve Regina,
Esto perpetua.
Hail! Hail! Hail!
Illustrious Queen of Clubs!"

The creator of Lord Tomnoddy, the prototype of Leech's admirable pictorial, and Lord Dundreary's mimic realization, could well afford to enjoy without reproach the company of those who held it no offence to permit the philosophy of Democritus to reign for a due season, and the harmless laugh to be raised, occasionally it might be, at the expense of exuberant drollery. I remember one instance, in which an extravagant excess wrought to the climax, "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, and (as recited) to throw a perfume over Rowland's Macassar oil."

Mr. L * * * * y was an amiable and intelligent gentleman, but of such extreme simplicity and readiness of belief that it could hardly be believed how strangely he could be played upon, or how the common sense, in which he was not deficient, could even for a minute be mystified by the apparent earnestness of any waggish experiment upon his

credulity. One day a debate was got up "for his entertainment," on a reading of Shakespeare :—

> "When the hurly-burly 's done,
> Then the battle 's lost and won."

This I think Ingoldsby professed to expound as having some reference to the great minister of Elizabeth, in whose reign the play was written. It was, he observed, a compliment to that eminent statesman, to suppose that he would permit no important action to take place without his allowance and direction : thus the true reading was :—

> "When the Earl of Burleigh 's done,
> Then the battle 's lost and won."

Of course this dictum was controverted as nonsense, and it was suggested by Hook (I think), as the more sensible text, that, as the fight was probably begun in the morning, and soldiers were in the habit of fortifying their courage with a dram before rushing on the enemy, the words might be :—

> "When the early purl is done,
> Then the battle 's lost and won."

But this yet more staggered our listening friend, and he put in his criticism, that Purl was a drink not invented in the Elizabethan age. "Not invented then! Pooh! It was old as the Pharaohs! Did not Cleopatra speak of it, when she said, 'Into this cup a *Pearl* I'll throw'?" Poor discomfited L * * * * y was "shut up." He was convinced that "hurly-burly" was rather vulgar and unmeaning; but to decide between Cecil and the morning draught still persistent in the streets of London, transcended his immediate comprehension.

I am aware that, considering the precept, "*lusus animo debent aliquando dari*," an anecdote like this may, by more

serious people, be considered to be beneath the standard for record, and even somewhat derogatory to literature in intellectual sport. But it is not unamusing to witness philosophy condescending to leap-frog or marbles, and if the examples could be described in writing as *vivâ voce*, with all the taking accessories of voice, look, and action, they would not fail to realize a proportion of their original quality for relaxation and entertainment. But no vivacity or graphic talent can convey the impressions a relator expects he can communicate—the mere formality of writing kills the spirit of his fond endeavour, and when he risks the telling of such a story as I have here told, the best he can hope for is that the grave and wise may abstain from pronouncing the sentence—

"Ubi multos,
Si non omnes, vidi stultos."

Most truly Yours

R H Barham

Jan.y 2. 1829

THE REV. W. LISLE BOWLES.

NOT many years ago, there were living two poets, whose works were known when Wordsworth was a youth—Samuel Rogers and William Lisle Bowles—both near the goodly age of fourscore years and ten. The poetry of these survivors of a bygone generation was characterized by much in common. Both were remarkable for pleasing and reflective sentiment, accompanied with great refinement of taste.

Referring lately to the works of Bowles, I was surprised to find that his versification, though beautiful, was intelligible enough to be admired by contemporary judges; albeit, it did not touch that magnifying obscurity and transcendental mysticism which signalize the most applauded of our living bards. To use a modern phrase, he was not a "sensation" poet, outraging possibilities, and shocking common sense and reason. Yet had his poetry very considerable effect upon the period to which he belonged, before, and even after, Scott and Byron stormed the public and caused some, who will nevertheless go down to posterity, to be partially forgotten or neglected. True, Campbell had sung brave ballads; Moore chanted Irish melodies; Wordsworth floated some sweet flowers among his weeds on the lakes; Southey launched several terrible epics; and other authors were springing into life—and all borrowed a leaf out of Bowles' store. Coleridge, as far as I remember, was

the only one to acknowledge the obligation in verse, though the testimonials in prose were innumerable—

> "My heart has thank'd thee, Bowles! for those soft strains,
> Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring
> Of wild bees in the sunny hours of spring."

This was a just tribute to the pathos which also informed the poet's effusions when tender emotions and tears were called for. Not unlike Cowper on many points, he was, perhaps, his superior in this respect; and although, unfortunately, the proof is lost (probably never to be recovered), I can vouch for his production of at least one humorous piece that was worthy to go to futurity in company with the renowned "John Gilpin." On his visits to town from Wiltshire, Mr. Bowles was in the habit of lodging at a bookseller's in Piccadilly; but, on arriving one evening late and unexpectedly, he found his usual accommodation forestalled. He was consequently transferred for the night to a mantuamaker's in Wigmore Street, and a comfortable bed made up for him in the airy first-floor apartment, where her fashionable dresses were liberally exposed to view. Was it extraordinary that the Poet should have a perturbed sleep? His weary eyelids might close, but his imagination could not be laid to rest, and in the morning he embodied his dreams in verse. The manuscript was given to me, and I very sincerely lament has disappeared from my possession, for it was as lively, animated, and amusing a production of its class as I ever saw. Only think of all the different and delicate articles of attire becoming instinct with life, leaping from their *dummies*, and dancing before the captivated eyes of the bewildered bard!—of petticoats, and tuckers, and jupons, and what not: none who did not, like Tam O'Shanter, see the bewitchings in action, can tell the pirouettes and vagaries. The bewildered Bowles declared he would not try to sleep in a fashionable milliner's show-room

again for the value of the richest dress that made its approaches to him on that eventful occasion.

The rectory-house of Bremhill was a sweet and delightful spot. Nowhere could the help of the poor, or the education of the young, be more religiously and sedulously attended to. On a sunny summer day it looked like an Eden; and the agreeable manners and intellectual intercourse that reigned within were of a description not easily to be equalled. The playfulness of the rector was not its least amusing feature; and when occasionally heightened by the effect of some momentary fit of abstraction, or ludicrous *contretemps*, the cheery laugh rang loud and long in the peaceful mansion of the unconscious divine: it was sometimes like Lord Dudley's "Thinking Aloud."

I remember, one Saturday evening, when Dr. Croly had joined me in a visit to Bremhill, and had undertaken to preach in the parish church on the ensuing day, our host (whose own style was remarkable for its simplicity as Croly's was for powerful eloquence) woke up, as it were, from a dream, and addressed me: "I hope your friend will not preach to the Marquis to-morrow, but to the peasantry." The hint, however, was not lost, for, though the neighbour Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne were present, the preacher delivered one of the most pastoral and beautiful discourses I ever heard from any pulpit, alike instructive to peer and ploughman.

The vicinity of Bowood, the Marquis's seat, and latterly Slopperton, where the lyrist Moore, in failing health, exhaled his parting breath, oblivious of song, rendered the society met at Bremhill very captivating, from its special varieties in character and the high intellectual tone which predominated over the whole. Great knowledge of life, scholarly attainments, genius, and general talent were recognized for the select admission, and happily mingled in easy, unformal intercourse, left impressions upon every mind, the pleasure and instruction of which could hardly be

forgotten. The admirable educational and industrial schools, supported and superintended by the Marchioness and the pastor's excellent wife, Mrs. Bowles, were not the least gratifying features in this delightful scene of serenity, benevolence, and righteous feeling towards earth and heaven.

As a poet, I may remark, Bowles belonged immediately to the pre-sensation epoch. Finely sensitive to moral beauties, a touching tenderness, often gliding (as in all truly feeling human hearts observant of social life it will glide) into tones of pity and pathos, breathed through all his productions, and was couched in language exquisitely simple and natural. There is hardly one of his many sonnets but might be quoted in proof of these admirable qualities, which recommended them at once to the taste and judgment of the most critical and to wide-spread popular appreciation. That they inspired a succession of delightful writers I have already noticed; but I will add that not one surpassed, if any equalled, the original in his compassionate conceptions of humanity, and the genial expression of his ideas. Kindness and sympathy filled his soul with high imagining, but nevertheless found utterance in the most delicate allusions. His pictures, or rather his sketches, resembled the finest water-colour painting—no daubing, no strengthening with bits of foreign character, but all pure, harmonious, and complete—"when unadorned, adorned the most." I will open his volume—would it were opened and studied as much as it deserves—and adopt the first example. It is a sonnet, written at Ostend, in 1797—hark!

"How sweet the tuneful bells responsive peal!
* * * * *
They fling their melancholy music wide,
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of summer days, and those delightful years
When by my native stream, in life's fair prime,
The mournful music of their mingled chime
First waked my wondering childhood into tears!
But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
The sounds of joy once heard, and heard no more."

Or take the closing lines of a poem on "Silchester, the ancient Roman city of Caleva:"—

"Lone city of the dead! thy pride is past,
Thy temples sunk, as at the whirlwind's blast!
Silent—all silent, where the mingling cries
Of gather'd myriads rent the purple skies!
Here—where the summer breezes wave the wood,
The stern and silent gladiator stood,
And listen'd to the shouts that hail'd his gushing blood;
And on this wooded mount, that oft of yore
Hath echoed to the Libyan lion's roar,
The ear scarce catches, from the shady glen,
The small pipe of the solitary wren."

I know not what readers of our day may think of such themes; but to my mind, the turn of the sentiment is indescribably sweet and true to nature; and not the less affecting, because it is as gentle as it is true. But everywhere similar elements of kindly sentiment are evolved with similar grace, and frequently with greater force, when the subject elicits greater intensity, and the more placid elucidation yields to the fervidness of genius.

In 1855 an edition of his collected works was published (Nichol, Edinburgh) by the Rev. George Gilfillan, who considers Bowles "the father of the modern school of English poetry." His first poetical publication, consisting of sonnets, appeared in 1789. From that time a number of poems appeared in rapid succession, of which the most popular were "Coomber Ellen and St. Michael's Mount;" "The Sorrows of Switzerland;" "The Spirit of Discovery;" "The Missionary of the Andes;" and, in 1837, his last volume, "Scenes and Shadows of Days departed." He died at Salisbury in 1850, aged eighty-eight years.

ADDENDA.

As Byron hypothetically quoted Pope in his *adversaria* with the more obnoxious triumvirate of the Lakes, I may advert to the fact that even in his literary dispute with the less offensive Bowles, on the poetic standard of that immortal, he was destined to afford another proof that "Warfare upon earth was the life of an author." But with this quarrel I will not meddle, holding, as I do, the opinion that, unlike the Virgilian finale of the shepherds' contest, neither of the combatants deserved so much as half a crown! Bowles showed the extreme irritability of the *irritabile genus vatum*, on the subject (the question, no doubt, being intensified by his feelings with reference to his opponent); and as for Byron, vituperation was his forte, and he spared the good-natured critic on Pope as little as he spared Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey, or as Bowles spared D'Israeli, *père*, when he smote him as the Corypheus of the "Quarterly," which had refrained from reviewing his "Last Saxon."

To me it seemed curious that, judging from their respective writings, I might have expected the disputants to take the opposite side to that they espoused. Still Pope's epigrammatic points and the "Dunciad" would have more charms for Byron than for Bowles, and so, like Sir Lucius O'Trigger's *rationale* for duelling, the affair stood very well for their literary pistols and bullets. A controversy with Mr. Roscoe, of which I remember hearing a good deal at the time (forty years ago), may now as well be buried with Beppo.

Bowles's style was beautifully simple. He that ran might read, and, what is better, understand every syllable he read. The school had not risen whose most poetic execution is most vehemently prized as its shades deepen in unintelligibility, from the simply obscure to the utterly incomprehensible.

At least by me, for I lack the virtue I am required to possess, when, confessing my shear want of sufficient intelligence, I am told that in order to realize the sublime genius of the writer, I must lift my soul (*en rapport !*) to be in unison with his or hers, as the case may be! Wanting this power, I am often compelled to throw down modern and much-bepraised authors in despair.

With the tender and graceful poetry of Lisle Bowles I had no such fruitless toil. He touched and did not overwhelm me; and, alas! for my taste, rather than lose myself in the lofty clouds of the vague, imaginative, and mysterious, I would give a sigh to such lines as the following on B. Tremlyn, an old soldier, buried in Bremhill churchyard, aged 92, and not printed in the works of the writer, who lived to be nearly 89.

"A poor old soldier shall not lie unknown,
Without a verse, and this recording stone.
'Twas his, in youth, o'er distant lands to stray,
Danger and death companions of his way:
Here in his native village, drooping age
Closed the lone evening of his pilgrimage.
Speak of the past—of names of high renown—
Or his brave comrades long to dust gone down;
His look with instant animation glow'd,
Tho' ninety winters on his head had snow'd,
His country, whilst he lived, alone supplied,
And Faith her shield held o'er him when he died.
Hope, Christian, that his spirit lives with God,
And pluck the wild weeds from the lowly sod,
Where dust to dust, beside the chancel's shade,
Till the last trump, a brave man's bones are laid."

In prose Mr. Bowles published little. His "Life of Bishop Ken," however, a good-sized pamphlet, was an able defence of the Church Establishment, and among the very first earnest appeals in favour of national education. The former portion was due to his station as canon residentiary at Salisbury Cathedral; and the latter did honour to his

foresight and patriotism as a sincere lover of his country, and advocate for its welfare. There were some curious notices of old Isaac Walton in that volume, but nothing that demands my reminiscence. I might, however, have said more of "The Last Saxon," which displays much sweet and effective poetry. Another production of his pen, too, might justly be entitled to the warmest praise, namely, a charming little book composed for the school at Bremhill. On a beautiful summer morning, and on the beautiful lawn in front of the Parsonage, it was indeed delightful to see the well-dressed children *fêted* and singing these grateful hymns. It deserves reprinting; and, in truth, even in the midst of the sensation of our day, the works of Bowles would furnish a competent editor with the materials for a very interesting and, I doubt not, popular publication.

Mr. Hallam, in his anniversary address, as President, to the Royal Society of Literature, thus spoke of Canon Bowles, and, to my thinking, in a manner so different from the common-place posthumous "*Euloge*," as to be worthy alike of the living and the dead:—

"The Rev. William Lisle Bowles," he said, "bore a name which he had raised to high distinction in the garden of the Muses. . . . . He had nearly completed his ninetieth year when the call of death came to his door. He was, therefore, the senior poet of England, even if one of venerated name,* which at present we are not disposed to determine, may have sooner reached his youthful hand to pluck one of those laurels which now shade his brow, and remind us of the beautiful lines in which Dryden has evidently alluded to his own time-honoured age:—

> 'E'en when the vital sap retreats below,
> E'en when the hoary head is hid in snow,
> The life is in the leaf, and still between
> The flakes of falling snow, appears the living green.'"

---

* A fine compliment to S. Rogers, with whom Mr. Hallam lived on intimate terms.

Then followed a concise and lucid summary of the poetical career of Bowles, which, even at the cost of some repetitions, I am induced to copy, as a fine example of judicious criticism, uninfluenced by the sentimental vein which so generally makes such tributes mockeries, or the rather opposite feeling which difference of views and character might have induced.

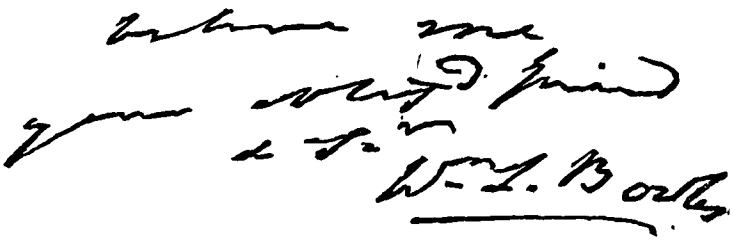
* * * * *

"The sonnets of Bowles may be reckoned among the first-fruits of a new era in poetry. They came in an age when a common-place facility in rhyming on the one hand, and an almost nonsensical affectation in a new school on the other, had lowered the standard so much that critical judges spoke of English poetry as of something nearly extinct, and disdained to read what they were sure to disapprove. In these sonnets there was observed a grace of expression, a musical versification, and especially an air of melancholy tenderness, so congenial to the poetical temperament, which still, after sixty years of a more propitious period than that which immediately preceded their publication, preserves for their author a highly respectable position among our poets. The subsequent poems of Mr. Bowles did not belie the promise of his youth. They are indeed unequal; many passages, no doubt, are feeble, and some are affected; but there are characteristics of his poetry, which render it dear to the young and susceptible, — not those characteristics only which have been just mentioned, but a sympathy with external nature, a quickness in perceiving, and a felicity in describing, what most charms the eye and the ear; his continual residence in the country assisting him in the one, his ardent love of music in the other. Mr. Bowles published also an edition of Pope, as well as a great variety of small tracts, literary, antiquarian, and theological. He was, in fact, a very frequent, though he cannot be called a voluminous, contributor to the literature of the present century. For several years he had lived wholly at Salisbury; and,

as might not unnaturally be expected, was almost lost to the society of his friends which he had previously cultivated with great warmth, through the increasing feebleness of his bodily and mental faculties. But as minister of the parish of Bremhill, near Calne, he had been unremitting in his professional duties, zealous in the education of the poor, and manifesting an exemplary, though happily by no means a rare, instance of the union of all Christian graces with the polish of taste and the amenities of literature."

Such, truly, is his rank and position as an English poet, whose sweetly natural and moral strains will go down to a late posterity. As a man with whom I enjoyed many years of friendly communion, he was gentle in manners, kindly of disposition, and liberal of mind. He reached an extreme age, and till near the close—

"Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum."



JOHN BRITTON.

JOHN BRITTON was entirely a self-made man. But he did not exhibit in his boyhood the precocious signs which are usually attributed to such a career; nor was his adolescence passed in pursuits of which it could be predicted that they were promising steps to future social respect and literary reputation. On the contrary, he informs us, in his (unfinished) autobiography, that he was a rough country baker's boy to the age of sixteen, and then immured for nearly six years as an apprentice to a tavern-keeper and wine-cooper in a cellar in Clerkenwell, from which he emerged to be an ardent disciple of the political spouting-clubs then abounding in London, and most of which were evil schools for the information of youth. In these John took as active a part as he could; but his finances were low, and, perhaps fortunately for him, his poverty did not permit him to enter further into the arcana of such dangerous dens. From them, however, he acquired the gift of ready and fluent speaking, which he retained to the end of his long life; always being rather exuberant in words, which, however, were, on the whole, facile and to the purpose.

His simple account of his weary uphill work in the cellar of the "Jerusalem Tavern" showed that it was only from bad to worse, as compared with his previous native village life in Kington, Wilts, from his birth in 1771 to his removal in 1787. His father was a sulky fellow, and addicted to drink; his mother, though a sober woman with good

qualities, belonged to a family prone to gusts of passion amounting to frenzy; he was himself a mere run-about, with a small modicum of irregular schooling; and the household lapsed into ruin. These, as I have suggested, were unlikely premises for a respectable and prosperous sequel; nor was the succeeding underground occupation of bottling so many dozens of liquor, during twelve or fourteen hours every day, of a kind to improve the prospect. In short, he was got rid of by his uncle, his mother's brother moving in a genteel circle, and left to his destiny. So he learned nothing of his trade, and the unmitigated monotony he describes as plunging him into bad health, and a state of morbid indifference, which benumbed all his faculties, and threw him—

> "Like a villainous flag upon the stream,
> To rot himself in motion."

Yet there must have been something of better purpose in the lad; for, besides the little he could manage at early morn, he used to take snatches of reading by candle-light in the cellar from ten o'clock to midnight, storing his mind with Hervey's "Meditations," Young's "Night Thoughts," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and the "Life of Peter the Great." At length, released from thraldom, with two guineas instead of a covenanted twenty, to begin the world with, behold the ultimate historian, antiquary, topographer, critic, biographer, and essayist, cast adrift upon London to carve out a livelihood, with no other requisites for success than his very limited acquaintance with cooperage, and very rudimentary knowledge of letters.

I do not think Wiltshire is very famous for distinguished men. Nevertheless, Britton was patriotically partial to his native county; and, give him the real dairy produce or Stonehenge for a theme, not forgetting the steeple, nor the chapter-house of Salisbury Cathedral, and he would discourse magniloquently on the nutritive produce, the mysterious

antiquity, and the architectural beauties of his county. So warm was he when Wilts was the topic, that he once almost quarrelled with me for hinting that the cheeses were not, as originally, in the form of Cheshire or Gloucester, but in the shape of the crown of a hat, in order to evade the odium of the old joke about the Wiltshire peasants trying to rake the reflection of the moon out of the pool, in a mistake for the *fromage.*

From the cellar at Clerkenwell, Britton rose to be an attorney's clerk at fifteen shillings a week, and fagged at the desk for three long years. In another attorney's office he passed one year, at the munificent allowance of twenty shillings weekly. It was whilst thus engaged that he so ardently pursued his predilection for publicity. Nightly did he attend, and as frequently as possible did he take part in, the discussions of the debating societies and other meetings of spouting aspirants, to some of whom, in after-life, the facility acquired in speaking was an advantage, but to the generality affording simply the means for a display of vanity and folly, or leading to idleness and mischief, with many evils in their train. Britton escaped the worse consequences, his ambition being gratified by the applause bestowed on certain comic recitations with which he favoured his audiences; and the thirst he acquired to become an actor was satiated by a few attempts at private theatricals. At this period of dangerous trial he tells us he used to dine respectably for ninepence, met decent people, and made the acquaintance of the famous Chevalier d'Eon, who appeared in the world engaged in important concerns, alternately, as he listed, or the occasion required, either as a gentleman or a lady. Fortunately Britton knew him in the former capacity, for he reports himself as very readily inflammable by love. In short, his first long journey was not a tour to study churches, but a walk to Plympton, in order to persuade the waiting-maid of the Clerkenwell cellarman's daughter to go to church with him in the character of a bride. But the course of his love

did not run smooth. The faithless flirt jilted the amorous attorney's clerk and married another; and he, the woe-begone, forgot the apposite healing maxim of Dibdin's song, and did "take it like a lubber;" for he confesses that he walked back again to London, "meditating suicide," and drinking "rum-and-milk."

He thus got to be twenty-seven years of age before what appears, after all, to have been his innate moving principle came into distinct operation. And yet, as I have remarked, speechifying, and reciting funny compositions, and performing underling characters on the stage, were strange preliminaries to this development of apparently another nature. Musty antiquities, and dry topography, were anomalous changes of pursuit; and the dramatic and romantic aspirations were only tolerably well exchanged for a relish for the pleasures of society, and an aptitude for real instead of imitative enjoyments.

Smaller literature, however, diversified the greater inclinations, and he exercised his talent for writing as at the clubs he had done for speaking. He became a contributor to periodicals of the day, some of which have succumbed to the common lot, though one or more may yet survive under modified circumstances, and can be referred to as containing the earliest essays of John Britton. The "Attic Miscellany" received his unclassic criticisms, and the "Monthly Mirror" reflected his various humours, as they were inspired by his experience of the publican's cellar, the attorney's offices, and the vivid disputations of the clubs—those pot-house discussions of morality, and rambling disquisitions on every difficult question in learning, politics, and theology, which agitated the minds of men at a very unsettled and stormy epoch. The "Adventures of Pizarro" marked his first separate flight into the region of print, and the commencement of his extended literary life. Henceforward he mixed largely with the world, and made himself many friends and admirers, sprinkled with a few adversaries and detractors.

And so it was like to be; for, through a long course of years, his dealings were varied and multifarious, and he had to do with some difficult classes of men; such as authors, artists, and publishers. Sometimes he would differ with the latter, and become his own publisher; and then, as is usually the case, he did not succeed much better, and the only gain was that he could not quarrel with himself.

His first grand business excursion, near the end of the last century, brought him into close contact with these three combined representatives of the press. He had broken into a new, or, at any rate, only partially travelled field, and, going to work methodically, he beat his way very cleverly through it. His good sense and practical taste contributed much to the value of his publications, as he displayed the best judgment in associating with his undertakings a succession of draughtsmen and engravers the majority of whom have risen to the highest reputation in their several lines of art. The names of Le Keux, Pugin, Havell, Bartlett, among others, afford sufficient proof of this judicious adoption of aids to popularity, and enhanced the attraction of all Mr. Britton's principal productions.

During more than half a century, many and continuous were they. The "Beauties of Wiltshire" began the career, and particular features and celebrated men of his native county furnished subjects for his pen to the end of his active life. "Rees's Cyclopædia," "The Penny Cyclopædia," and other publications of Mr. Charles Knight (on whose strenuous efforts in the cause of the diffusion of useful knowledge Mr. Britton bestows a glowing eulogy), and the "Annual Review," were the receptacles of many of these articles; whilst, latterly, the "Gentleman's Magazine," the "Magazine of Fine Arts," and the "Builder," afterwards and still so ably edited by his friend,* were the chief depositaries of his obituaries and other miscellaneous effusions.

* Upon his death, a very feeling tribute to his memory appeared from the pen of Mr. George Godwin. Mr. Godwin's youthful con-

I should estimate that more than fifty volumes of topography led the way to, or alternated with, the truly great works on Christian architecture and the cathedrals and cathedral antiquities of England, which proceeded, year after year, from the author's prolific enterprise. Not only was he never idle, but he was always vigilantly busy. *Nulla dies sine linea* seemed to be his motto; for there was a perpetual succession of volumes, pamphlets, and papers, which kept the author's rising name and valuable services for ever before the public eye. And this is an important concern in authorship. If you do not take care to keep yourself conspicuous in the crowd, the crowd will run over you, trample you down, and leave you to be lost sight of and forgotten. The task was onerous in Britton's earlier days: railway trains and railway stations, with puffs and placards, have made it easier now.

In Britton himself, no slackness was there found. Ancient and modern, cromlechs, and topics of the hour—nothing came amiss to his restlessly inquiring and active spirit. Stonehenge, Junius, Shakespeare, Pizarro, Chatterton, Nelson, John Aubrey, Sir John Soane, Bath Abbey and Fonthill Abbey, the Tower of London and the London Colosseum, Celtic Kist-Vaens, and Paris in 1828, form ingredients of a medley hardly to be exceeded by any instance I know of varied talent in a single individual. I had nearly forgotten. There were lighter matters, and poetry too, not of the foremost order, but enough to show the comprehensive versatility of the stirring mind. And our wonder augments when we consider the origin and progress of this accomplished fact. For the rude country boy, the hard-working cellarman, the neophyte of noisy clubs, to stand

nection with Mr. Britton, with respect to Redcliffe Church, Bristol, would seem to have initiated him into the patient investigation and diligent study so needful to the genuine architect, and prepared him for the successful course he is now running. At all events, this brief memoir does honour to the living as to the dead.

forth far above the universal herd for capacity, astuteness, attainments, and the power of rendering them instructive to the world, is a spectacle rarely to be seen within the verge and scope of humanity. Nature asserted her dominion. What Britton might have been with education and scholarly training, is a problem for curious conjecture. As it was, he was a remarkable celebrity, with a name to be repeated with praise by future generations.

His personal appearance was not imposing. On the contrary, he was *petit*, his manner a little brusque, and his countenance boyish, even to the end. Neither was the character of his mind of a high or solid cast. The soul befitted the body. He was easily offended, and, when provoked or prejudiced, not very measured in his terms of resentment or reprobation. On the other hand, he was warmly alive to good offices, and gratefully sensible to kindness, of which he was blessed with no scanty share from considerate and wealthy friends, who appreciated the sterling value of his works, and liked the conversation of the old man, whose closing years they gilded with hospitable solicitude and the comforts so needful to soothe the ills attendant on the decline of life. Among the chief of these were several of our greatest builders: Mr. Thomas and Mr. William Cubitt, and Mr. Grisell (of whom I have spoken in others of these brief sketches), and other well-known persons, such as Dr. John Conolly, Mr. Humfrey, Q.C.; Mr. William Tooke, Mr. Charles Hill, the co-sheriff of London with Mr. W. Cubitt, and Mr. Nathaniel Gould, the American merchant, who was, indeed, the prime mover of an association which, during ten years, brightened the existence of the object of their unremitting regards.* The origin of this society, or

* The other members were Mr. S. Gibbons (the friend of T. Hood at pleasant Winchmore Hill), Mr. George Godwin and Mr. Peter Cunningham (who acted as joint secretaries), and the writer of this mournfully sweet reminiscence of the social enjoyments of Bedford

club, was such an honour as few living authors have enjoyed. A dinner entertainment, to celebrate his seventy-fourth birthday, and acknowledge the extent and utility of his publications, was given to Mr. Britton at Richmond, by personal friends and admirers of his literary labours, at which nearly a hundred gentlemen "assisted." There was much good cheer and much post-prandial speaking. The enjoyment really partook of the feast of reason and the flow of soul.

But Richmond banquets, especially where the company is numerous, and trains and omnibuses in request for departure, are not suited for a full indulgence in these pleasant laudatory emotions. To confess the truth, their manifestation overshot the short time for ex-urban festivities, and I and other guests were obliged to leave, for the sake of conveyance, in the midst of a very touching, but, for the resources of the occasion, rather lengthy address by an excellent dignitary of the Church. Our loss of the *finale*, coupled with the genial and genuine gratification of the meeting, seemed to have suggested to its warm-hearted chairman, Mr. Gould, the idea of founding a Britton Club, where a few select intimates, with more time to enjoy it, might continue to administer a continuation of a like nature to the happiness of the social, respected, and worthy old antiquary. The number did not exceed twelve, and the majority I have named above. They assembled during "the season" now and then at attractive spots of resort near town, but generally at their private residences, where the abundant tide of hospitality never ebbed. Several times the Lord Chief Baron honoured them with his presence, and participated in their gaiety and good feeling. To Britton

Hill, Clapham Park, and Norbury, the mansions of the Cubitts and Mr. Grisell; not to mention those more intra-mural in Russell and Hyde-Park Squares and other hospitable residences. There are many amusing incidents related of them in Britton's unfinished and posthumous auto-biography.

they were the *pabulum* of life. He looked forward to their meetings; he calculated them and his patriarchal years, and drew horoscopes and hopes. When in the country, away from London, for example at Mr. Grisell's beautiful seat, Norbury Park, he always found a home to refresh his spirit; and he was as brisk as when he walked to Plympton, but with a far different result, neither meditating suicide, nor the antidote, rum-and-milk. Seriously, however, to Heaven he had indeed cause to be most grateful for bestowing upon him such friendships, to alleviate the rigours of age, and warm its cold pilgrimage to the close.

I have alluded to a characteristic which was not so amiable as those which recommended him to such welcomes and distinctions, but yet did not provoke the disapprobation which the nude mention of it would generally incur. In no man did I ever witness it less offensive and censurable. He was what is called outspoken, and sometimes delivered harsh opinions, which were coloured by his own feelings rather than founded on deliberate or abstract justice. A wrong or a fancied wrong, an erroneous view, an unsubstantial report, would serve for a strong dictum. But there was this excuse to palliate the indiscretion: he only blamed what he believed wrong, and he knew no malice. He was quick, and his quickness betrayed him, against the natural bent of his mind, which was charitable and kindly, into ebullitions, the sense of which rarely lasted beyond the period of their utterance. I have, however, reluctantly touched on the subject (for I desire my traits to be the truth), because I have read with regret, in his fragmentary autobiography, passages affecting individuals which I am sure he would have qualified or cancelled had he lived to bestow his ultimate consideration upon that work. His remarks upon Sir John Soane, from whom he suffered a severe disappointment, and Dr. Dibdin, and even the amatory Dr. Lardner, as a curious philosophical coxcomb, are examples of this blemish. But to be outspoken with envy or rancour is a social crime: to

be outspoken as Britton was amounted to no more than a rashness springing from his buoyant temperament and hasty judgment. Here, then, let us look back on his early years, and the process of training he went through instead of a sound education, and make charitable allowance for his faults.

Among his minor errors, I may repeat that my old friend was guilty of verse, though not of an order to lift him high in the poetic choir which chirps about the lower slopes of Parnassus. His efforts, indeed, were not ambitious, but generally to promote benevolent purposes, and thence worthy of praise. But he did not waste his time on the muses when he should have been wisely occupying it with useful practical work; and, occasionally, the variations of a lighter literature did credit to his taste and talent. The chief specimens of this may be seen in his "Shakespearean Illustrations," and his inquiry into the authorship of Junius; but, indeed, he was always busy, and taking an earnest interest in passing affairs. The Literary Fund was long an object of his solicitude and zealous support; but plans for new benevolent institutions and establishments for the promotion of the fine arts, and succour to those already in existence, were never long absent from his thoughts and pen; and, so far as lay within his compass, he might fairly be considered a patriotic and liberal friend to all rightful claimants on public sympathies. A paltry pension of seventy-five pounds a year was granted to this voluminous standard author—an amount showing the ministerial estimate of a valuable national instructor as compared with the writers of political satires, or trashy party novels. It was, however, some help in his old age, when past work, and when he married his second wife. As a trait of character, I may relate, that he announced this fact himself at one of the symposia I have described, and sensibly stated that it was no act of senile folly, but the simple adoption of an affectionate nursing friend into the position of a wife, in which she could continue her consoling

attentions without attracting the heartless remarks of a sneering world. The union was a very happy one, and the conduct of the lady amply justified the commendation and expectations of her helpmate.

But the end must come. Lively to the last, the season of winter tried the tough constitution, and he was wont to glance forward to its frosts and snows, and anticipate if he might again rejoice with his kind friends in the cherished club renovations of health and spirit. The warning date of fourscore and five arrived. His latest action was to forward to the printer of a periodical some matter relating to his friend and neighbour Mr. Baily, the astronomer, and to promise that, after resting for a day or two, he would send somewhat respecting Whittaker and Neele (two of his intimate favourites), intended for the same publication. This was on the 2nd of December, 1856; on the 4th he was taken ill with bronchitis, and four weeks afterwards he died.

A massive stone in the cemetery at Norwood is inscribed with the name JOHN BRITTON.

ADDENDA.

Of him I have little posthumous to add to this brief epitaph. One of his warmest friends, commemorated in my sketch, writes me :—"One curious part of his life you have not noticed—his being once, for a time, in a racing stable, where, I suppose, his light weight seemed to lead naturally to the racing saddle." So we add another strange phase to the eccentric and unpromising orbit of his youth; and as these metamorphoses were numerous and various, so

were the projects, as well as the enterprises of his maturer years.

At one period he wrote the biography of his friend Mr. Henry Hatcher, author of the History of Salisbury, to accompany his own autobiography; and bestowed more pains upon preceding exertions, to illustrate the history of his favoured Wiltshire. Again, I observe him (1835) endeavouring to found an "Archæological and Topographical Institution of Great Britain, for Promoting Systematic Histories and Illustrations of its numerous Antiquities." This scheme, however, fell to the ground. He was not more fortunate with the leading part he took in the formation of the (now Royal) Geographical Society, the first hint for which was certainly given by a correspondent in the "Literary Gazette," a clerk in the India House.* Upon this hint, Britton took action (as the saying is), and, along with others (*quorum pars fui*), proposed and planned, and circulated prospectuses for a considerable time before it was adopted by higher and more influential authorities. Yet the original printed circulars by Britton bore the names of several eminent men in both services and in scientific pursuits. But the new design, inaugurated two years after the first proposal was issued, though not the first moving, was, unquestionably, in far more efficient hands, and especially as the principal officials at the Admiralty entered zealously into its promotion. Captain Beaufort, whom it was rather hazardous, in any affair, to contradict, became a strenuous supporter; but the main stress was undertaken by Sir John Barrow, who published their first programme, and was, as far as personal energy went, the founder of the society. Britton joined it, and remained two years upon the Council; but, deeming himself browbeaten, retired in disgust. In one of his letters to me, he refers to a review of the "Life of Barrow," written "by Admiral Smyth" (the

* Mr. W. Huttman: May, 1828.

noble-minded character whose loss we now deplore), as throwing light upon this interesting literary and public question; but, as I have forgotten where it appeared, I can only mention the statement. As it turned out, all rallied round the able presidency of Barrow, and the Geographical Society was auspiciously launched, to attain its present magnitude and usefulness under the sceptre of Sir Roderick Murchison!

In the days of the living life of memorable men, there is no end to the petty detection of weaknesses, foibles, faults, and errors, which may blot the fair bearings of their bright escutcheons; and, even after death, there is no want of the *fiat justitia gens*, to weigh every grain of character in their own infallible scales; and, like the final deity-judge in the Egyptian mythology, pronounce sentence according to their test in the balancing of right and wrong. Britton, of course, had his detractors. His struggles were pushing, his efforts to acquire popular notoriety or public notice — the very marrow most essential to any author's success—was puffing, or vanity, and he was "little Britton" to many not possessed of a tithe of his extraordinary talent and persevering industry; for the amount of his production is astonishing, and most of it is of a valuable and lasting nature. I know not how many huge quartos it may fill, but I do know that, within a goodly number of such receptacles, besides many other volumes of every size and shape and form of embellishment, he has stored an immense amount of "useful knowledge" and pictorial beauty. He gave half a century to antiquities, topography, biography, criticism, the fine arts—including cathedral architecture, his grand object,— and miscellaneous points of general literature; and it would be difficult to equal the extent and worth of his labours within the compass of any one writer of our nineteenth century.

It is lamentable to conclude that poverty (notwithstanding all the amelioration derived from kind-hearted friends who

esteemed him) hung heavy, between whiles, on his departing years. In the humble wife of his elder time, he happily (as he frequently assured me) met with the "ministering angel," so often incarnated in the helpmate of man—be he ever so destitute, forlorn, or afflicted. I believe she is now, a sad widow, residing at Kingston, and that the paltry pension of her husband has not been continued to her.

Yrs truly
J Britton

SIR MARK ISAMBARD BRUNEL.

BRUNEL the younger, and Stephenson, also the younger, are both gone. The broad gauge and the narrow gauge have led but to the grave; and these eminent engineers, who have covered the earth with their wonderful works, can now only occupy the space of a schoolboy's leap. The great conductors of steam railways and electricity over the bounds of the universe have been borne to their last abode of solitude and silence. But the memory of these great masters of magical mechanics is yet too green for me to include in my sketches—meant to be distinct from biographical dictionaries, and, by a few characteristic traits, to afford to others somewhat of a personal acquaintance with those worthy of note, whom I have known within the passing nineteenth century. To its commencement, and even antedating that a little, I now go back.

Mark Isambard Brunel, the elder, was born not far from Rouen, the great centre of the industry of Normandy; where Corneille and Fontenelle were also born; where the statue of the Maid of Orleans stands, a monument, *ære perennius*, to superstition, fanaticism, and barbarity; and where, above all, cottons and silks are evolved from busy looms, hardware is hammered, chemicals are manipulated, and confectionery, the nicest in France, is deliciously compounded for the encouragement of such clever little fellows as Mark. For he was clever, lively, intelligent, inquisitive, and French. He was, besides, of respectable family, and

educated, so far, with a view to the priesthood; but, impelled by his strong bias, he devoted himself to mechanics, and to those scientific studies which are necessary for the attainment of pre-eminent skill in mechanical art.

The career of a man who has contributed so large a share to the improvement of the age, cannot fail of instruction; for it must show how difficulties are surmounted and perseverance crowned. After exercising his ingenuity for awhile in his native country, at a period when its terrible convulsions destroyed every effort and hope of industry, our ardent mechanician sought the congenial soil of England for the employment of his talents, feeling strong in the conviction of his power to perform services worthy of the patronage of a great naval nation. But we are aware of the old saying, "To know, to do, to suffer" is too often the fate of unappreciated genius. Brunel was no exception to the rule. He presented project after project to the authorities; he laid plan after plan before the Government. He argued, he demonstrated, but all in vain. In those days, whatever it may be now, a constructive applicant was sure to be delayed, if not defeated, by the obstructives in office. The preventive was an overmatch for the inventive; and Privy Council, Ordnance Department, and Admiralty, were plied with the usual effect by the assiduous foreigner, till their formal billets of perpetual objection to whatsoever he proposed, and rejection of whatsoever he offered, would have tired out any less zealous projector, without supplying a single page of variety to the complete (official) Letter Writer. But he, in conscious self-reliance, still endured—

> "The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

At length, at his wit's end, he almost gave up in absolute despair; and, as a valedictory memorial of his merits and want of success, thought only of presenting a curious baga-

telle to Lady Spencer, whose lord was at the head of the Admiralty, and had shown some personal attention to the lively little Frenchman, during his wearisome waiting visits to obtain a trial of his experiments. In those days, round games at cards were a favourite amusement for ladies, as gambling, unfortunately, was for gentlemen; and Lady Spencer, in her high position, could not be out of fashion. To her ladyship, therefore, M. Brunel sent what appeared to be a miniature pigeon-house, shaped like a turret, and with pigeon-holes all round the upper part. It was not, however, for pigeons, though it might be for pigeoning. It was, in fact, a contrivance for dealing cards for round games. The cards were laid in at the top, a spring was touched, the tower whirled round, and, according to the index, dealt as many cards from the apertures into as many packets as was desired. Everybody was in raptures with the design, and the cards turned up trumps for the lucky inventor. Trifle as it was, the card-dealer was exceedingly ingenious, and the artist, having thus won his way to a fair hearing, was within a very short period seen in the responsible position of superintending the manufacture of that block machinery, of which it is not too much to say that to it Great Britain was deeply indebted for the means by which her grand series of brilliant victories were achieved, and a commerce that overspread the globe was nourished and protected. And how simple did it seem—more simple than the card-engine; for here the shapeless lump of wood was merely thrown into the machine, and in a few seconds emerged the complete, convoluted, and finished block, which had hitherto taxed the utmost skill and patience of experienced workmen to produce in sufficient quantity to supply the pressing wants of naval supremacy.

Henceforward, there was, of course, remunerative business for M. Brunel; and he continued to make new and important additions to his undertakings, of which his

adopted country reaped the benefit. He went on improving and prospering. But such a spirit can never be still. There must ever be some object in view to keep alive its activity. The Thames Tunnel came upon the public with a startling effect. It was a problem. Opinion ran into admiration or ridicule. Extremes, and no medium, and the most entertaining "reason why?" was assigned by a travelling countryman of the projector's, who, treating, as French authors will do, of English national character, stated that we were ever emulous till we had attained a certain pitch of excellence, which we immediately despised, and then turned quite another way to gratify our restless ambition. Thus, he observed, "Having succeeded in building the finest bridges in the world over rivers, they became quite disgusted with the perfection, and got my compatriot, M. Brunel, to devise for them a sort of bridge, not to go over, but under the river." The joyous and jocund propounder of this matchless scheme, ever as playful as in his boyhood, would laugh heartily at this explanation, and still more when told of the remark, in broken English, of another of his Norman friends, who boasted of him as a very great giant in engineering, who had "pushed his *toe-nail*" (tunnel) all under the Thames.

His action was brisk; his laugh was always ready, loud, and merry; his ideas original and extraordinary. I remember on one philosophico-festive occasion, when dilating on the inexhaustible wealth and resources of Great Britain, he calculated an approximate value of her canals and turnpike roads, and ended with an estimate showing how many gold and silver watches were worn by particular members belonging to the several classes of the people, and how, if laid down on the road, touching each other, they would reach from London to Portsmouth, with a few miles, roods, and yards to spare. He was perfectly in earnest, and probably not far wrong in the total sum of value he attached to this very long watch-chain.

Sir Mark Isambard Brunel died ten years ago, much beloved and lamented. His unassuming manners, tinged with a ready disposition for pleasant humour, furnished no intimation of the extraordinary mechanical talent with which he was gifted. He was the impersonation of Philosophy in Sport, and not the less a true philosopher.

ADDENDA.

To my brief notice of this eminent engineer and mechanical genius, I have few more particulars to add, and my personal recollections must but feebly revive the memory of the lively little Frenchman in those who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance; whilst to those who knew him not, nor ever met him, they can convey only the faintest idea of the vast solid talent embodied in so mercurial a frame. He had practically cultivated his apprehensive powers by a very early seafaring life, and the execution of engineer works in the United States; so that when he cast his fortunes upon England, his skill was matured, and his reputation fixed. Still, as I have related, he could not obtain a hearing or a trial, till a chance stroke of "luck at cards" gave him the extent of the British empire for the exercise of his ingenuity. But this was not enough for his enterprise, and he projected a tunnel under the Neva, at St. Petersburg, to which, as the Emperor Alexander could not be persuaded to listen, the disappointed projector turned his attention to the Thames; and a terrible stir of discussion did his proposal make. Royal honours and public distinctions crowned his later years. He lived to see that the tunnel, if very costly and not very serviceable, was not the utter failure it was predicted by his opponent wiseacres certainly to be; and

contented and happy—I may use the common-place jolly—he continued to the end an unspoilt, merry, estimable, and remarkable man. But it must not be fancied that the excavation of the tunnel was not a work of prodigious difficulty, which, like others of his marvellous inventions, required all his ingenuity and skill to overcome. The professional ability he displayed, and the fertility of his resources, surprised even the most skilful engineers; but the Duke of Wellington patronized, and his own son, Mr. I. K. Brunel (also an eminent engineer), assisted him. Thus, from cutting canals on Lake Erie, and building theatres in New York, he came to pester Lord St. Vincent, and was ultimately permitted, through the patronage of Earl Spencer, to *do* the block machinery, by which, in the first year, the country saved £24,000, of which two-thirds were awarded to the inventor as his recompense. Mr. Charles Manby, the honorary secretary to the Institute of Civil Engineers, to whom I am indebted for this information, and for other interesting particulars, relates that the toy card-dealer was not the only small-ware article which sprang from Brunel's prolific brain, for he invented the ingenious little machine for winding cotton thread into balls, which, simple as it may at first sight appear, has exercised great influence on the extension of the cotton trade; and we also owe to him the improvement of the great circular saws for cutting veneers, the making of shoes by machinery, and I cannot tell how many novelties and improvements scattered over the wide field of Mechanics, such, I believe, as no other man has ever rivalled, and especially in number. Every function and motion connected with steam and machinery was worked out by him and applied to the wonders we witness at this day in looking around us at so many hives of industry where we can trace many a movement to his creative genius, which, like his productions, was destined never to stand still. Mercury for speed was combined with Minerva for wisdom.

I once heard him speak in public. His health was toasted, and he returned thanks in a neat, terse manner, eliciting much applause. Ever smart and agile, he seemed to be the impersonation of the Perpetual Motion; but he was human, and he stopped—he died! *Requiescat in pace!*

DEAN BUCKLAND.

BOC-LAND is ground for good Saxon growth, and my subject ought to have been native of the Bucken, or Beech-bearing county of Buckingham; but Axminster, in Devon, had the honour of William Buckland's birth.

Winchester school, which has turned out and is continually furnishing distinguished men, and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, were the fountains whence he drew his educational culture; but long before he went to this school he had manifested the bent of his mind by his precocious love of natural history, and boyish devotedness to its observation or study. This feature in his character, if it did not advance him to honours then the most sought for in the University, led the way to the creation of a new set of such objects for ambition, and considerably altered the condition of a curriculum previously founded on the learning of the past, and almost ignoring the requirements of the present. Natural Science rose into repute, Geology started up like a young giant, and the distinctions hitherto confined to classics and mathematics, came to be also acknowledged as the rewards of scientific pursuits.

Buckland, who had meanwhile been ordained, was nominated Professor of Mineralogy in 1813, and in 1816 was appointed by the Chancellor to the chair of Geology, founded at that date. To him was intrusted the organization of the museum in the Clarendon Buildings, which has since become so rich in fossil remains and other scientific treasures. His fame extended. Two years later he was elected a member

of the Royal Society, and in two years more appeared before the public with his first work, the "Vindiciæ Geologicæ," in which he contended for the harmony that prevailed between Revelation and Nature. Without mentioning his various geological works, all of which were most popular, it is sufficient to refer to his "Bridgewater Treatise," his selection to write which was a proof of the high estimation in which he stood as a man of science and an author. Finally, he was rewarded with the Deanery of Westminster. Such is the brief outline of a life unusually even and prosperous.

Dr. Buckland's public character may be defined in one word—he was a geologist. His private popularity may likewise be explained by describing him as the most genial of men, and a delightful companion. My recollections of him are all connected with these two phases of his character.

One of the pet words which have recently come to supersede its synonyme "discuss" (and is never thought of in its strict original meaning, "to expose to fresh air"), viz. "to ventilate," could never be so justly applied as with reference to the British Association and its doings. Professor Buckland was one of its earliest and most zealous supporters: it was the very theatre most suitable for him and his talents —for the propagandism of many searches after human knowledge—among which young Geology took a foremost rank. Able and clever men in every branch of science, and every pursuit of information, are deeply indebted to this Association for the opportunities it afforded them for "ventilating" their talents, and the views they entertained. It made many gifted individuals generally known, who would otherwise have lived and died in obscurity; and it led to the advancement of not a few on the high-roads of fortune, whose paths, but for it, would have been most probably difficult, obscure, and unproductive. After Brewster, its eminent Scottish founder, and Vernon Harcourt, its able advocate, three English University celebrities took the lead among its most active supporters. These were Buckland,

Sedgwick, and Whewell. The British Association answered the ends of all these three widely different persons; Buckland, ever playful and pleasing—Sedgwick, all heart, and a straightforward devotee to the power of truth—and Whewell, impetuously asserting his own superiority, so as to beget neither the familiar regard of the one nor the genuine esteem of the other, though always looked up to as a man of extraordinary talents. Both were promoted before him; both lamented and represented that his vast ability was long overlooked; but there came a sudden shifting in the lottery of patronage: the first prize that turned up was a high one, and the lucky Master of Trinity essayed to kick down the ladder by which he had risen. The Association, however, survived the attempt, and continues to flourish. Whewell, after his elevation, proposed that, instead of being annual, the meetings should take place only triennially; but the scheme for this gradual extinction was at once warmly repudiated.

To return to Geology and Buckland. The new science had languished in England since the days of Whiston, till William Smith produced his discovery relating to organized fossil remains being identified with the various strata in which they were found. Upon this the science began to assume a new rank. Buckland was the most sanguine and enthusiastic votary of the inviting theory. His lectures at Oxford gave an immense impulse to scientific zeal. Of his special contributions to geological knowledge, it is not my purpose to speak, but only to recall some impressions of his personal character. In this retrospect, the first recollection is of his captivating conversation, whether on the trite and commonplace topics of the day, or on recondite and fruitful subjects of learning and science. It was indeed at the feast of reason and the flow of social and intellectual intercourse that Buckland shone. With

> "A merrier man,
> Within the limit of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Nothing came amiss to him. From the creation of the world to the latest news on town—from the flora and fauna of ages long past to the last horticultural meeting at Chiswick, or exhibition at the Zoological Gardens—through all intermediate time he was equally at home. *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.* There were few subjects which he could not, more or less, illustrate. His information, if not profound, covered a vast space; and where he might be without the nugget or massive coin of gold, he was never, at any rate, deficient in ready small change of intrinsic value, to supply the currency desirable for the uses and improvement of intelligent society. In build, look, and manners, he was a thorough English gentleman, and as such was prized in every circle.

It was no drawback, that in listening to his lessons of wisdom, the infusion of gaiety seemed to make the philosophy in sport so unusually entertaining, that the hearer almost forgot that it was nevertheless essentially philosophical, and eminently practical. On geology, of course, he was oracular; but, in alliance with its zealous pursuit, he had made himself master of cognate branches of scientific inquiry, still more immediately ministering to the comfort and welfare of mankind. Take him upon agriculture, for example; and after a luminous disquisition upon the variety of soils, manures, products, etc., which any farmer might have profited much by hearing, he would enliven the theme by bringing it down to the capacities of the ladies, or of inquisitive but non-scientific auditors like myself. I remember the astonishment of a country squire, to whom he demonstrated that the barrenness of the field within the park was due to the hosts of pheasants in his well-kept preserves, that robbed the earth of its needful chalk, in order to consolidate their egg-shells. This was not a jest, but a fact; the ground in question was impoverished by the abstraction of a constituent necessary for its greater fertility.

Anecdote revives anecdote. It was not far distant from

the same locality (on which I have painted this trait), that Buckland made one of his splendid discoveries, viz., that the moraines upon Dartmoor were confirmatory of the glacial theory: the triumphant proclamation of which "truth" was so derided by the people around, who ridiculed the learned geologist for making such a noise about his seeing *moor-hens* on the moor!

When the unfortunate Mr. Strickland resuscitated the extinct Dodo, and Dr. Mantell, from skeleton bones, reproduced the Dinornis of New Zealand, the discoveries were made features on the mingled scene of science and pleasantry of the British Association. At Oxford a member picked up an unfledged bird, killed by a fall from the parapet of the Cathedral, and, having it finely packed up by a chemist, the box, properly inscribed as a specimen recently obtained, was handed up to the Professor, in the midst of full declamation on the platform of an evening assemblage. He turned to happy use the sportive incident, and made the whole auditory join in the laughter which was begun by those who were cognizant of the cause of the merriment.* At Bristol, in a way not so congenial to the minds of friends, though not at the time clearly impressed as the forewarning of coming ill, was the exhibition on the scientific stage of

* The Dodo's name recalls to memory another amusing circumstance which occurred at the Oxford meeting, where this fledgeling *Dodo* was exhibited. In the forenoon, and in the Natural History section, a curious *Tortoise*, brought forward by Prince Napoleon, happened to be the subject of discussion; to which I paid due attention, whilst seated at the table close to one of our most eminent bishops. A few hours later I found myself seated equally near his lordship, at the anniversary festival of Bethlem Hospital, with the *Turtle* due to the occasion under quite another process of discussion. He recognised the morning conjunction, and we had a pleasant laugh at the oddity of the adventure which, thanks to a bounteous invitation and the express train, had brought us again together on the same benevolent errand.

the presumed action of the gigantic Dinornis. The Romish miracle of Saint Medard is represented on our church walls as leaving his footmarks upon the stones; but the enthusiastic Buckland far outdid the saint in the strides he took to show the spectators what creatures they must have been that left such far-apart traces upon the sands (now solid rocks) of the elder globe. At this meeting, symptoms of injured health were manifest, insomuch that his most esteemed and dearest associate* lamented the appearance, and with manly tears anticipated that possible future which was so grievously realized.

What shall I say of the opinion, so redolent of many amusing days, which he maintained, with unflinching philosophy and ingenious arguments, against a host of archæologists, that the crumbling of Roman remains in Britain was principally owing to the absorption of the mortar by snails, for the construction of their own habitations? At Richborough, he upheld this doctrine with surprising energy and eloquence, till half the attendant crowd believed the ruins would have stood higher at this day if the Romans had eaten all their snails as well as their oysters: and the doctor went on to predict that Plymouth breakwater would be destroyed by the same means, unless lime-consumers of the snail kind were more sharply looked after! And *àpropos* of this occasion, it was curiously remarked, that the Roman edible snail, poor rival of the famous Lymne, and Richborough, or Rutupian oyster, was now found in very few places in England, and these chiefly in the neighbourhood of ancient Roman stations. As luxuries they are no longer cultivated, and only sought as restoratives (I am told, often with good effect) in consumptive cases; whilst the "natives" flourish in abundance, albeit the exportation to Rome has not continued to the era of Pio

* Adam Sedgwick, "an honest man, the noblest work of God," and truly admirable in all the relations of life.

Nono, to whom the Protestant dean of Westminster would not have sent even a shell.

But to more solid reminiscences of the most agreeable and estimable Professor. As in agriculture, so in mining, was Dr. Buckland a high authority. From the long-abandoned British, Phœnician, Roman, or Saxon works on the rocky waste of Druidical Dartmoor, to the most recent shaft sunk for tin or copper in Cornwall or Wales, he was intimately acquainted with the bearings of the subject, and his advice, founded on geological data, was of great importance. And it was the same in all the branches of natural history, especially in mineralogy, and the infinite varieties of organized creation, from the "first syllable of recorded time," to the hour at which he taught us by his oracles. It was this prime faculty which made him so delightful as a companion, and acted as a charm on all ranks, from the elevated statesman—like Sir Robert Peel (who was his steady friend), to the mere youthful tyro who took hammer in hand to prosecute his peculiar and favourite study. There was always some novel experiment, some strange demonstration, some curious discovery, some remarkable fact to be talked about; and he did talk about them with such a fluency of good, kindly humour, seasoned with such an abundance of valuable instruction, that the hearer must have been as stupid as the Dodo, who could go away without feeling that much profit might be derived amid the enjoyment of well-regulated pleasantry. I have known no man superior to Dr. Buckland in the power to produce this effect. Even when he condescended to play the jester a little in the circus, Brutus was in those days only assuming the disguise. To my sense, the character of Hamlet would serve as a key to his entire career and nature; only his was mirthful and comic, whereas that of the Danish prince was sad and tragical.

Alas, that the mortal close of this genial life, cherished by the wise, and courted by the wealthy; admired and

applauded in public, and esteemed and welcomed in private, should have been enveloped in the dark clouds, which, for six long and dreary years, steeped the hearts of pitying friends in unavailing grief! Yet so it was; the inscrutable decree of an overruling Providence laid the solemn lesson legibly before our bedimmed eyes, and taught us, in the nothingness of human aspirations, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

I rejoice to observe from the press, that the eldest son of Dr. Buckland (whom I have met), Mr. Frank Buckland, Assistant-Surgeon to the 2nd Life Guards, is distinguishing himself in varied walks of science and popular demonstration, and in a manner that bids fair to yield him present reward and lasting fame. His several "Curiosities of Natural History" are charming books. His contributions to the "Leisure Hour" I always read with pleasure, and I wish they were more frequent.

I cannot conclude this sketch better than with the following interesting extract from a letter which I have seen, in which Mr. Frank Buckland says, "The 'Leisure Hour' was the only publication my dear father would read during his illness, and the volumes were always on his table. He would look at nothing else save the Bible."

ADDENDA.

My outline summarily unfolds the likeness of Dr. Buckland, as he won his way from Axminster to Westminster. It was, indeed, a pleasant travel. Few men can boast of so enviable a share of human felicity. For this he also owed much to his own idiosyncrasy, which was, as I have observed,

pre-eminently cheerful and sanguine; and smoothed the even tenor of his course, as it ran along his grateful path, encouraged by fame in his favourite pursuits, and halted only to refresh at welcome stations of prosperous rest, whence to rove on to pastures ever new, and ever richly enjoyed.

No doubt, however, there were many toils to be undergone before the final reward of his labours was awarded; but they were lightened by the enthusiasm with which the arduous Professor rode his hobby for nearly half a century (1805-49), at its wonderful pace, towards the climax of his fortunes. Every fresh turn seemed to give a stronger impulse to his excited and partially eccentric movements. The Cave of Kirkdale, and other caves, the vestiges of Moa or Dodo, the antiquarian voracity of helices, *in lima labor*, the electric or spontaneous production of Acarian life;—no matter what the data or hypothesis, our excited naturalist was hotly alive to every incident, and, I fear, sometimes so strangely so, that the sad coming event might have been anticipated in these stimulated shadows. A prominent eye, occasionally inscrutable in expression, might have been noted as another indication of a sorrowful future—how little thought of in the midst of the sportive vein and *quasi* learned hilarity constantly outpouring in his conversation and public addresses. When Mr. Conybeare brought forward his startling theory of the evolution of animals from electric wires—the phenomenon of life from inorganic matter—the perturbation occasioned by the announcement at the British Association was almost as absurd as the original problem—every member was as wild as Dr. Buckland about it, and the Section was crammed in half an hour to listen to the facts of this miraculous discovery! We were all crazy; and Blake's Human Flea was, for a while, transcended by the belief in Fleas super-Human.

Having more than once alluded to the British Association, and the talent to which it has opened the way, I may be excused for naming some of the individuals who distin-

guished themselves at the meetings I attended from the first, after the initiation at York, to within the last few years. From their society I have received much gratification and instruction, and enrolled many of them among the men with whom it has been my fortunate privilege to unite on terms more or less of friendly intimacy. Some of these, this popular institution has altogether brought forward—others owe to it the theatre on which to give evidence of abilities otherwise only appreciable in limited circles—all are indebted to it for the promulgation of their claims and the extension of their fame—whilst mutual intercourse led to a community of intelligence, and helpful suggestion in every various pursuit, and an acquaintance with the general progress of the sciences to the present map—beyond the boundaries of which it was the most useful result of these meetings to ascertain. Under this brilliant catalogue I designate in their specific grades, Adams, Agassiz, Airy, Allmann, Audabon, Ansted, Arnott, Ball, Brewster, Brisbane, Baily, Carpenter, Charlesworth, Couch, Daubeny, Dalton, De la Beche, De la Rue, Fairbairn, Falconer, Faraday, Forbes J. and Forbes Edward, Gassiot, Graham, Grove, Hamilton, Harris, Henfrey, Herschel, Hogg, Henslow, Hopkinson, Hodgkin, Hunt, Huxley, Jamieson, Jardine, Johnson, Lankester, Lardner, Latham, Lindly, Lloyd, McCullagh, Miller, Murchison, Nasmyth, Owen, Patterson, Peach, Peacock, Percy, Phillips, Playfair, Powell, Ramsay, Robinson, Royle, Ronalds, Russell, Sabine, Schomburgh, Scoresby, Stevelly, Stokes, Strickland, Thompson, Tyndal, Vignoles, Wheatstone—stars of various magnitude, to illuminate the milky way of science, and shed a light upon the earth. To be joined in the rank and hold converse with such a legion, and some still in force, whom I may, for the moment, have forgotten, was an annual treat of the highest order; and others of more recent accession, remain to offer the same important opportunities, I trust, to be followed throughout generations yet to come. And why

should I not repeat the name of Mr. Frank Buckland, mentioned in my first sketch, and who, even within that short time, has justified my prediction by his energetic lead and services in the Acclimatizing Society—alas! I know not who could have descanted so jocosely upon the good things in flesh, fowl, fish, and game he has introduced, as his lamented father, who was, as most enlightened men are, no bad judge of the Epicurean luxuries of the skilfully-covered table, and also of the thorough firm, well-looking English build, which reflected no discredit upon his judicious nourishment.

But my narrative having misled me from solemnity and the coming events which foreshadowed the end, I shall be glad to conclude with a little more of our friend the Dodo, which remained, for a while, a subject of much jocularity among the more humorous section of the British Association, known by the name of the Red Lions, who indeed turned many graver things to farce. *Inter alia*, the fate of the Dodo was chanted (as an ornithological romance, but giving the true cause of its estimation) by the wittiest of the set; and at one of their social meetings, I heard the song, by the lamented Edward Forbes, of its discovery and adventures, finishing in the verse—

> "Do-do! Our bird was no Cupid,
> But horribly ugly, and grievously stupid;
> So the sailors at first, though for fun they befriended him,
> For a taste of his gizzard 'fore long put an end to him:
> Yet the do-do-do
> Might have lived on if he could have *flew!*"

And as poor Strickland's volume upon the extinct bird (the Solitaire of the Mauritius) was written with a profound feeling of its importance as an ornithological curiosity, he was somewhat annoyed by Buckland's contumelious treatment of it when addressing, as I have related, the

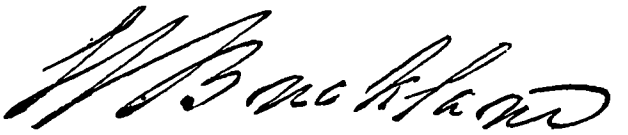
numerous evening audience from the platform. He was a fine gentlemanly fellow, however, and his revenge was neither splenetic nor ill-natured. The following is the retort or report, as he handed it to me :—

"The Dean of Westminster begged to make a few remarks directly bearing on the subject of the Dodo. Commencing with the *Dinornis*, he proceeded to remark that the 'Penny Cyclopædia' was a work of great excellence, in proof of which he might mention that a Dr. Adams had that day revealed to him the real cause of the potato disease. The name of Adams reminded him of another gentleman of that name, who had made some remarkable calculations about the stars. A Frenchman named Leverrier had arrived at the same results by a different path, and he left it to the audience to decide which of the two had the greatest merit."

I have little more to add. I am afraid that in endeavouring to afford an idea of the whim of the passing hour, I may have mingled more of what was fun, with what is serious, than may be thought allowable by fastidious minds ; but Gay's monument in Westminster Abbey assures us that Life itself is a Jest.

But, gravely speaking, Dr. Buckland's life was a life pre-eminently useful. Wherever improvements were projected, he entered into the plans with all his energy. As Dean of Westminster, the purification of the Thames, the widening of streets, and the means for bettering the sanitary condition of the lower orders, obtained his earnest co-operation. At Oxford, and wherever else he happened to be domiciled, he displayed the same resolute perseverance in promoting the general weal—he was a member of many associations for the practical benefit of his fellow-creatures ; and he was the recipient of many acknowledgments and honours from popular and eminent institutions at home and

abroad. On his geological pursuits, often alone and on horseback, he travelled thousands of miles, far and near; and in his "Bridgewater Treatise," he did his utmost to make Geology and Scripture agree—a labour of love, worthy alike of the geologist and the divine!



WILLIAM BULLOCK, F.L.S.

NATURALIST, TRAVELLER, AND MUSEUM COLLECTOR.

WILLIAM BULLOCK raised himself from humble station by the irresistible force of native energy, and devoted himself to unwearying enterprise in pursuits tending to promote the progress of improvements and the diffusion of knowledge. Steady and persevering, calm and fearless, not rash—for a man is not often rash when he is not seen by anybody—his adventures were mostly hazarded in distant parts. He toiled through thirty years of arduous and unremitting research, and embodied a series of exhibitions such as no other individual in existence ever got together. It is a curious proof of the stirring character of the times, and the speed with which extraordinary undertakings of the past are absorbed in the present, that, within some thirty years, Mr. Bullock's great and most popular labours are so little thought of—so slightly remembered. It is enough to make us fancy that even the most useful life is sometimes spent like an aimless arrow, which flies through the air and leaves no trace. But it is not so; for traces of his successful exertions are to be seen and recognized in every quarter around, and the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly remains to remind us of him still—*si monumentum quæris, circumspice.* For he was the admirable pioneer to many a stranger acquisition, and brought home to the sense of the multitude an acquaintance with a thousand things, respecting which an apathetic ignorance prevailed. The prototype

of some of our most serviceable guides to various sciences, it would be difficult for middle-aged or younger persons to comprehend *now* the amount of ignorance which pervaded the capital of the British empire *then*, when he, early in the nineteenth century, commenced his instructive career. He did a great deal to enlighten the busy generation, and much that has been done since, and is doing, emanates from his leading the way and showing the results. There is a quaint piece of ancient ballad lore which says:—

> "If a man could be sure
> That his life would endure
> For a thousand long years,
> Like the patriarchs of old,
> What deeds might he do?"

and yet, we are well aware that in an unlimited number of cases, he would just leave as many things undone as if he died at the moderated post-diluvian period of sixty or eighty. Bullock was the one in a thousand exceptions. He worked hard, and seemed to have brought his task to a suitable close. There were a lull and a finish to his manifold efforts when he was taken away, and he was graciously prepared for an end congenial with the beginning, and harmonious with the entire course of his useful existence.

His first appeal to the public was as the head and director of the Museum, principally of Natural History, at Liverpool, of which he published an able explanatory Catalogue in 1808. A Companion was published at Bath in 1809, and in 1812 London witnessed the third edition, and had for a considerable time enjoyed the opportunity of visiting the collection, then transferred to No. 22, in Piccadilly. Bullock appeared to have been born a naturalist; his disposition towards the study was enthusiastic, and he happily put the epigraph to his book:—

> "Oh, Nature! how in every charm supreme!
> Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new."

And this love is deeply implanted in the bosom of human kind. From the magnificent landscape to the picturesque nook, from the little garden-plot to the tiny box or pot on the mechanic's window-ledge, the superb is admired and the beautiful cherished by every class—by almost every one, from the peer whose domain stretches over the smiling land, to the sedentary artisan whose Tom Thumb geranium or wall-flower cheats his labour of its irksome monotony by its gaiety and perfume.

But I must not let this subject allure me from the man whose ruling passion it was to investigate and study Nature in every clime—to open up new sources of information in its infinite fields, and bring home to the uneducated population of England an interesting acquaintance with a store of valuable intelligence, though only half a century ago buried in darkness which the present generation, with its multitude of aids, can hardly imagine possible. Yet such was the actual state of the case, say in London, when the year 1800 initiated a fresh birth as distinctly as if epochal dates were destined to mark extraordinary revolutions in human affairs. Foremost to help us on the wider path, to the attractions of which increased attention had been awakened, Mr. Bullock, grafting a love of adventure on his love of nature, went forth on his enthusiastic travels, and by his persevering efforts led the way to most of the practical and justly popular exhibition teachings of the present day.

Sir Astley Cooper in his lectures, when he enunciated some great principle or fact, was wont to clench it to the memory of his pupils, as he said, by attaching to it a ludicrous anecdote or story. For the same reason I hope I may be excused for relating a fact, illustrative of the profound ignorance which shrouded Cockaigne from any insight into the science of zoology or botany. When this century began, citizens lived by their shops and in their shops. In the same very limited civic cycle they were

born, married, and died. There were no railroads to hurl, no steamboats to float them into the country, where they might see how vegetables grew, and hear the difference of sound between the neighing of a horse and the crowing of a cock. The Tower, and a wild beast show at Exeter Change, in the Strand, comprehended their zoology, and Covent Garden and the unadorned Parks their botany—all else was desert. One evening, in company, the conversation turning that way, I asked a respectable warehouseman of Cheapside, a fair type of his class, if he ever saw an owl. And his answer was—"No, I have seen a rat and a mouse, but I never saw a howl!" Bullock dispelled this crass condition of mind in everything beyond the daily routine of trade. To imitations of him the public owes the most favourite and instructive resorts which in our day inform, enrich, and adorn the capital and the country.

His first Museum was exhibited, as stated, at No. 22, Piccadilly. Up to that date there was nothing of the sort to demonstrate the difference between a rat and an owl, in the metropolis. The British Museum was not, in those days, a place of popular resort. The Leverian Museum, in the Blackfriars Bridge Road, was a most heterogeneous medley of stuffed animals, without order or classification, and savage costumes, weapons, and products from the Pacific Ocean, or elsewhere in Asia, Africa, or America, as such curiosities were picked up by adventurous navigators and exploring travellers. In a visit to it a few desultory facts might be gathered; but as a means for solid or lasting instruction, its miscellaneous and aimless character rendered it useless. Mr. Bullock's collection was quite the reverse of this — admirably preserved and scientifically arranged. After three or four experimental years in its original locality, it was transported to the Egyptian Hall, then finished for its reception, and not fewer than 32,000 subjects of animated nature were skilfully grouped and conveniently displayed within its walls. The town was absolutely

astonished by the individual acquisition of so vast and marvellous a treasure, and crowds soon availed themselves of the privilege of reading its lessons — if not exactly of philosophy in sport, at any rate of ample intelligence in amusement. In one department were seen the quadrupeds, as natural as life, and as they would appear in a real Indian forest, with its rocks, caverns, trees, and all other adjuncts congenial to their habits and habitats. In another division, 3,000 birds were set up with similar accuracy, and attended by well-selected accessories, so as to afford sufficient ideas of their motions, food, and mode of feeding, and peculiarities of every description—from eagles to humming-birds (of the latter of which there were ninety distinct species); and, including the collection made by Captain Cook and Sir Joseph Banks, the whole were so perfect in plumage and disposition, that the aviary, if it might so be called, presented a scene of wonderful beauty to the eye. Unwillingly the spectator turned from it, to inspect the numerous amphibious creatures in a third spacious room; but these, again, were found to be so remarkable, that the attractions of the fishes, the insects, the marine productions, could scarcely wile the visitor away to contemplate their various structure, clearly indicated action, and striking life-like appearance. The fossil remains of a former world wound up a spectacle of a most comprehensive character, unprecedented novelty, and unexampled utility. An able Catalogue, followed, as accessions of subjects were added, by an equally able Appendix, conveyed the information requisite for the beneficial study of the several branches of natural science here so perseveringly brought together, so admirably arranged according to the best authorities, and so copiously illustrated. When embellished by Howitt, in a manner little, if at all, inferior to the famous Bewick, these Catalogues sold at 15*s.* plain, and 25*s.* coloured; and in the year 1812, the "Companion to the Museum" had reached a twelfth edition, so great had been the growth of public

curiosity; and the proprietor of the Egyptian Hall had expended £55,000 on his labours, and the appropriate building to receive their results. Fifteen thousand subjects of natural history and foreign curiosities were described in this Companion, and, to use a now very familiar phrase, the "diffusion of useful knowledge" commenced over the land on a scale hitherto undreamed of. No Vigors, with plans for a Zoological Gardens, was then in sight. Kew Gardens were shut, except to royal permissions, and Chiswick horticultural flora had not sprung from the ground. The Colosseum was unbuilt; the Botanic Gardens were unin-closed waste; the Crystal Palace a nonentity; the Polytechnic nowhere; the National Gallery in almost a similar condition, in a nucleus at Angerstein's private residence in Pall Mall. The Great Globe had not commenced its revolutions to the hammer in Leicester Square, and the Brompton establishment for the propagation of universal intelligence only loomed in a distance which no imagination had conceived nor any telescope reached.

William Bullock initiated all this progress, not only in the aggregate, but in kind. One day a whale would stretch across the street, and interrupt the thoroughfare for a morning, before it could be deposited in the interior for anatomical dissection. At another time, Icelandic goats, silken as cashmere; and anon a Shetland pony, so small as to find abundant room for travelling in a hackney coach. Nothing deserving of public notice seemed to escape him, and neither toil nor expense was spared to procure what is now more boastfully and profitably paraded as "Information for the People." The Crystal Palace is in great measure the old Egyptian Hall on an enlarged scale—started by a subscription company, under immense patronage, and not the splendid idea wrought out by the energy of a single man; for he might exclaim, with Coriolanus, "Alone I did it!" He, too, had his subscription of ten guineas, his annual guinea admission fee, and his entrance at one shil-

ling—this last a price which his experience confirmed him in stating was much more remunerative than any higher amount. He, too, had a picture gallery, in which paintings, and all other works of art, exposed, were hung for a year for sale without cost, and with only a small per centage charged on what were sold. Even the modern aquarium was anticipated under a bell-glass, over the water inhabited by tiny crabs and other "monsters" of the deep; albeit anemones were not yet thought of, nor polypes, nor asteria, held in captivity. The combination of so many particulars is really so wonderful, that when we reflect upon it, we are ready to exclaim, "There is nothing new under the sun!" True; and to his honour be it stated, he had neither Blondins, Leotards, nor other sensation shows, wherewith to attract the vulgar.

After resting from his journey to the Hebrides, and laborious and occasionally dangerous acquisitions there, of a number of his admirably preserved birds, Mr. Bullock took a voyage up the Baltic and visited and explored Norway. Thence he brought home specimens of the magnificent deer called Wapiti, and distributed them in quarters where the breed might be acclimatized and perpetuated. They lived for some time in extensive parks, but I am not aware whether they have bred, or remain in the country. Here again he was the prototype of our Acclimatizing Society. He also brought with him, and exhibited, a family of Laplanders, or Lapps, one of the most diminutive of the Mongolian group of the human race. They are said to be suspicious, but in their London sojourn seemed simply lost in wonder at everything they heard or saw. Their tastes were singular. Taken one evening to the theatre, for instance, when the orchestra were tuning their instruments in mingled discords, their admiration broke through all bounds, and they burst into cries of rapturous applause. How they will enjoy the music! was the impression of their conductors. Not a whit. From the moment the overture

began, till it ended, their disappointment was extreme; and the interpreter explained that they only wanted to encore the tuning. They were sent back to their native land, wiser, richer, and happier than any Lapps had been since their earliest migration.

I may pause here, to point to the busy and industrious occupation of his time, by this ingenious benefactor of his fellow creatures. There was nothing too arduous for his grasp; nothing too exhaustive for his perseverance. His constant design, as I have said, was the "spread of useful knowledge." What he had enjoyed himself, he provided as a domain of rational enjoyment for others. He was well aware that—

> "A thousand racks, a thousand wheels,
> In shape of easy chairs, pursue
> The wretch who knows not what to do."

He stuck to the honest ancient adage, "The idle person is every man's property—the devil tempts industrious people, but idle people tempt the devil." By precept and example his whole life taught the opposite lesson, and widely supplied materials for realizing the benevolent purpose.

Succeeding the undertakings already mentioned, his next important expedition was to Mexico, in 1823, and he returned as usual laden with spoils more various and voluminous than ever Cortez sent to Spain. The Egyptian Hall was fitted up to represent the grand Temple of Montezuma; and the antiquities found under its ruins in the great Square of the City were restored, as faithfully as possible, to their original sites. Frightful divinities glared on assemblages of curious visitors, the youngest of whom felt no terror at the awful aspect which had inspired superstitious millions with dread and horror. The infernal goddess Teoamique was conspicuous, with all her horrible attributes—the images, as they were, stained with the blood of human sacrifices, and adorned with necklaces of

human skulls. Of this monstrous worship, hecatombs of proofs were exhumed from the prodigious charnel-house of skeletons innumerable. Among the rest was the grizzly God of War, to whom the conquering Mexicans were seen dragging their prisoners to be slaughtered; and many shapeless idols, statues, and paintings, which really appeared to set the Mexico of three centuries ago before the eyes of the English crowds. But these comprised only a component portion of this memorable exhibition. Weapons, utensils, produce, fauna and flora, toys and hieroglyphics swelled the list, till nothing seemed wanting to complete the exhibition of the modern as well as of the ancient American country. In 1824, Mr. Bullock published in a goodly volume his "Account of Six Months in Mexico;" and never did six months in a strange land afford evidence of having been so diligently and sagaciously employed. It may be remembered that Mexico was much shut up from foreign intercourse, till the new relations were at this period established, of which the author, with his accustomed intrepidity, took advantage to hasten thither and be the foremost to reap the fertile field. This work gives a vivid idea of the extraordinary talent for observation which his constant pursuits had raised to the highest pitch. At Xalapa, high mass with its gorgeous trappings and religious procession, with all its semi-pagan formalities, are delineated with the pen of a practised literary artist. At Chollula, and among its pyramids, the traces of the more ancient idolatry remaining are explored with the zeal of an antiquary. The city of Mexico, still splendid with its churches, palaces, markets, botanic gardens, trading, costumes, and pawn-shops (on the principle of the Monts de Piété, in Paris), is illustrated with graphic skill; and around, and in the country, the animals, the mines, the antiquities, and, in fact, every object worthy of note, is brought forward, described, and discussed with a clear-sighted comprehensiveness akin to a Humboldt. An excursion round the Lake

of Tezcuco, the picture of an Indian fête (remarkable as an illustration of native character and manners) at Tilotopec, and an account of a public execution, used as the text for a sermon, in which the moral and religious lesson taught by the dismal tragedy was forcibly impressed upon the multitude by the attendant priest, are all instances of the author's versatile capacity for adding other stores of general information to those he furnished from his superior gift as an indefatigable naturalist. The exhibition he was so successful in forming, long presented to the view of old and young a miniature Mexico in the heart of London. It was so complete, that George Canning, in the playfulness of his wit, expressed a hope that the consuls he was despatching to the New World might possess half the information Bullock's Museum could afford them.

The same spirit of fear which made the crocodile an object of worship among the ancient Egyptians, made the great boas to be regarded as deities by the inhabitants of Mexico. Peter Martyr tells of an enormous serpent-idol, which the Spaniards found at Campechy, "compacted of bitumen and small stones incorporated together, which was seven and fortie feete in length, and as thicke as a great oxe;" and Bullock tells of a similar idol almost perfect, and of fine workmanship, which is represented in the act of swallowing a human victim, already crushed and struggling in his horrid jaws.

Mr. Bullock's last travels were performed in 1827, in a long "Journey through the Western States of America," of which he also published a "Sketch." Ohio was then in its birth, and Cincinnati being framed at that period, the book offered valuable guidance for settlers; but such changes have since taken place, that we may dismiss the question as belonging to a former world, and look upon the living population as a different order of beings from that which was clearing the region for the abode of peaceful man, instead of deluging it with his blood in horrible civil war. From

some unexpected place, however, he brought a considerable collection of old pictures, which turned out to be of less value than he thought. They were chiefly sacred subjects of second or third rate artists, of the Spanish school, and had probably found their way from some plundering in the Spanish colonies.

I had almost forgotten in the list of his popular exhibition to mention that of Bonaparte's carriage, with its fittings and conveniences, exactly as he abandoned it on his flight from Waterloo, and even the coachman who drove it. The expense was heavy; but so much more prevalent is the mania to see things of this kind—linked, it may be, to exalted personages or mighty historical events—than to examine into the arcana of knowledge, however useful, that the show of the Emperor's paraphernalia turned out to be the most lucrative concern in which the speculator ever embarked.

And yet he had expatiated over a wide and fruitful realm, and pioneered, as I have related, the way to the majority of the public exhibitions now existing for the obvious and ready edification of the people. This was a useful work, and the memory of the man who achieved it ought never to be forgotten by a grateful country. By a succession of judicious exhibitions, he invited attention to, and illustrated, a mass of neglected intelligence, pleasingly interesting to the mind, and materially useful in everyday avocations. Truly it was from first to last miscellaneous; but none the worse that, year after year, it mingled contributions to a competent understanding of what the great South Sea produced —of the condition of the Americas, South and North—of African and Scandinavian realities and remains—of armoury and arms, ancient, foreign, and mediæval—of the fine arts—and of almost an ark of natural history—beasts, birds, reptiles, insects, not to mention fishes, marine productions, minerals—altogether a Cosmos for the improvement of the age, and an example, as we have seen, and are

happy to see, energetically followed. To enhance his services, Mr. Bullock published a "Concise and Easy Method of Preserving Subjects of Natural History;" an excellent treatise, within a very small compass—the result of extensive experience, and set far above criticism by the beautiful style in which he demonstrated its application to every species of animal existence. He was elected a Member of the Linnæan Society, then presided over by Sir Joseph Banks, and a more deserving associate never adorned its ranks; and he was as modest as he was overflowing with information. He felt what even a Newton expressed, in its fullest force: "To myself I seem to have been as a child playing on the seashore, while the immense ocean of Truth lay unexplored before me."

In bearing he was quiet; in manners simple. In conversation he was frankly communicative, and in all speech and action straightforward and unreserved. Gentleness and courage—a singular repose and temperance in the midst of utmost efforts and of daring enterprises—were finely combined in his organism—a marvel of blended coolness and irrepressible ardour. He was indeed a man of rare qualities, of great industry and perseverance, of high aim and honourable accomplishment. No humble or middle-class man, aspiring to raise himself above his sphere by honest exertion, the cultivation of his faculties, and the right exercise of the powers with which God has endowed him, could set before his mind's steadfast eye a worthier model than WILLIAM BULLOCK.

ADDENDA.

NOTWITHSTANDING its defects, I hardly know any kind of reading more useful and instructive than biography, and, at the same time, more amusing and interesting.

Even in an Individual, such as I have here so slightly portrayed; the Moral Essay is impersonated, and augments in force and application as it realizes precept in action. History is a grand teacher to the multitude, to nations, to people; and generation after generation may and ought to gather most important lessons from its records of the past—for men cease not to be men, and succeeding ages produce the same phenomena, only modified,—the acquisition of new intelligences and consequent changes in ideas, habits, and manners. History, however, is but biography generalized, and far more liable to erroneous reasoning and mistaken inferences. For you cannot observe so distinctly what are the causes of historical events, or what happens in a crowd; as you can discern what actuates a single person, and what that person does. No doubt both are subject to misconstruction: for none can trace the hidden motives of others to their roots, or be sure that they do not impute to one source what may spring from another entirely opposite. We can but divine from the natural sequence of cause and effect, or merely guess—and in truth mere guess-work is only too prevalent in all that we hear of, even in regard to facts, not to speak of the explanations and deductions, in the cognate relations of biography and history. Yet this should not discourage us from their study. Both supply abundance of that information which it is good for man to acquire; and the more deeply he penetrates the profound of either, the more will he discover valuable guides for his private or public life. And as he is called upon to exercise all his perceptions and powers continually in the former, and only occasionally, as circumstances may require, in the latter, so is biography a branch of reading for the institute or middle-class library more universally, immediately, and profitably employed, than the very highest philosophical grade of history. With all its research and labour, the latter may be taken as a beneficial text-book for rulers and statesmen, and other great political denizens of

the earth; but it contains few elements to bear with applicable influence on the conduct of every-day and common life. On the other hand, biography offers, as it were, a concentration of precept and example. Rightly followed in what regards our sacred duties, our domestic trusts, our neighbourly brotherhood, our self-approval—it holds the mirror up to nature, and happy is he upon whom it reflects images of conscious honesty of purpose and consoling peace of mind, to sustain and support him amid the trials and troubles of the world. We can see, handle, and appreciate the dozen bricks within our ken; can tell what they are made of, and what they are fit for, and thence can form a tolerable notion of the edifices in whose construction they (and their likes) are moulded to form a fitting chief part; and so, from the near contemplation and analysis of our fellow creatures, we are enabled to elicit a fairly approximate idea of the materials, the how, by what means, and in what manner the stupendous edifices of the moral and social systems of mankind may be best built up. Worth, virtue, industry, patience, and content, are as sure of their reward, as it is sure there is a heaven above the earth; and, if their recompense may possibly be of a kind not to be outwardly obvious, we may rest assured that their consolation abounds in that heaven far above the storms which agitate and the afflictions which weigh down humanity. True it is that the best "come like shadows, so depart," and leave but a brief momentary impress on the future; but that moment is precious—

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust;"

and if the memory of the lowly pass speedily away after death—nay, if they may be even when in life neglected, it is no less certain that the lofty make but faint impress upon the "spectrum" of their age, and are as soon forgotten as the humblest, when they drop from their sphere into the

oblivious grave. After all, the great aggregate is but a panorama of fact and fiction; and it is well to endeavour after a clear knowledge of the facts, so as to gird up our loins like men, and not to be—

"To all an example; to no one a pattern!"

The choice of Hercules is before us all. The weakest has as much at stake as the strongest; and it seems good to look at instances, where the *right* course has been run, as in the active, enterprising career I have so imperfectly described.

And yet I have hardly a note to add to it, beyond what may be, I hope, pardoned as my apology for attempting so valuable a class of literature, with so insufficient an ability to do it justice. Even with my intimate cognizance of Mr. Bullock's undertakings from the arctic regions to the tropics, his gallant exploration of distant lands from Norway to Mexico, and the trophies of his conquests, with which he came laden home, I am sensible how feebly I have painted the picture they deserve. And when I reflect on the fact that my other endeavours may be weighed by the same critical scale, I shrink from the sense of my work, and can only urge that its pretensions are modest. On looking back, I am aware that I have forgotten many things. I have forgotten the measures of the pony my friend brought me from Shetland, but it was the smallest ever seen, and transformed me, for the nonce, into a showman, as I brought it in a hackney coach, with its head out of the window, from Wapping Old Stairs, all through the city and up Piccadilly to Hyde Park Corner. A groom could carry it easily in his arms, and, though thicker, it was not so high as a famous "little horse" publicly exhibited about the same period. A very diminutive Lapland goat I had as a pet was also extraordinary for the length and fineness of its hair—it was the Cashmere of the Capri, and I am not clear that the breed might not be cultivated with advantage for

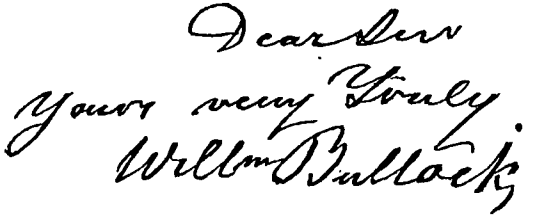
the manufacture of some novel fashionable fabric of Belgravian dress! But of all Bullock's importations that (as I have mentioned) of Napoleon's carriage, with its contents and coachman, was by far the most remunerative of his ventures, though obtained at a very exorbitant price. And it is one of the remarkable circumstances which are so frequently misconstrued by superstition, that he not only felt a sure presage that such would be the case, but all his life entertained an opinion that his destiny was, in some mysterious way, linked with that of Buonaparte, and that they would somehow proceed and culminate together!

You see, my reader, that there is just enough in the reality for the supernatural interpretation of such prophetic visions; and I can only wish that yours may be no less agreeably fulfilled.

Mr. Bullock's courage was unquenchable. He set out on the most adventurous undertakings without a fear of the toil and danger. His heart was as light on proceeding on a perilous journey and travels in little known regions, as if he were hiring a conveyance to take him from the Egyptian Hall to Brompton, to show me some new animal, plant, or picture (for he collected everything); and on the eve of his departure on one of his most extensive expeditions in March, 1825, I received the following hurried adieu:—

"DR. SIR,—I have this day sold my premises here, and am preparing with my Family to quit Europe, being condemned to the mines. Do preach a funeral sermon for yours faithfully, W. BULLOCK."

I lament to have to preach it even now



BISHOP BURGESS.

THOMAS BURGESS, the son of a grocer in an inconsiderable Hampshire town, was born some few years after the middle of last century. He made such valuable use of the education procured for him at Winchester by his father, that he headed his class and gained an Oxford scholarship. Carrying his studious habits, as well as the distinctions of that excellent seminary, with him to the university, he wrought steadily and progressively, *nulla dies sine linea*, ever adding to his store of knowledge and to the estimation that rewarded his devotedness.

The love of learning is an inestimable blessing. The calm enjoyment which attends it, is paramount to many of the stronger and more coveted excitements of human seeking. Nor must it be deemed monotonous and wearisome. On the contrary, it is full of diversity,—more comprehensive and various than almost any other pursuit in life, and not without its stirring elements in the making of new discoveries, the exposure and discomfiture of error, and the defence of controverted truths and just opinions.

College honours and responsible appointments followed close upon the demonstration of pre-eminent scholarship and exemplary conduct. The Church welcomely adopted so worthy a disciple, and he gradually rose to merited preferment and exalted station. And, as he had shone in his upward track, so did he shine only the more brightly after he had reached its zenith. Works of high classic interest,

works of solid and instructive literature, works of erudite theological and pure religious reasoning, alike remarkable for judgment and piety, flowed rapidly from his diligent pen. Where the mitre first adorned his brow, he was indeed the schoolmaster abroad; but, fortunately, his "Abroad" was not a panoptic or dissolving vision, but a real view of Home. His teaching consisted of a benevolent, zealous, and truly Christian labour, within the sphere of his diocese, to enlarge the qualification of those who taught, and enable them, in the native Welsh language, to bring moral edification and gospel truth home to the understanding and hearts of every living soul committed to the guidance of his sacred ministry. He knew by intuition, as well as by cultivated sense, that an unknown tongue could never diffuse either virtue or true religion; and he took the course directly opposite to the erratic path of fanaticism and delusion. Here he might say, *Exegi monumentum*—I have founded Lampeter College for the benefit of souls and the glory of God.

To have seen such a man is a grateful remembrance; to know him was a happiness; and to be enabled to bear testimony to his sterling worth, a delight—a delight which seems to breathe and partake something of his spirit. Translated to a more extended charge, he was soon after commissioned by his sovereign to lay the foundation of an institution for the encouragement of sterling literature; and he performed the arduous and difficult task with all the patience, perseverance, and amenity which its novel means and purpose demanded. There never yet was a beneficent design, nor a noble object contemplated, which did not provoke opposition; and the proposed plan of the Royal Society of Literature was no exception to the rule. On the contrary, prejudice or envy was very active and very troublesome.

Turning from this, however, his last important public service, I will venture to enter into the peaceful circle of

his private life, and copy thence an exemplary trait. If ever there was a being without guile, he was the impersonation of that transparent spirit. His very nature was truth and simplicity—simplicity and truth. Philosophic in secular calmness, ardent in Christian duty, there was a modest charm in his piety and a holy warmth in his zeal. Between both, his charity was an ever-moving principle; he was the promoter of every useful work, and the friend of the poor. Deeds, not words, were his witnesses. I (the writer of this unflattering tribute) brought under his notice the pitiable situation of a clergyman, with a numerous family, reduced to peril and ruin by an accident with which he had no earthly concern; it was late in the year, but the good Samaritan, showing by his memoranda that he had already gone beyond the liberal annual amount he always appropriated to works of mercy, placed a bounteous sum at my disposal, with the touching remark, if less were needed in this instance, to save something for other claimants; if more, to apply to him again. He had the gratification to learn that (with other aid) his succour was enough, and did restore a godly man, crushed by fortuitous calamity, to the condition which he then and thereafter adorned. What could panegyric say, when such acts speak! I will not try the tinkling of so weak a cymbal, where there was nothing to celebrate but what should make the whole world kin to the venerable and saintly Thomas Burgess, Bishop of St. David's, and ultimately of Salisbury.

The bishop's personal appearance was exceedingly prepossessing, and his fine features the most expressive of the character of benevolence that could be imagined by painter or sculptor.

ADDENDA.

The most memorable act in the life of this learned prelate and virtuous man, was the foundation of the Royal Society of Literature, a work committed to his charge by His Majesty King George IV., whose liberal patronage of letters had been previously exemplified by his royal support of the Literary Fund. The Bishop (then of St. David's) addressed himself to the task assigned to him with congenial feeling "for the (purposed) encouragement, as at first stated, of indigent merit, and the promotion of general literature;" and proceeded to form the association, adopting, on the whole, the plan of the French "*Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*," and thus limiting its view to general literature, and leaving science, the fine arts, and archæology to their specific centres — the Royal Society, the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts, and the Society of Antiquaries. The King from the beginning took great interest in the design, and manifested it by the munificent donation of a thousand guineas a year, to be granted in acknowledgments of a hundred guineas to each of *ten* Associates, distinguished by their literary labours; and the award of two golden medals of the value of fifty guineas each to two authors of particular distinction at the period. I should state that the original suggestion of such a national institution came from the bishop himself, and was reported to His Majesty, who so cordially responded to it, and that its main objects were briefly defined to be—to reward literary merit, and to excite literary talent. His Grace gathered around him by degrees a provisional committee, including persons eminent in Church and State, and the adherence of princes, peers, authors, and friends in every class, seemed to insure the ready establishment and future success of the undertaking. But the organization of public projects, and especially of such scope and magnitude as this,

are by no means matters of easy routine to accomplish. On the contrary, progress was onerous and tedious, and, it may be added, even invidiously hindered. For, as usual, there was plenty of cavil, and a considerable outside crop of doubts and opposition. So strong were these obstacles that the proceedings were much impeded, and the design more than once on the verge of being abandoned. Many meetings (seldom persistent, because most irregularly attended) considered and reconsidered, agreed to and altered resolutions, did and undid, as chance and almost stranger majorities dropped in, wanted explanations, brought forward objections (suggested from without), and interfered so far as to procrastinate action till all seemed chaos. At last, however, the real workers at the needful work determined not to die and make no sign, and issued a notice for a prize of fifty guineas to be given for the best poem on "Dartmoor," which was won by the charming poetess Mrs. Hemans.* Still the difficulties to be surmounted were so numerous, so Hydra-like, and so largely inflated as to seem insuperable. Adversaries argued that all institutions of the kind were injurious rather than fostering to the cause they espoused, and that Dr. Johnson was right in his opinion that the public or the publisher was the best patron of literature. At one meeting, a prelate of high standing, Bishop Majendie, of Bangor, attended simply, as it would appear, to suggest that the Two Golden Medals were sufficient for all that was desired or desirable. At another, the intelligence would be communicated that the Secretary of State for the Home Department, Lord Sidmouth, prompted by Sir Walter Scott, had declared hostilities against the measure. The

* Two other prizes were advertised, one of a hundred guineas for the best essay on the genius of Homer, and twenty-five guineas for the best paper on the History of Greece. For the first the competition was not of a character to warrant adjudication; and the last was not carried into effect, but Mrs. Hemans wrote a poem on the subject which was published by Murray.

King had to be approached, to learn if his Government was inimical or not; and, as I was informed, His Majesty's reply was to the effect, "Go on!" at the same time intimating that Sir Walter might perhaps be cool towards a design where he was not a leader.* Still the worthy bishop felt baffled in his operations, and tempted to resign his troublesome office; but being, at last, quite re-assured by the more sanguine members of his committee, and especially aided in the right direction by several who happened to have access (among whom I may mention the present Bishop of Winchester) to the highest quarter, his troubles were overcome, and the Royal Society of Literature was established under the Presidency of the learned Bishop of St. David's. Ten distinguished writers were in due time elected by the council for the annual testimony to their high deserts; and, when I have recorded their names, I think it will be agreed that this alone afforded sterling proof of the great practical value and excellence of the institution:—Coleridge, Rev. E. Davies (*Celtic* Researches, &c.†), Dr. Jamieson (Scottish Etymologist), Malthus, Matthias, Millengen, Sir W. Ouseley, Roscoe, Todd (editor of Johnson's Dictionary), and Sharon Turner.

I have only to add that the Society went on with increasing prosperity and efficacy till the death of its royal founder, when his munificent contribution ceased; his successor, William IV., intimating that his Privy Purse, with the irresistible claims upon it, could not spare the drain of the eleven hundred guineas a year, with which it was charged.‡

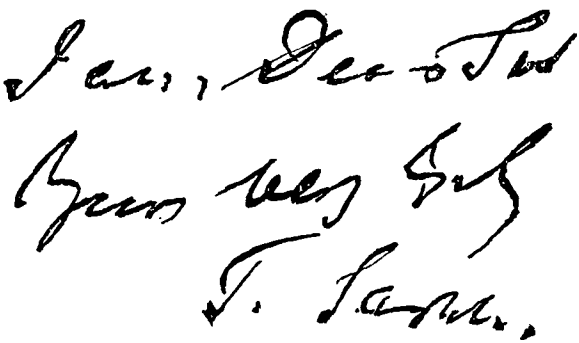
* Sir Walter afterwards had one of the medals awarded to him, and was duly sensible of the honour.

† Mr. Davies was a most abstemious person, but by an error of the press in printing the Report, he was set down, and recommended, to the Bishop's great amusement, as the author of "*Cellar* Researches."

‡ To the honour of Lord Melbourne, I may state that, feeling how sensibly this unforeseen stoppage of what had been reckoned upon

In the delightful repose of Abergwilly, I afterwards enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing the contrast to the worry in building and launching the Royal Society of Literature, and becoming better acquainted with the scholarly attainments, generous humanity, and liberal charities which adorned this pious prelate, and inspired me with a warm attachment to him. It was true that my learning did not enable me to master the idea of the Greek digamma being equal to the Hottentot "click"—in short, I could resolve neither into spelling in the English tongue, and gave them up to the mother of the chickens! Nor did I take deep interest in the bishop's opinions concerning Milton, which, by the way, were confuted by the after discovery and publication of his posthumous work. Only I saw enough of him to convince me that he was a shining ornament to the Church, and an honour to human nature.

as a certain income for life, would affect the condition of some of the recipients, commissioned his private secretary, Mr. William Cowper, to confer with me, and get what information I could supply on the subject; and the result was the transfer of four names (out of the ten) for the same amount to the Civil List.



THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE Bard of Hope! Hope told a flattering tale, in the year 1799, when her music was young, and Thomas Campbell was her minstrel. Burns was dead, and Edinburgh was awaking to a stirring spirit of political activity and literary enterprise. Agreement in opinion with the rising liberals was a strong recommendation, and the young poet burst upon the public under the most favourable auspices. The success of "The Pleasures of Hope" was eminent and immediate. The applause it received was vociferous, and the press throughout the land echoed and re-echoed the shouts of its leading admirers. Well was it for the author that its intrinsic merits justified the approbation of sound criticism, and substantiated the claim of the poet to lofty renown; for the first ferment was exceedingly dangerous, and, being over-wrought, must have been fatal, had there not been genuine stamina to sustain all but the exaggeration.

Campbell has had two biographers; the one a warm friend,* who did little more than indicate certain leading features in his character, enumerate his writings, and describe his mortal sickness and death; the other, an amicable associate in several literary relations, yet so earnestly bound to impartiality that he appears to have done some

* Dr. William Beattie, the author of several beautifully illustrated volumes.

injustice to his subject. For he suggests that he was often so abstracted as to need a flapper; that he was vain, and entertained too much of the *amour propre;* and that latterly he was wayward, irresolute, and reckless. Without allowing any latitude to genius in regard to moral blemishes, as some have been disposed to do, it is only fair to take into account the physical ailments too often accompanying overwrought mental powers.

"Great wit to madness nearly is allied."

And the poor poet's brain occasionally vibrated with that eccentricity between which and a fearful affliction there was, then temporarily, but a narrow ledge. In his later years, also, the imperfections imputed by his biographers could be traced to the same cause. When excited by his feelings, he was so easily affected by even a small quantity of wine, that both at private tables and public gatherings he laid himself open to the ridiculous suspicion of imbecility, or the graver imputation of habitual drunkenness. The latter was as unfounded a charge as the former: innocent causes, mental and physical, produced the appearances which misled casual observers. Those who intimately knew Campbell, understood this.

Generally speaking, I would say that in character, and more in conversation and behaviour, he bore a considerable resemblance, in degree, to what we gather of Goldsmith from contemporaneous notices. There was frequently an approximation of the sterling and the absurd: the noble sentiment and the puerile conceit alternated. Common sense occasionally waited upon imagination; but it was sometimes more annoying to find imaginativeness kicking common sense out of company. He was altogether a curious medley. In appearance he was almost boyish, with regular features, and a pleasing countenance. He spoke with a marked Scotch accent, which added a zest, allied to humour, to the amusing anecdotes and stories which he told so well. When

in this facetious mood, there was a roguish twinkle in his eye; and you could hardly conceive the touching and impressive poet to be hid behind the mantling smile and genial chuckle.

I have mentioned Campbell's personal appearance: it was very boyish and simple, attended by a neatness of dress which nearly amounted to the dandy. His hair (I will not say whether grown or purchased) was always exceedingly correct, and was no doubt trimmed to favour his pretensions to female admiration—a point on which he was peculiarly sensitive. Indeed, it was a failing, and was often exhibited in mixed parties, where any preference, however slight, shown to any other gentleman excited a curious jealousy and provoked a passionate resentment.

But enough of his personal foibles and faults. Beneath these there were literary labours of a very onerous kind—hack labours as well as high poetical compositions—and the enthusiastic pursuit of great objects, such as the cause of Poland, and the foundation of the London University, of which he was a principal promoter, if not the original projector. He was wont to complain much of the honour of this service to the higher education of the metropolis being appropriated away from him by Lord Brougham and others. Had he been living now, the state of Poland would have engrossed his every faculty, and stirred with sympathy his patriot spirit.

The establishment of a Literary Club was another of his fervent undertakings; and though he might flag in the weariness of some of his employments for booksellers' "remuneration," there never was a more zealous and indefatigable devotee to purposes in which he embarked from his own impulses.

Of his immortal ballads it would be superfluous to speak; to my judgment they far outstrip the interesting "Gertrude of Wyoming," or the sweet and polished "Pleasures of Hope"—alluding to which I may note that in re-writing,

correcting, and improving his writings, Campbell was fastidious to a fault. I remember his contributing * a short poem to the Burns' Festival, in London, and returning from Sydenham to town to alter a "which" into a "that," or *vice versâ*, in the printers' proof. Perhaps the MS. was quite right, but assuredly he could not rest till he was certain of having given the last touch to whatever he did in poetry. And this union of laborious art with impulsive genius it was that gave him rank among the foremost of the British bards who have adorned the nineteenth century, and found him a tomb among the renowned in Westminster Abbey, wherein I saw him laid with the homage of an admiring country. No marble monument, however, is needed to perpetuate the fame of the author of "Hohenlinden," "Ye Mariners of England," and "The Battle of the Baltic."

ADDENDA.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, as I have intimated, was always in earnest with everything, great or small, which he undertook. Sometimes the spirit with which he entered upon the matter evaporated, but in other cases he persevered, with untiring energy, to the last. His devotedness to the cause of Poland, indeed, became a ruling passion, and his enthusiasm was so hot that it was a dangerous topic to broach in his presence. As

"Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell,"

the shriek was indefinitely prolonged, and the wrongs and

* See Memoir of Lord Aberdeen.

sufferings of that hero's country were denounced with desperate animation. For

> "In that dread name we raised the sword on high,
> For her we swear to live, for her to die!"

And in reality, he seemed to be so imbued with Polish patriotism, that he was ready to stake his life in the cause, even to the crisis of really falling in the field of battle, and not surviving the liberties of his adopted country.

The founding of the London University, as noticed, was another sore subject, on which, if the declamation was not so strong, the expression of resentment was hardly less emphatic and bitter. Undoubtedly he made it evident that he hardly got the credit which was justly due to him, for his initiation, and earliest exertions in promoting this important institution. The *palmam qui meruit*, he protested, was surreptitiously taken from his brow, and placed on other temples less worthy of the honour, and all the pleasures of hope that had cheered his original conception of the idea and inchoate labours in the cause, been dispelled. His plan for a new society for the encouragement of literature (1831) made little or no progress—he fancied it was nipped in the bud by the potent fraternity of publishers; and hence, perhaps, a little of that hostile feeling which made him declare that he admired Napoleon, at any rate, for one of his acts, in Switzerland,—"He had hanged a bookseller!"

I can call to mind nothing more, characteristic of his life in the public affairs in which he embarked. Of his fondness for pretty children, I have given an example in a previous publication, which I venture to quote.

"One day he was so smitten by a beautiful child in St. James's Park, that he put an advertisement in the newspapers (with a description) to discover its residence, the result of which was excessively ludicrous. For some wags

of the Hook and Co. clique, aware of the circumstances (which the idealizing bard had blabbed) answered the appeal, and not knowing what address to give, took the last name in the directory, a Z——, No. —, Sloane Street. Hither Campbell hurried the next forenoon, in full dress, and was shown up to the drawing-room, where he found a middle-aged lady waiting to learn his errand. It was not long in being explained, and the indignant Miss Z——, on being asked to bring in her lovely offspring to gratify the longings of the poet, rushed to the bell and rang violently for her servant to show the insolent stranger to the door."

On the other point, his incoherent anger at any, however trifling, preference a lady might show to another gentleman, even in ordinary society, I remember an instance of the smallest kind, but quite apropos to the fact. At an evening (after dinner) party the handsomest woman in the room, somewhat frightened by Campbell's manner, made room beside herself for a quieter admirer on the sofa, to his exclusion. The favoured individual dreamed of no offence, and was surprised by being desired to take the box-seat of the carriage which happened to go in his and Campbell's direction homewards. Campbell was one of three inside; and when seeking an explanation for being exposed to the cold night air instead of being snug, when there was room enough, he was astonished to be told by his friends that the poet's rage against him was so excited, that he would have assaulted him as sure as they came together. It was to avoid this threatened irrational collision, that the separate arrangement was made.

But if Campbell could provoke smiles, he could also draw tears. It is close upon fifty years since the Address he wrote on the death of the Princess Charlotte was impressively recited by Mr. Bartley after the funeral Oratorio in Drury Lane Theatre; and the effect was indescribable on a whole audience strongly participating in the national

grief, and melted by the solemn music, concluding with the Dead March in Saul, when invoked to

> "Take a part
> In that deep sorrow of the public heart,
> Which, like a shade, had darkened every place,
> And moistened with a tear the manliest face."

It was likely that he who took so much pains to elaborate his verse, could not be a smart hand at impromptu or epigram. I cannot remember his attempting such matters, except in one instance where he was asked to write on a copy of his poems, which a friend wished to present, enriched with his autograph, to a young lady going abroad. It follows—

> "Whoe'er shall imperfections here descry,
> Counts them not thicker than the author's eye:"

which I must confess is rather lame and impotent; nearly as doubtful (till Dickens gives his explanation of "Our Mutual Friend") as his formula,—

> "When fate had reft her mutual heart,"

in "Gertrude of Wyoming."

That Campbell ultimately reaped a fair remuneration for his "Pleasures of Hope," may be acknowledged;* but I have a singular anecdote to tell of a drawback he had to recoup out of it, and in connection with pleasures of memory which afforded him at once compliment and cost. Some one in the company was quoting a passage, but could not finish; nor could the author help him. Lord Nugent was present, and offered to fill up the hole in the ballad, stating at the same time that he had committed the entire poem to memory, and could repeat it all. The flattered poet of course

* The original purchase was £10. Hence some of the resentment of his Napoleonic toast, "The Executioner of Booksellers!"

diffidently doubted the fact, and in the end betted his lordship two guineas that he could not perform the feat, and ——lost.

His bookseller pack-work, such as the "Life of Mrs. Siddons," the editing the "New Monthly Magazine," and other jobs, *pour la tripe*, went sorely against the grain, and he did not conceal his distaste for them. Probably a more worthless biography than that of Mrs. Siddons was never given to the public. Campbell had evidently taken no pains with it, probably employed some inferior drudge, and let it go forth as full of mistakes as any work of the kind with which I am acquainted. It was a very unfortunate and unsatisfactory work altogether; but finished gardeners ought not to be set to ditching.

In my opinion, a biography of the poet himself is still a desideratum, and it would be well of his representatives (nephews and nieces, I believe) to think of it, whilst there are living memories as well as written documents to consult. Dr. Beattie, his co-executor with Mr. Moxon, was too recently from his deathbed, and had not all the necessary materials to do justice to his subject.

The following lines written on a small scrap of paper, which appears to have been crumpled and worn in his pocket, are, I believe, unpublished. They appear to have been the inspiration of one of his erratic susceptibilities, and indeed the fair inspirer might be identified, did immortality hang on the verse :—

Whirl'd by the steam's impetuous breath,
I mark'd yon engine's mighty wheel:
How fast it forged the arms of death,
And moulded adamantine steel.

But soon, the life-like scene to stop—
The steam's impetuous breath to chill;
It needed but a single drop
Of water cold—and all was still!

Even so—one tear by Mary shed:
It kills the bliss that once was mine;
And rapture from my heart is fled,
Who caused a tear to heart like thine!

1831. T. C.

The following has never been published :—

(Original.)

LINES TO MRS. C. D.

Written in her Album.

Could prayers avert the scythe of Time,
I'd pray in after-ages,
One blossom of my humble rhyme
To live among these pages!

Your worth shall bid the blossom breathe
An undespised oblation;
'Tis from the altar that the wreath
Derives its consecration!

Worth, which the best of human kind
For friendship have selected,
And sense, that on the brightest mind
Has social light reflected.

Yet, whosoe'er for your regards
May sue, more famed and noted,
Let me, at least, of England's bards,
Be held your most devoted.

16 *Sept.* 1832. T. CAMPBELL.

I have only to add a few desultory notices.

"I blush," said S. to Campbell, "I blush for the ignorance of the public—they have no taste, no perception of genuine merit."

"Ay," said Campbell, with a sigh, "merit like yours, my friend, was 'born to blush unseen.'"—(1830-1.)

THE WIG.

"Lost your hair very early, Mr. Cammel?"

"Yes, very early."

"Great misfortune, that, Mr. Cammel; and the cause, maybe?"

"Why, as to the cause or causes, it was simply this—the life I led at college had a direct tendency to keep my head cool, I may say cold, and being moreover a barren soil, the hairs were dissatisfied, and went off to some richer pasture."

"Ay, but I see they have not *all* deserted—there's half a dozen white ones, at least, peeping out under the wig."

"Just so, and from the same cause; for in very cold regions, you know, the hares are all white, otherwise they would have run off like the rest, or perhaps they are too starved to quit."

"John, I hope you have read this work?"

"I have, sir, very attentively."

"And what do you think of the author?"

John shook his head and remained silent.

"Ah," said C., "I see, you think him an ass."

"No, sir, not so low as that neither; I think he's greater, much greater."

"What then? You take him for an elephant, perhaps, the wisest of animals?"

"No, sir, I was thinking he was, maybe, a dromedary, which is, you know, the largest kind of ass."

During Campbell's residence in the Isle of Mull, most of the old feudal customs, which the progress of civilization had banished from the neighbouring islands, were still religiously observed. It was at one of these, a dirgee or wake, that the poet found himself one evening, with many others, who, according to custom, had come to offer their joint sympathy to the bereaved widow. As the whiskey quaich made its repeated round, and every guest did his utmost to cheer and console the sad hostess, the circle became more and more cheerful. At last, to the utter astonishment of the poet, the bagpipes were introduced, and after a *coronach* or two, just to soothe the spirit of the departed, up started one couple of dancers, then another, and began to jig it over the floor with all their native skill and agility. The step

was contagious; another and another started up, until the disconsolate widow and our poet were the only parties that remained sitting. It was not long, however, till a brisk young Highlander, making his most respectful bow at the widow's chair, accompanied with expressions of heartfelt sympathy, solicited the honour of her hand for the next reel. The widow frowned, beckoned him to forbear under pain of her severe displeasure. But the more she frowned and wept and threatened, the more he bowed and smiled and pressed his suit, whispering in her ear that the best piper in the Isles was only waiting her beck to strike up the "Tullochgorum."

"Weel, weel," said the widow, mournfully, "what maun be, maun be;" and then, giving him her hand, she added, "Oh, sirs, let it be a lightsome spring, for I have a sad, heavy heart!"

With that, the "light spring" was instantly struck up, and the widow was seen crossing hands and down the middle, with an agility that put life and mettle into the heels of all present, and greatly relieved her own "sad heavy heart."—(*From the MSS.* 1846.)

I remain
My dear Sir
Yours very truly
Thos Campbell

GEORGE CANNING.

SOCIETY entertains many senseless prejudices, and is much moved by opinions neither just nor generous. An Irish gentleman of good family married an accomplished girl of inferior station, and was in resentment *cut* (to use an odious expression) by his wealthier and aristocratic relations. He sought to redeem his fortunes in the grand mart for human exertion—London: attempted the dull bar, so sterile of early produce; forsook it for literature, a still emptier sound—for no one ever asserted that literature was a profitable trade, or suspected an author of money; ventured into commerce, and, as might be anticipated, failed and died. His widow was left without a provision, and with an only son of a year old. She was left to make the best shift she could by her own unassisted efforts, while the child was taken by his father's friends, well cared for, and educated at Hyde School, Winchester, and Eton.

Classic attainments, wit, and poetry, already heralded his future fame; and he went to Oxford, in whose neither deep solitudes nor awful cells his lively genius was farther developed, and his juvenile reputation rose high above contemporary competition, where it would have been no mean distinction to achieve a place in the second rank. Gifted with rare talents and a glowing imagination, he was at the same time studious and brilliant, profound and graceful, devotedly diligent and playfully easy. It was a problem to estimate his qualities and character; for, as the light illumed

his various phases, he might be conceived to be the solid thinker, the accomplished scholar, the witty humorist, the acute observer, or (imbued with all) the "commencing" student, resolutely bent on mastering the oracles of wisdom and truth to guide him to the highest pinnacle of human ambition. Through the University he passed with increasing *éclat* and accumulating promise. Rising men of all classes courted his fellowship, and the observant (for he had made himself the observed of all observers), earnestly engaged in political movements or national government, began to speculate on the importance of such an ally, the services so gifted an individual might render to their cause, and the value of his co-operation in the administration of public affairs. A potent minister speedily brought him into parliament, and under the most auspicious influences he began his career as a statesman:

In every age, and over every people, oratory has exercised a wonderful, an almost boundless power. To lead an army to victory, to convert a country to the truth, to inspire a crusade, to deliver a people from slavery, to quell a mutiny, to denounce and overthrow oppression, to confront and confound wrong, to persuade to wisdom and virtue, the single voice of a single man has often been raised with an efficacy nearly omnipotent. The senate of England, in our age, is unquestionably the most conspicuous field for the demonstration of this "faculty divine," where it is most severely tried, and where, in its highest attributes, it is crowned by the most important victories. Without eloquence for their exhibition, the most sterling abilities encounter drawback and fail to be justly appreciated; with it, far slighter talents recommend themselves to hearing, favourably colour argument, and often obtain an estimation for the possessor disproportioned to the real merits of the conditions. In the instance before us, where the noblest intelligence and the most splendid eloquence were equally at command, the race to the goal was admirable and the

triumph dazzling. Yet, let it not for a moment be imagined that it was run without the strain of prodigious toil and unflagging effort. The break of morn and the midnight lamp witnessed many a wearisome labour, as onerous successive offices and ever augmenting responsibilities called forth the utmost energy of the arduous politician and unsurpassed orator. And there were also anxieties to be endured, and crosses to be met, and obstacles to be surmounted, and enemies to be defeated; but grandeur of purpose and patriotic enthusiasm overcame them all. How much his country owes to his life-devotedness to her dearest interests, future history will tell.

Nature was lavish in her bounties to him, and, placing his fine mind in a dwelling worthy of its beauty, "gave the world assurance of a man," upon whose like it may be long before we look again. His person was handsome, and his countenance the mirror of his mind. A brow of lofty capacity crowned the well-formed features, which varied in expression with every passing emotion. In manners simple, in sentiments chivalrous, diffident even to the extent of shyness, of extreme sensibility (which would flash out like the blush of an ingenuous boy), captivating in wit, yet exquisitely keen, in private intercourse loveable, and in conducting the affairs of his country, enlightened, energetic, straightforward; his speeches and his communications with foreign states will for ever remain models of pure English language and genuine English feelings. As true a lover of his native land as ever lived, after a brief experience of the aggravated struggle to which his elevation to the highest place in her counsels exposed him, he died, in the full blaze of his usefulness and honours, a martyr in her cause. It was a momentous crisis, and Great Britain, as with one voice, united in deploring the heaviest loss she almost ever sustained in an individual—that of her prime minister, George Canning.

In this outline of a fine national character, allusion has

been made to the "chivalrous sentiments" which formed a part in its composition; but the observant student of the "noblest study of mankind" might farther perceive that chivalry was a predominating influence, which, as it were, modified, if it did not rule, all the rest. To this principle may be traced his conduct throughout the whole miserable career of the Princess of Wales. The ebullient vivacity and disregard of prudential reserve, which contributed so much to the married infelicity of that unhappy lady (and might justly be ascribed to her erroneous foreign education, combined with naturally high spirit), brought Canning to her side when first her grave misfortunes began. The blunt carelessness of consequences which gave offence elsewhere, could not estrange him from the cause of the woman; and pity for her sad fate (struck, in the midst of deceitful splendours and dangerous indulgence, in what, in her position, were colloquial indiscretions) made Canning her true knight. A striking illustration of this is related by Mr. Jerdan, in his autobiography. When shown into a room at Gloucester Lodge, while Mr. Canning was conducting the princess to her carriage, both in palpable agitation, he happened to rest his arm upon the mantelpiece, when the minister returning, and noticing his situation, exclaimed, with extreme excitement, "Beware, sir, what you do: your arm is bathing in the tears of a princess!" A fact, for her Royal Highness had been weeping plenteously over the marble, on coming to the painful resolution to leave England and travel, to escape from the evils which beset her on every hand. And on her last great trial, Mr. Canning still threw his shield over her pitiable destiny, and resigned office rather than take a part against one whom he had struggled for, but could not save.

But other traits marked his exalted and toiling life. The relaxations at Gloucester Lodge were sometimes almost boyish. One evening, an unknown pastime was suggested. It consisted in the discovery of anything imagined by one

of the party, by putting to him a certain number, say ten questions. Canning entered into the sport with juvenile alacrity, and before it closed had got to such a pitch of acuteness in his method, that Ghost, Moonlight, Shadow, Abstract Idea, etc., yielded to his inquiry, before he had got beyond the sixth or seventh query. There was much laughter in nearing the goal; and a clever counsel might have learnt something towards success in cross-examination, from the genius displayed in this leisure hour of a statesman.

ADDENDA.

WITH my name on the title-page of a book, and not, as in the foregoing outline, writing anonymously, I am afraid to trust myself with saying more of George Canning: it is the pride of my life that I was, for years, honoured with the confidence of such a man—that I was devotedly attached to him, and that, even now, after a lapse of thirty-eight years, I lament his death with distressing emotions as a great calamity to myself, and an irreparable loss to his country. I shall best consult my feelings, and perhaps save myself from an undeserved imputation of vain glory, if I abstain from the expression of my exalted sentiments, and confine myself to a few unconnected notes barely indicating what manner of man he was in the common intercourse of every-day life.

I must, however, set out with a correction of my memoir from a relative of the family, who adds that Canning's chivalrous spirit might well belong to his blood as his descent was from two of the noblest septs in Ireland, the Costellos and the Frenches, from Old Castile!

"It is stated that the accomplished mother of George Canning was 'of inferior station.' This is so far from being the case, that the young lady was residing with her uncle, General Guydickens, who, on his return from a mission of honour from his sovereign to the court of Russia, had adopted his niece, Mary Ann Costello, as his heiress. It was his mansion in South Audley Street she quitted to become Mrs. Canning. It was from his carriage she was alighting at Kensington Gardens (whither she daily accompanied the General and his maiden sister, her aunt, Miss Guydickens), when George Canning, then a student at Temple Bar, first saw the young Irish beauty who was to be the mother of one of England's best-loved statesmen. The addresses of the young representative of the Canning squirearchy were sternly repelled by General Guydickens, who had higher views for the niece he subsequently disinherited for what, in his eyes, was a *mésalliance*. It is at the same time historically true that the Canning family unrelentingly resented the marriage on their side, and thus this true Romeo and Juliet were exposed to a cross fire of persecution from the Capulets and Montagues."

Well, we may say with the poet, "it matters not;" but Canning was aware of the miserable little envy which would endeavour to disparage him as lowly born. When George Croly published his comedy of "Pride shall have a Fall," he asked me to get Mr. Canning's consent to its being dedicated to him. I made the request without circumlocution, as I said and did everything I had to say or do in the same quarter, frankly and straightforward (for such was his desire), and he at once laughingly complied with the application, with the remark, "It is an odd title. I shall, no doubt, have it good-naturedly fitted to myself."

I remember on another occasion some one gave a vivid account of a pitiable scene just witnessed in the Green Park. Lord Sidmouth was then Secretary for the Home Department, and in the morning on coming to his office he was

intercepted by a wretched female in deep mourning, who with her family of several young children threw themselves at his lordship's feet in agony, begging for the life of a convict husband and father, who had been found guilty of a capital crime and left for execution. Their despair, and the vehemence of their entreaties, were so pathetically described that it was hardly possible to refrain from tears; and knowing that the pleading was in vain, Mr. Canning burst out with the exclamation, "I would not hold that office for all the wealth and power of the Government!"

There were, as this incident shows, great tenderness and human sympathy in his nature, as well as a refined delicacy. Of the latter I can give a slight but striking example. One day when a party, including Lord Brougham, were to dine with him, he happened to pass through the dining-room where the table was laid out for the repast. In the centre stood a handsome ornament, which caught his eye, and he called for the butler to remove it, reproving him for his thoughtlessness in placing it there. It was the piece of plate presented to him by the citizens of Liverpool, for his victory over Brougham at the election, many years before.

Mr. Canning never courted popularity. He was anxious to learn the opinions of the middle classes, and nothing pleased him more than open and candid accounts of what the active men in the world, professional, mercantile, and trading, thought and said on the political questions of the day. One might fancy that he took a delight in the gossip after-dinner opinions of Bedford Square, or Paternoster Row, or Cheapside; but it was from sifting such materials that he helped to form his mind for the most important affairs. He loved to gather the information from all quarters, ponder upon it, judge, and act. Angry political opponents have accused him of intrigue. As far as it is within my capacity, and from means of constant personal observation, I should declare that for a statesman, open and unguarded candour was the spring and soul of his existence.

Like his great master, his patriotism was enthusiastic. He idolized the Pilot who weathered the storm, and, like him on his death-bed, his last prayers were for blessings on his country—for "England which had saved herself by her firmness, and would (did) save Europe by her example!"

On like principles he conducted the foreign policy of this empire. I believe he might thus have defined his diplomatic system, though I can only employ my own weak language, "What we say we believe to be right, and we mean to do what we say. There is no disguise nor concealment; and you may rely upon it we will hold fast by our declared convictions and purposes!" Thus did he guide the helm. At his death we were the umpire of nations, and not one power in Europe was in a condition to dare the vengeance of Great Britain. Can we wonder that his loss was so deeply and universally deplored?

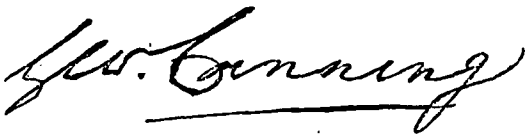
The following anecdote of him, when Minister for Foreign Affairs, is a fine instance of the generosity of a statesman, certainly not belonging to the most wealthy class. On the conclusion of a treaty with Sweden, Baron Ehrenheim, the Swedish representative at Stockholm, got it intimated that he would prefer the value in money to the snuffbox set with diamonds usually presented on such occasions. Canning was surprised at so extraordinary a proposition, but on inquiry learnt that Baron Ehrenheim was a poor man, and had nothing but his salary. The province of Bohuslaen was suffering under a great dearth of corn, and he was anxious to alleviate the misery by applying this sum to its relief. It was a noble purpose, and found a response in the breast of the English Minister. He not only fulfilled the wish, but begged the favour to be permitted to share in the good deed, and also gave the price of the diplomatic box from the Swedish Government to himself in aid of the contribution to the starving province of Bohuslaen.

Owing to a perfectly fortuitous eaves-dropping at Court, it so happened that I could convey to him certain assu-

rances, which, if he had required them, would have greatly strengthened his hands as Prime Minister, and did, indeed, enable him to form a strong ministry when deserted by those who ought to have been on his side: but my remarks meddle not with politics, and I only humbly endeavour to throw up a few light feathers to show how the wind blew—by a few minute particulars, hoping to convey a fair idea of points of character, if not a trustworthy general impression. At all events, it may be nearer the truth than was a learned judge's opinion of the statue at Westminster. "I don't think Canning was so large," he observed to a barrister walking by his side. "Nor so green, my lord," was the legal, not fine art, rejoinder.

Illustrious as a public man, it was as a private one that he fascinated his congenial friends, and concentrated on himself as much admiration and love as could well fall to mortal lot. With the Ellises, Freres, and all the wide circle wherein he chiefly moved, he was an object so dear as to be indescribable. The play of summer lightning over all the sky was not more brilliant, nor, when provoked by unworthiness, was the fork more destructive. George Canning—

> "Qui genus hominum ingenio superavit, et omnes
> Perstrinxit, stellas exorbis ut ætherius Sol!"



P.S.—I hope I may, without indecorum, allude to a singular fact; but I have reason to fancy that the noble line of Canning, now happily continued with the ancient race of de Burgh, might, had not circumstances prevented, have been transmitted in union with ties very near to Imperial sovereignty.

SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY.

SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY was a very eminent and a very successful sculptor; and to get to be the foremost, at least as far as popularity and lucrative commissions went, in the race where Nollekens, Westmacott, and Flaxman were among his competitors, must be received as evidence of no small degree of genius.

My sketches are personal, not critical; yet I may allude to some of his principal productions, and first of all to the tomb of the two children of the Rev. Mr. Robinson, in Lichfield Cathedral. Upon this, as also, perhaps, but in a lesser degree, upon a family group in Wales, rests his reputation in what I consider the higher walk of art, the simply natural, and addressed to human feelings. It is true the originality of the Lichfield monument has been contested. It was alleged to be from a sketch by Stothard, which I have reason to believe entirely unfounded. Another report asserted that it was modelled by a foreign artist (whose name was given), attached to the sculptor's studio, and as this rumour was never denied, I am inclined to think that he wrought much upon, if he did not more materially assist, in the composition. But Chantrey earned fame enough without having to base his claim to our admiration on this or any other specific example of his felicity in conception and mastery in execution. His statue of James Watt is one of the very finest in the country; and in most of the others from his hands there is much to

prize above the average of our similar public works or exhibitions. In busts he was even more successful, and he has preserved for future generations a gallery of striking likenesses of many of the most celebrated personages of his era. It was in these that his artistic skill shone brightest. With the genuine gift that belongs to superior talent alone, he knew how to set forth the marked characteristics of the individual whose features he was employed to represent, and to watch, as it were, for that happy moment when he could seize and embody the living forms which, stamped upon the marble, were at once acknowledged by all as perfect in resemblance and truthful in expression. An instance of this careful discrimination and ready wit of the artist occurred on the sitting of Sir Walter Scott to him. He had tried in vain to dissipate the grave and constrained look which people can hardly shake off when fixed down to be stared at and studied for portraits. Scott's jocund smile, when telling some pleasant story, could not be resuscitated by all the conversational manœuvres of the artist, when, in the midst of his despondency, a rough voice was heard in the outer room, insisting upon admission, no matter how the master was engaged. "That's Jack Fuller!" exclaimed Scott. "That's it!" exclaimed Chantrey. "Only sit as you are one minute, and all will be right." Under these circumstances the excellent bust (so familiar to us all, in life-size, cabinet, and petto) was attained and finished.

Chantrey was always inordinately ambitious to be intrusted with the execution of public monuments; labour, I suspect, not always so remunerative as bust-making. In the arts, however, fame is the key to the stores of wealth. For the equestrian Wellington in front of the Royal Exchange there was a close contest.* The statue was

* His acuteness of eye, so necessary a faculty for an artist, especially in portraiture, received a curious illustration one day, in con-

originally proposed by an influential citizen to be erected by Mr. Matthew Wyatt (whose disappointment in having this shifted from his hands was compensated by his friends raising a fund and giving the commission for the more costly group on the Hyde Park Corner arch); but the name of the admired Royal Academician was introduced in competition, and the committee on the arrangements, sitting in the Mansion House, was divided in opinion. The rank of Chantrey in the national school of fine arts, and his wide-spread celebrity, carried the day; but the struggle was so severe that it was only by the casting (second) vote of the Lord Mayor that the palm was awarded. On this, as on many other occasions, and indeed throughout the latter part of his brilliant career, the candidate was greatly indebted for his victory to the energetic services of his *fidus Achates*, Allan Cunningham. Allan was truly an invaluable coadjutor. Not only by his zeal in matters of business, but through his interest with the press, he contributed much to the fortunate issue of many bargains and speculations, which amply filled the purse of his friend, to whom he stood in the relation of secretary, and, as regarded the studio, factotum. At his death Chantrey bequeathed him £200 a year as a grateful acknowledgment of his worth; but poor Cunningham did not survive twelve months, to enjoy his legacy.*

Francis Chantrey's birth was very humble; so humble that, as a boy, he carried sand from his father's little farm at Norton, near Sheffield, to the latter for sale, driving the consignment on the ass before him, and probably enjoying a ride home on the patient animal. From his very childhood

nection with this very statue. I was seated at table, next to Chantrey, and the Duke was five or six off from us, when the sculptor bid me notice his Grace's ear, which was, in fact, nearly flat, and without the usual amount of convolute formation.

* I have been told, however, that the bountiful Lady Chantrey continued it to his widow.

he is described as having betrayed a strong appetite for making figures in common clay; but it was reserved for an aunt, the housekeeper of a lady of fortune, to help him to another material; and he is said to have worked strange things in the dough with which she was constructing her ornamental pastry. At table his clever animal models attracted notice, and paved the way to his being apprenticed to a Scotch carver and gilder, a post not unfavourable to his disposition and habits, and from which he fought his course through many trials, and under some discouragement, to the lofty position he so deservedly attained. During the early period of his road up the hill I think he acquired some familiar acquaintance with Edinburgh, Dublin, and other places, which opened his mind to more than merely local information, before he arrived to settle in London.

His first contribution to the Royal Academy Exhibition was a bust so spirited, that the story went of the then aged Nollekens removing one of his own performances to make room for the stranger. Nevertheless, though past the fear of competition, it was an act of kindness, as well as an example of appreciative judgment, to distinguish the young exhibitor in this manner; and his continued patronage had considerable effect in bringing the merits of his *protégé* into general notice. Chantrey rose to be a Royal Academician several years before the nonagenarian miser died, leaving behind him £200,000, accumulated by his practice in bust-making.

When the flood of prosperity set in, Chantrey knew well how to increase and make a good use of it. Without being worldly, in the lower meaning of the word, he was astute, persevering, and prudent; and his appearance and manners were of a kind to conciliate good-will and promote friendly alliances. He was free and off-spoken—the tone of frankness so indicative of a prospering man, who needs to care little or nothing for anybody's opinion—and yet, in his case, there was no assumption of personal superiority or affecta-

tion of professional talent: it was often an amusing sort of bluntness. I remember, at an Artists' Benevolent Fund Anniversary, when the subscriptions were being collected at the end of the upper dais table, where a few fellow-acquaintances sat together, the collecting steward in jest laid down a strip of paper and said, "Very handsome: a cheque from Sir J. Wyattville for £20. He could not attend. There is a good example for you, Sir Francis." Chantrey, who had just written his usual cheque for £10, threw down the pen and said, angrily, "I get my money honestly!" This was a fling at the expenses of Windsor Castle.

Generally speaking, his conversation was lively and entertaining, and his accompanying looks so comical and mirth-provoking that it was no wonder his friend and fellow-Academician Leslie got him to sit for Sancho Panza in his most humorous scenes from the incomparable "Don Quixote."

Independently of his pre-eminent qualifications for sculpture, he was an accomplished draughtsman; and some of his friends yet cherish relics of his pleasing manipulation in this charming branch of art. But he went still further, even in public, with this talent. When nearly forty years of age, and overladen with work, there appeared "The Peak Scenery in Derbyshire," by E. Rhodes, the picturesque views of which were from his pencil, and engraved by the brothers W. B. and George Cook.

Like Sir Humphrey Davy, Sir Francis Chantrey was very fond of angling, with its quantum of gentle excitement to keep the faculties in motion. Excursions in Derbyshire supplied rare opportunities for indulgence in this pursuit. He was still more ardently devoted to the sports of the field, and, as a coveted recreation, the rod had to yield to the gun. And the exercise, when it could be taken, was extremely beneficial towards conserving his health; for he was of full habit of body, and inclined to that condition, for

the remedy of which there was no Banting then to prescribe. The luxurious fare of London in constant enjoyment, and long confinement in the *atelier*, I fear, were not sufficiently counteracted by the occasional starts of fishing and shooting; and our great sculptor, who has left many noble works to transmit his name with honour to posterity, died before he had reached his grand climacteric.

ADDENDA.

To my mind the essence of sculpture is purity, or, if I might so express it, oneness. Even a fold in costume ought to be simple, even a god ought to be natural. Notwithstanding all the range the art embraces—the beautiful, the grand, the pathetic, the tragical, the sublime, the divine, &c.,—every effort to seize the highest perfection must harmonize with this inexorable principle. The most imaginative subjects and the most complicated designs must accord with a certain simplicity; and it must ever be remembered, in conceiving, and in judging, that every expression of the art is to be embodied in a very pure material substance, which the beholder can never look upon as a creation of living nature, and which does not compete with nature, because it has elements of its own and is above it.

Chantrey's happiest productions were those in which he displayed the greatest simplicity. He never gilded his busts or statues—because the ancients sometimes did it; and I confess that I never saw a gilt countenance yet that did not seem to me to be ugly and unnatural; and as for colour, I should as soon think of painting the lily as of putting a tint upon the bosom of a Venus. But having indicated the greatest of Chantrey's merits (for he never aimed at the highest attainments of sculpture) I find that the most con-

venient method for arranging the little I have to add, is to adopt the shape of notes upon my text. That his merits were not accepted by all as the climax in the art, might be gathered from the slightly malicious remark circulated on the report of his knighthood: "When the king knights Chantrey, the next thing he ought to do would be to make Baily an Earl."

With regard to the children's monument in Lichfield Cathedral, a gentleman who has been long intimately conversant with such matters assures me that the design (in spite of my disbelief) was by Stothard, and that it was moulded and carved by an artist employed in Chantrey's studio, of the name of Legee, whose family—though of a French name—had been long settled in England. Probably the truth is, that this individual wrought, at any rate, a great deal upon the model.

The first bust contributed to the Royal Academy Exhibition was of Raphael Smith, the deaf engraver; and when Nollekens said, in his odd way, "It's all there: he'll do it; it's in him," money-hoarder as he was, he did absolutely more for the aspirant than he, with all his generous manner, was prone to do for promising talent.

I have mentioned the higher aims of sculpture as being unattempted by Chantrey. Perhaps he knew himself sufficiently to be aware that his fame must be achieved in a less ambitious line. I think he was rather ready to scoff at some of the "elevated productions" of contemporaries; but at all events he declined competition, and refused almost every commission to undertake any Great Work, out of the way of common life. He would not risk his reputation beyond the Penelope and Companion for the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn; and after modelling a Head for a statue of Satan, for the Earl of Egremont, he would do nothing more for it, and indeed generally talked down commissions for ideal sculpture. Thus, while he gave a tone and character to portraiture unknown to England till

his time, he so far injured the art by dwarfing it below the immortal conceptions which it is so wonderfully competent to realize, to rival the poet, and

> "To give to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

A little anecdote may demonstrate this: Allan Cunningham asked him once to look at a work of a then young artist, and Chantrey inquired, "What is the subject?" "Adam," replied Allan. "Have you seen it?" "Yes." "And do you think it like him?" was the caustic remark; and it was as fully characteristic of the speaker, on the special points I have been noticing, as if a volume were written to exhibit his vein of thinking, his opinions respecting the noblest endeavours of his "profession," and his terse mode of expressing his sentiments. Among the men I have known, I know now (fortunately not using the past in my grammatical time) a distinguished sculptor, who, when quite a youth, was taken to see the famous man's studio, and its master-spirit observed to him (by way of encouragement) "Do you? So, sir, you expect to be a sculptor? Well, when I began the profession there were about fifteen; now there are fifty. Do you think you can get a living?"

There is a space between the utmost material capacity and genius.

On the biennial distribution of prizes at the Royal Academy in the year 1841, when it had just lost its distinguished ornaments Chantrey and Wilkie, the eloquent President, Sir Martin Shee, in addressing the medallist, took a more favourable view than I have done of the indisposition of the former towards the encouragement of the loftiest branch on the tree. He described and commended the anxiety of Sir Francis Chantrey to abolish monumental allegory and establish a British School of Sculptor; but for this he had left an ample fund in the power of the Academy—a little seduction to embrace his

opinions; yet I have heard nothing of the abolition of fancy mourners in stone or of symbols and idealities, even on our national monuments; and I have seen nothing of the "British School," whatever it may be—at least, as far as I can understand it—emanating from the funds at the disposal of the Royal Academy.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE spent a strange, wayward, dreamy, poetical, and, but for its poetry, a purposeless and melancholy life. I cannot say he ever seemed sad, and, far less, unhappy. On the contrary, he was almost invariably sweetly even-tempered, buoyant in manner, fluent in speech, philosophizing in argument, and interesting in literary and personal anecdote. Even when enduring the painful condition of being necessitated to

> "Forestall the blighted harvest of the brain,"

he had still the same cool temperament, and felt no force in the bitter couplet,—

> "Think ye how dear the sickly meal is bought
> By one who works at verse and trades in thought."

A single epithet will describe the man—he was Original; but the peculiar features and oddities which constituted his originality are beyond the powers of language to depict. In person he was like nobody else. De Quincey, on a mission to find him, relates, "He might seem to be about five feet eight (he was, in reality, an inch and a half taller); but his figure was of an order which drowns the height; his person was broad and full, and tended even to corpulence; his complexion was fair, though not what painters technically style fair, because it was associated with black

hair; his eyes were large and soft in their expression, and it was from the peculiar appearance of haze or dreaminess which mixed with their light, that I recognised my object—this was Coleridge. I examined him steadfastly for a minute or more; and it struck me that he saw neither myself nor any other object in the street." He was loitering in a gateway at the time, and the portrait is very faithful. When years had blanched his hair to a silvery white, his tendency to obesity increased, his countenance was tinged with a faint florid flush, and his large, soft, gray eye beamed with an extraordinary mingled expression of tenderness and splendour; for it was like molten fire, with its fitful force abated by the concomitant signs of thoughtfulness and feeling. In all, he was physically of an enervated nature—I mean the reverse of muscular. His action was most quiet and subdued, even when most energetically declaiming; and his hand (as a specimen) was as velvety as the sheathed paw of cat or mole, and might have manifested the veriest Sybarite that ever lived for luxury alone. But intellectually, he was of the same curious organism. His frequent fits of gravity, as if absorbed in reverie, came like shadows, and so departed. Then his ready and complacent smile would dart across his countenance like a gleam of sunshine; and his laugh never seemed to emanate from the heart, hearty,—it hardly deserved the name of cheerfulness. I speak of him *tête-à-tête*, or in company—the changes were rapid and flickering; and there was a charm in his variable mutations which made his conversation ever pleasing, ever new.

He could rarely fatigue an attentive listener. It was only when his "philosophy" (with which he abounded on all occasions) betrayed him into abstruse paradoxes and metaphysical refinements that his rich colloquialism took the shape of dissertation, and was delivered with a fervent eloquence, most powerful in lecture, but subversive of conversation; and these bursts were so admirable that there

was seldom any disposition to interrupt them. When it did occur that they went wandering into all cognate matters and consonant sentiments, it was the easiest thing possible, by throwing in some absurd remark or irrelevant question, to divert the current into quite another channel, and enjoy and re-enjoy the versatility and depths of an inexhaustible mind.

I witnessed a strange instance once, of the Old Man Eloquent being beguiled into singularly incongruous exhibitions of action, look, manner, and, I was about to add, speech; but the speech was in his usual style of elocution and delivery. A literary gentleman entertained a party of friends in a small suburban gardener's cottage, where he had hired lodgings for the summer. Of the party were Lockhart and Hook, the latter at the top of his most exuberant humour. Coleridge had never met Hook before, and seemed lost in wonder. Under Hook's instigation, he took part in a scene of boisterous merriment, the philosopher being for the nonce like a wild schoolboy at play. Presently, he was diverted by a wonderful song, extemporized by Hook at the dictation of Captain Harris, who had suspected him of collusion and preparation in previous instances, and gave the untoward subject of "Cocoa-nut Oil." On this theme the improvisatore descanted in the happiest vein, and brought the oil from the cocoa-tree under which the negroes danced in the Mauritius, through various stages of importation and manufacture, till it ended (as it had in reality done on the dinner-table) by refusing to burn in the lamp, and thus, by experiment, repudiating the patent then taken out for its enlightenment of mankind. It was certainly a marvellous display of the ready application of a remarkable talent. "Well," said Coleridge, in his smoothest drawling manner, "I have met with many men of the readiest wit and resources, but, of all the men I ever met, Mr. Hook is the most extraordinary; for none could ever, like him, bring the vast stores of quick

intelligence to bear upon the mere incidents of the moment." With Coleridge still as the principal figure, it was a scene for photography to have depicted and preserved a sample of high jinks, such as elder authors have prescribed as pertaining to other epochs.

From the Blue Coat School, where he distinguished himself, and Cambridge, where he won the gold medal for the prize Greek Ode, Coleridge joined and associated with, at his native Bristol, Southey, Wordsworth, and other aspiring candidates for poetic fame. These emulous and gifted men acted upon each other; and it is, no doubt, owing to this almost copartnery in verse, that we are indebted for emanations which immortalize the so-called Lake School. That he was *nulli secundus*, the "Ancient Mariner," written 1797-8, is an incontestable proof. Weird, imaginative, and mystical, it has no parallel in the English language; and the lesson to love and reverence all living things that God made is impressed with a tragic grandeur and awful horror which sink deep into the spirit, and can never be effaced. In his saddest moods, which, as I have observed, were never intrusive, and but faintly visible, he might indulge in mournful reflections :—

> "But if, like mine, through life's distressful scene,
> Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been;
> And if, thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,
> Thou journeyest onward, tempest-toss'd in thought,
> Here cheat thy cares."

Alas! he spoke of the abode of the Man of Ross; his own expedient for cheating cares was of a fatal kind. Yet he claimed,

> "To me hath heaven with bounteous hand assign'd
> Energic reason, and a shaping mind."

The passion for the intoxicating drug, which he shared in common with his friend the famous "Opium Eater," grew

into so pernicious a habit that it could hardly be restrained within bounds consistent with rational life. All that could be achieved was to procure temporary respites from a condition which would otherwise have been utterly visionary, and close upon insanity. There is no doubt that the prodigal use of this narcotic stimulant had great influence upon the writings of both these celebrated men; and it would be a curious psychological problem to solve, were it possible, how much of the wandering and incoherency of both, and, in truth, how much of the wild and obscure, so likely in our day to be mistaken for the breathings of genius, is to be ascribed to this cause.

In social relations the effects were more obvious and deplorable. To witness a wonderfully gifted individual insulate himself by a solitary vice in the midst of affectionate and anxious friends, is a melancholy spectacle. I have almost wept at the alteration in Coleridge when his resolution failed, as it was too apt to do, and the painful idea of a bright luminary eclipsed was rendered far more poignant from its suggestion by a human being made to be admired and loved. Irregularities injurious to self-interest were ever produced by these tempting flights into dreamland. Abstraction took the place of literary employment; procrastination marred the most feasible projects; and engagements, however important, gave way to the rainbow illusions in which the senses could be tranced. Still, in morals, religion, philosophy, and politics (originally democratic as the French revolution could inspire), Coleridge wielded a powerful pen. "The Friend" comprised excellent moral essays; his religious pieces seemed earnest and devout; his philosophy searchingly and sentimentally metaphysical; his politics, much diffused in the daily press, with only a few traits in his minor pieces; and his poetry altogether, lasting as the English language!

I have not yet noticed a vein of sportive humour which he occasionally displayed, and which was exceedingly amusing when it accompanied the relation of any whimsical

anecdote. The lustre of his large eye, the gravity of his look, the silvery tone of his voice, and the slightly drawling manner in the delivery of his narrative, gave a peculiar significance to these little stories, of which no idea can be formed from the matter, divorced from the accessories of person, emphasis, and playful action. I remember one case in point. He described his school-days, and, I think, when a junior pupil in a boarding-school kept by his father. It was a speech and breaking-up day, and the parents were gratified with the exhibition of a drama enacted by their sons. Among the rest, Coleridge had to say something, accompanied by a laugh, which he unhappily uttered without an attempt at cachinnation, "Ha! ha! ha!" The father, who had bestowed great pains on the passage, and was dreadfully provoked, as one of the *irritabile genus vatum* ought to be, by its being "come tardy of," leaped upon the platform, and, seizing the delinquent by the ears, vociferated a *laugh* by way of example, though hardly more genial than the first offence. At any rate, it was out of time and place; and the more he shook him, shouting "Ha, ha, haw!" the more the culprit failed in his imitation, till at last his doleful "Ha!" was emitted with a blubber and a howl, which set the whole audience in a roar.

I shall now only record a trait of a different kind, and more characteristic of my portrait subject. I encountered him, in meditative mood, one forenoon in Trinity College Chapel, Cambridge, and close under the glance of Roubiliac's admirable statue of Newton. He appeared to be much moved by the contemplation of it, and all at once his noble ambition burst forth in words: "Oh that I might deserve an honour like this, in these halls where I have been blessed so much!" and the expression of his countenance was piteous to behold. He soon rallied, however, in conversation, and told me he had that morning been recognised and spoken to by a working man who had heard him lecture there twenty years ago, and could repeat several

passages which had struck him, and made so forcible an impression as never to be forgotten. These he did repeat, to the lecturer's extreme delight, who declared it was the most grateful tribute ever paid to his efforts in that branch of popular instruction. I need not recall how wonderfully effective these lectures were. In thought, composition, style, and eloquence they could hardly be surpassed. It is to be regretted that at least some of the finest have not been preserved to us as they flowed from his persuasive lips; but it is so far consolatory to believe that many of the noblest and most original ideas found homes in his various other productions. Still much must have been lost, or, perhaps, becoming vague from repetition after their first beautiful freshness, fell partially within the *obscura vera involvens* of his habitual soliloquizing when colloquially earnest.

He died at Highgate in 1834, his latter years having been rendered comfortable and happy (as his temperament permitted) by the devoted friendship and medical cares of Mr. Gillman, whose name, for his philanthropy towards the poet, might justly be held up as a pattern not only to his profession, but to humankind in every age and country.

It cannot be said that Coleridge's great talents were hid; but assuredly, with energy of mind and persevering culture, they might have ranked him yet higher among the immortal bards and teachers of England, and exercised more important and enduring influence for the benefit of mankind.

ADDENDA.

On reviewing what I have written of Coleridge, I find that I might largely amplify it, but my object in these slight essays being to eliminate, not to elaborate character-

istic traits, I shall not intrude my own opinions on generally known topics connected with his biography and literary productions. How the latter might be summed up, I observe in a letter from a brother bard, Procter, who, together with Mr. Basil Montagu, was pressing me to exert myself on behalf of their *protégé* in a place where I had some influence, and succeeded in obtaining what was wished.* Giving me instructions for my Plea, Barry Cornwall truly says: "With regard to Coleridge's *works* —he is a moving body of divinity and morality, of metaphysics (and physics too), of logic and poetry, all of which he duly expounds for the benefit of Jew and Gentile. He is well versed in modern languages, and a most accomplished Grecian—indeed, about the best in the country." The writer goes on to enumerate his works—a portion of the great project on The Human Mind, ready for the press; and already published, "The Friend," "Lay Sermons," "Wallenstein," from the German of Schiller, the tragedy of "Remorse," volumes of verse, and contributions to the *Courier* newspaper, *et cetera*. These, he observes, leave little doubt but that he is one of the deepest and most original thinkers of his time, and proceeds,—"He is a loyalist, a linguist, a poet (you should have one at least in your number, and not waste your gold on antiquaries only), a metaphysician, a theologian, and fifty things besides—is there anybody living of whom more can be said?" A remarkable postscript demands my notice, though I cannot imagine that a shade of the malignant rumour can remain

* By turning to the sketch of the Bishop of Salisbury, it will be seen that this invocation referred to one of the hundred guinea annuities granted by the Royal Society of Literature, on the council of which I had the honour to be a constant and active member from the beginning for many years, and that the "Poet" was one of the elect. Mr. Procter states that the Marquis of Lansdowne and Sir James Mackintosh had promised to vote for him, but——neither of them had votes!

to be indignantly denied and dissipated. "It is worth while to advert to it, but somebody once said (and slander repeated it) that Coleridge had deserted his wife and child. This is utterly void of truth. On the contrary, he gives up the whole of the little income he has to them, and subsists on the scanty produce of his pen himself."

Some satirical critic has remarked that much poetry flows from the vanity of the poet; but it would perhaps be more just to assert that very little true poetry ever sprang from that source, and that the inborn inspiration (*poeta nascitur*) more resembles that of song-birds striving to excel in their warbled melodies, or emanates from the finest and noblest feelings of our human nature. It has struck me as curious with regard to this base falsehood, that Coleridge wrote "Lines on a Friend, who died of a Frenzy Fever induced by calumnious Reports;" and it might almost seem as if *mutato nomine, de me fabula narratur*, might be applied. The coincidence in four lines is at least very striking :—

> "As oft at twilight gloom thy grave I pass,
> And oft sit down upon its recent grass,
> With introverted eye I contemplate
> Similitude of soul, perhaps of——fate."

And he concludes,—

> "Is this piled earth our being's passless mound?
> Tell me, cold grave! is Death with poppies crown'd?
> Tired sentinel! 'mid fitful starts I nod,
> And fain would sleep, though pillow'd on a clod."

Among his sources of provision his lectures at the Crown and Anchor Tavern may be mentioned. They were extraordinary and very popular; and it is a pity (as I have remarked) that they were suffered to pass away without notes being taken. Hazlitt was about this period also a popular lecturer, but the business was not so universal, so well understood, nor so profitable as it has been made

since. Both in writing and lecturing Coleridge made as great use of Schiller as Byron did of Goethe; and both were more indebted to German literature than they were disposed to confess.

But wheresoever their hippocrene, they were familiar with the lays of Germany, and Byron (as quoted by Captain Medwin) held it a proof that Coleridge was sensible enough of his own errors, and burlesqued the Lakist and his own style in his sonnet to the autumnal moon. The notion is so strange as to deserve illustration, for which, however, and the tale that follows it, it may be thought by some I owe an apology as matters a little out of place.

SONNET.

"Mild splendour of the various-vested night,
Mother of wildly-working visions, hail!
I watch thy gliding, while, with wat'ry light,
Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil;
And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud
Behind the gather'd darkness, blackness lost on high
And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloud,
Thy placid lightning o'er th' awaken'd sky;
Ah, such is hope! as changeful and as fair!
Now dimly peering on the wistful sight;
Now hid behind the dragon-wing'd despair;
But soon emerging, in her radiant might,
She, o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of care,
Sails like a meteor kindling in its flight."

This may or may not be a "quiz" upon Southey, and more on Wordsworth; but to my more particular history of the *fête* mentioned in a preceding page.

The party was got together on a fine summer day by Mr. Mansell Reynolds,* son of the dramatist, and a young gentleman of considerable literary talent, as shown in a

* He made his public *début* as editor of the "Keepsake."

remarkable romance entitled "Miserimus," and other productions of less questionable sobriety in taste and judgment. The meet was at a very small egg-shell of a gardener's abode on Highgate Hill, where he had taken lodgings for the benefit of fresh air; and consisted, besides those already signified, of three or four others, to about the prescribed number of the muses, including the inevitable "Old Tom Hill" (Hook's favourite butt), and I am not quite certain, from recollection, Mr. Luttrell and Ingoldsby. It was, however, a jovial set, and bent on holiday frolic. The host had provided excellent wines from his father's cellar in town, but port had been forgotten, and obtained on the spur of the moment from a tavern in Highgate. On Hook's motion it was voted execrable, and every one called to fill a bumper to toast the chair; which done, and the example set, every glass but one was rapt down and broken, as being too small for any gentlemanly wine. The rest were poised upon inverted tumblers, and smashed by missiles, after the fashion of Aunt Sally. But who can paint the astonished Auncient Mariner, with glasses broken everywhere, and not a drop to drink? I cannot tell by what process the master spirit of the revel prevailed upon him to demolish his, the last of the little glasses, by raising it on a tumbler, and with hand balancing and eye glistening, smashing it with a silver fork after several ineffectual "shies." It was a scene so grotesque and extraordinary as hardly to be imagined; and the after-potations were obliged to be drunk from the tumblers! It may be somewhat absurd to revive the memory of such a day, but it was long called to mind and spoken of as one for a white stone by all who were present. Hook's improvising was wonderful. Of one of half a dozen songs, Mrs. Macpherson, the gardener's wife and superintendent of the dinner, was the theme; and what with its uproarious mirth and the noise and hubbub of demolition, she flitted *pro tem.*, and afterwards told her lodger that she

was so scared that she would not undergo a second edition, no, "not for any consideration on earth." But the worst of all was the reckoning when the feast was o'er. Next day Reynolds (still rejoicing in the highjinks outbreak) wrote to me with the particulars of twenty-seven bottles of wine and one of brandy, which had somehow been disposed of, and twenty-six small glasses and four tumblers breakage.

Heaven forbid that I should insert an account of so hilarious an orgie as a grave moral example; but there was not one of the party in any sort of excess to render him ineligible for the best-ordered society. It was a daft, contagious frolic, and an apotheosis of the poet Coleridge!!! *Meo periculo.*

But it would be an inexcusable wrong were I to bid farewell to Coleridge with an impression such as this heterogeneous anecdote might create. It will do greater justice to his memory to quote a passage from the letter of affectionate advice addressed to his godchild, Adam Steinmetz Kinnaird, and written only thirteen days before his death. In this solemn document, after a fervently pious confession and inculcation of Christian faith and hope, he says:—"I, too, your godfather, have known what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow; and with all the experience which more than three-score years can give, I now, on the eve of my departure, declare to you (and earnestly pray that you may hereafter live and act on the conviction), that health is a great blessing; competence, obtained by honourable industry, a great blessing; and a greater blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relatives; but that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian." This touching appeal, issued from where the sufferer lay "at the moment in great weakness

and heaviness, on a sick bed, hopeless of recovery, yet without a prospect of a speedy removal;"—but the release came in a brief space, and the weary conflict of a four years sick-room was o'er!

CAPTAIN CROZIER.

IT has now long been too certainly ascertained that Sir John Franklin and his companions died the death of the brave and patriotic, in the performance of their duties in the Arctic seas. The devoted efforts of the widow have shed a halo around the name of Franklin, which will excite sympathy as well as admiration for ages to come. Nor did the character and conduct of the man himself tend less worthily to establish this high and lasting fame. His self-possession and calm courage, his patient endurance and noble faith, were tested in many a daring enterprise, and bore him through many a trying scene triumphantly, even to the final hour when the frozen north received his dying breath. But the chastened splendour which has glorifiedhis setting sun has in a considerable degree tended to involve in cloud the parting lustre of his no less intrepid companions, and particularly of the foremost among them, the captain of the *Terror*, Francis Rawdon Moira Crozier.

I have known almost every distinguished individual of that illustrious band, whose exploits in arctic and antarctic seas have done honour to their country, even beyond what her other heroes have done in battle. I have known a Parry, Beaufort, Beechey; I have the yet remaining happiness to know a Sabine, a James Clark Ross,*

"The first whose sole
Stood on the north magnetic pole;"

a Beverley, fit representative of that civil service of which

* Alas! since lost.

so many ornaments have struggled and perished in the ministrations of humanity and discoveries of science; and among them all I have met with hardly one more worthy of a niche in the temple of a grateful land, than the subject of this brief tribute, so richly gifted with

"That gentleness
Which when it weds with manhood makes a man."

And I may observe, in passing, that this virtue, so justly prized by the poet, has been pre-eminently conspicuous in the devoted circle of Arctic explorers, from chief to cabin-boy, engaged in duties from which dangers were never distant, nor hardships ever removed, nor life itself to be valued beyond the purchase of a few short hours.

Few of the oral descriptions I ever heard from these dreary regions affected me more than the simple narrative which James Ross once gave, of the morning meetings of the officers and men, when, helpless in the giant grasp of toppling glaciers and compress of icy winding-sheet, they were borne they knew not whither, and gazed for a moment at each other, and through their minds darted the doubt if they would ever witness another break of day; but none ever whispered a word of fear, or suffered the spirit of despondency to shake their constant souls. No; they went to work with a will, and what prudence and energy could accomplish was steadily performed: the issue was in the disposal of a merciful and almighty God.

Captain Crozier was the son of Mr. Crozier, of Banbridge, in the county of Down, and at the age of fourteen entered the Royal Navy as a midshipman, in 1810. He was in the *Briton* in 1814, when that vessel visited Pitcairn's Island, and found it peopled by the descendants of Adams and the mutineers of the *Bounty*, an event likely to make an almost romantic impression upon a fine young Irish sailor of eighteen years of age. In 1821 he was with Parry in the *Fury*, and accompanied that excellent commander in

other two of his four Arctic voyages. After an arduous and hazardous winter voyage, under his gallant friend and messmate James Ross, across the Atlantic, to assist the whaleships frozen up in Davis' Straits, he once more sailed with him as his second, on the famous expedition of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with the purpose of scientific research and geographical discovery in the antarctic regions. The important results of this voyage are familiar to the world; and it is no light thing to say that the great acknowledged abilities of a Ross were admirably aided by the kindred talents of a Crozier. Poor Weddell, in a trading vessel, had boldly shown the way; and it was reserved for these skilful and undaunted leaders to explore seas and shores, and to observe natural phenomena, new to science and new to mankind. In the requisite acquirements and experience they could not be surpassed; and it rests, in one instance, as a cherished remembrance, in the other as a saddened recollection, on my breast, that I lent my feeble hand to Crozier on the beach at Chatham, when he tested and adjusted the instruments for the voyage, on the accuracy and powers of which so much of its success depended, and his watchful superior on board took care and proved "All's Well!" Alas! I repeated the same fondly expectant pleasure on the soft green sward of Greenhithe, before he sailed with Franklin on their last disastrous enterprise in 1845! After the toils and waste of vital strength incident to such a service as that in the southern hemisphere, he might reasonably have pleaded the need of some repose, and indeed he declined the offered command of the Arctic voyage, and only yielded to assume the second post, in consequence of the "urgent solicitation of his friend, Sir John Franklin, who (as Sir James C. Ross relates) fully appreciated his noble character and skilful seamanship."

> "There's a divinity doth shape our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

It was the will of God! This consideration must stop our

lament and mitigate our sorrows for the terrible affliction which has befallen us; yet long, very long, shall tears unbidden flow over the tale of their hapless fate :—

> "Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
> Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots
> Through the wrung bosom of the dying man.
> * * * * *
> Alas! no more shall he behold,
> Nor friends nor sacred home. On every nerve
> The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
> And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
> Lays him along the snow a stiffened corse—
> Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast."

It is a very melancholy, because an unavailing regret, to believe that if, instead of endeavouring to reach succour by the Fish River and mainland of America, our perishing countrymen had sought the north in search of the whalers, all that remained might have been saved, by arriving on the shores of Lancaster Sound at the very time Sir James Ross was there with two ships looking out to carry them safe to England.

I have but to add that Captain Crozier was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and, as its Obituary states, "distinguished by his zeal for the advancement of science, and for the exactness of his magnetic and other observations." Of his private or personal qualities I shall merely note that he was remarkable for great equanimity and uniform cheerfulness; and I conclude with the fine and touching testimony to his memory, by his faithful and warm-hearted friend Sir James Ross—the witness of his bearing under many a mortal struggle, the partaker in privations when a dead fox would be picked up as a luxury, and in perils where the scale of life quivered almost hopelessly on the agitated beam. "His unbending integrity and truthfulness invariably won the affection and respect of those he commanded, as well as the admiration and firm friendship of all those officers under

whom he served. His firm and unwavering confidence in that Almighty Power, whose interposition had been so frequently manifested in his preservation through numberless dangers—where no other power could save—enabled him at all times to meet with calmness and firmness every impending danger;" and it is a very striking and impressive lesson to listen to the same authority, one who has passed unscathed through a similar ordeal of inconceivable vicissitudes, each threatening an instant wreck to nature, and who adds, "We doubt not that his Christian faith, always simple and sincere, was his comfort and source of peace in the last sad moments of his existence."

The manly and feeling memoir by Sir J. C. Ross, from which I have copied these passages, has been circulated to promote a subscription for a public memorial to be erected in Crozier's native town, as a tribute to his gallantry and heroic endurance; and from the names already recorded, there can be no question of sufficient funds. But I would fain suggest that, while Ireland uprears this trophy, and links with it the name of the brave M'Clintock, there might be a spare or separate provision for England to place a modest memorial of some of her own Arctic heroes beside Bellot's obelisk in front of Greenwich Hospital.

ADDENDA.

TWENTY years have elapsed since the melancholy expedition under Franklin and Crozier sailed from the British shore, and yet, strange to say, so undying is hope, that an American rumour is even now in circulation of the possibility of Captain Crozier being still alive in some distant

region among a tribe of Esquimaux. Would to Heaven I could believe that such a miraculous preservation could be true, and that the world of eternal ice could give up from its cold embrace the lost, so long deplored, to the renovating warmth of a grateful and rejoicing country. Wonderful were it, if possible, that he might, even for a while, have been saved from the calamities which have been traced so nearly to an inevitably fatal close; alas! it is a fond illusion, yet how unwilling we are to give it up.

I have spoken of Mr. Beverley, the surgeon, and of the subscription for a monument to be erected to the memory of the gallant Crozier; and I avail myself of the publicity of this notice to add the name of Alexander Fisher, also surgeon, who published an interesting account of one of Parry's voyages, to the list of Arctic worthies; and of inquiring what has been done or is intended with regard to the Crozier Memorial.

And, though not strictly relevant, I hope I may be pardoned for diversifying this grievous narrative by recalling a pleasantry which cheered a social hour with my cherished friend on the eve of his departure. I had read somewhere enough to prove that, though he was born in Ireland, he was by descent, like myself, a Borderer. Of course he repudiated a family origin among these minions of the moon, who at best were freebooters, and after the accession of James I. to the English crown, when any lifted his neighbour's cattle,

> "To serve for beef
> "Was nae freebooter, but a thief!"

Luckily for my argument, I fell upon a legend of three hundred years ago, which told of the Croziers of Liddesdale having "slaine a Fenwicke," and used him with extraordinary cruelty; in requital of which, twenty-seven years after, the Fenwick clan, led by John of the Stone House, murdered several of the Croziers in their beds! This, as usual, created a hubbub in the Marches, and there was

giving up of transgressors, and much "fending and proving," till a meeting of Wardens was held to preserve the peace at the Redswire. Here Sir John Carmichael, Scotch Keeper of Liddesdale, and Sir John Forster, the English Warden of the Middle Marches, had their negotiation brought to a rather common conclusion of such assemblages; for we are told that "all went on well till a Crozier shot at Sir William Fenwicke," and a serious brawl began, which ended in the death of Sir George Heron, who had surrendered the Stone House culprit to Carmichael, the defeat of the English party, and the capture of Sir John Forster and others on his side. But it was not for this, I apologized, that the Croziers were transported to Ireland, and the story made a hearty laugh where reigned friendly fellowship and every disposition to enjoy the fleeting hour. Sad it is to think on now; and even more distressing to have the dream of a life restored renewed by the romantic statements of the American navigator who is at this time in communication with native Esquimaux, and translating revelations gathered from them. I fear, I fear it is but vainly hoping against hope.

THOMAS CUBITT.

THEOPHRASTUS has a curious treatise, in which he traces the resemblance of certain human beings to various animals; and we have all seen, and see around us every day, persons of whom we are prone to say, "He is like a lion," or "How got he that goose-look?" or "He is the image of an ape." In our days such speculations may not to every one seem wholly idle; for do not Mr. Darwin and Professor Huxley affirm that man is only a development from lower simial species, effected in the long lapse of ages? But the ancient philosopher spoke merely of resemblances, not of affinities. And certainly we do see in many persons traits of character, if not of appearance, which suggest these resemblances.

Now, though Thomas Cubitt, and his countenance, could not be compared to any of these lower types of creation, yet, following the odd analogy, he was born a Bee. And the analogy holds good in various ways. There was a quiet, humming way about him; and at his busiest, with an overwhelming amount of business to do, he seemed to be moving about without effort or hurry, from sweet to sweet, to fulfil his work and store his hive. You might almost fancy he was an idle personage, and *festina lente*—make haste slowly—his inexorable motto. But his beehood was most strongly exemplified in his admirable constructiveness. Mr. Charles Willich, the able actuary of the University Life Assurance Society, and a first-rate mathematician and geometrician, has demonstrated, in a capital essay, that the cells of bees

are formed upon principles which evince the perfection of capacity for depositing the largest quantities in the most scientific forms. And the same might be shown of Thomas Cubitt's thousands of buildings of every order and description. The wonderful works of the bees were equalled in applicability to their purposes, and far excelled in variety—hardly two or three of the human cells being alike, and every difference leading to some requisite conveniency or corresponding improvement.

And then the genuine simplicity of mind and manner of the man. One day I happened to translate some classical or foreign language, and he expressed his regret that his talent for such acquisition had not been cultivated. I remarked, that I wished, instead, that I could build a house as he could; and his only reply was, "Well, I ought to be contented. I believe I have never built a house without giving satisfaction; and I am sure I never disposed of one without doing my utmost to render it safe and eligible to its purchaser, or comfortable and agreeable to its tenant." This was the fair and true course to amass a large fortune. One never heard of a complaint against Thomas Cubitt; and, what was stranger still, though he was most prosperous throughout his life, no one appeared to envy or malign him, as is so generally the case with successful individuals.

He was more taciturn than talkative; but his talk was the pith of sound sense, and its mode of utterance so modest, that hearers would hardly imagine the depths of the oracles to which they were listening. Prince Albert, Lord Truro, and other persons, the most competent to form a judgment, duly appreciated his lucid demonstrations of architectural fitness, and the arrangement of all the complications which practical convenience or symmetry demand for every part of a design. His complete mastery alike of the comprehensive whole, and the minute details, appeared to be merely natural—an instinctive endowment—not the fruit of laborious study and immense experience. And his

resources were inexhaustible. He could discern capabilities where less gifted observers could see only insuperable difficulties. Thus he built large towns on tracts of ground which seemed to defy utility; and vast and healthy populations were settled on localities which lay apparently in a condition of desert impervious to reclamation. Look, now, and view these large areas covered with noble mansions, handsome squares and fine streets, inhabited by high rank and thriving commerce—centres of fashion, busy life, industry, and wealth. The talent of one man has thus wonderfully altered the face of, and enlarged and improved the greatest city in the world.

I once enjoyed the treat of a two or three days' *tête-à-tête* sojourn with him at Denbies, his seat in Surrey, just at the time he had finished the handsome new residence there, and was getting ready to move his family into it. The opportunity was very interesting to me, and made a lasting impression. His explanations of the plans, and the marvellous adaptation of commodiousness to every particular branch—the whole combined and working like clockwork—struck me as the perfection of the builder's art. Answer, O my reader, if you happen to dwell in a rather ordinary London lodging, what would you think of, and how would you enjoy, windows that opened lightly, doors that shut noiselessly, locks and hinges that turned quietly, blinds that acted easily, fireplaces that could not smoke, waters (hard, soft, cold, hot) ever ready for every possible use, warmth to regulate at pleasure, and ventilation pure and thorough—I repeat, O reader, would not you deem these achievements of skilful building blessings for which to be thankful all day and all night, whilst you felt them all around you, without knowing whence they sprang or how they came? Massed in this manner comforts are luxuries. Not five per cent. of even the upper ten thousand are aware of the contrast producible at the same cost, by work well or ill done. The generality of independent people can only appreciate these domestic

comforts in a limited degree, and they are unknown to "the million." And what do I mean by writing about them? It is simply to point the lesson that comforts are in the end cheaper than discomforts; and that it needs but honest contractors to fulfil their specifications, and well-directed moderate ability in the builders, to render the habitations of every class of the community vastly more salubrious and enjoyable than they now are. Follow the example Thomas Cubitt has set before you. Be just, and fear not; be skilful, and much happiness will attend your works.

The Denbies, independently of its comfort as a modern dwelling, was a remarkable place. The old house was long the residence of the former county member, Mr. Denison, as the new house is for the new county member, Mr. George Cubitt. There was an interpolation of the nephew of the former Lord Albert Conyngham, afterwards Lord Londesborough, of good literary and archæological repute; but before either it was the property of M. Jonathan Tyers, the quondam proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, and a very curious character in his way. Every one has heard something of Vauxhall in former days, with its shady groves and trim alleys, its glittering lamps and brilliant fireworks, its slim sandwiches and "rack" punch, its rope-dancing, its music, and varied entertainments for the votaries of pleasure. Well, the head of this scene of revel was himself addicted to be a gloomy ascetic anchorite. The beautiful heights of Denbies, vying with Mr. Grisell's Norbury Park, were disfigured to be the antitype of Vauxhall. Instead of a promenade to look down upon Dorking and the charming landscape, there was a lonely walk, but not for lovers, terminated by skulls and cross-bones, and other paraphernalia of the undertaker's gloomy craft. There were inscriptions inculcating the vanity of human life—a solemn protest, as it were, against the very existence of such a place as Vauxhall; and hither the morbid man bent his lonely steps, for days and seasons feeding his spirit

with viands thinner than the sandwiches and weaker than the "rack" at his other establishment; whilst he indulged in the vagaries of a wretched misanthropist, and pale

"Melancholy marked him for its own!"

I hope I may take credit for the suggestion; but my host, who had endured this in his customary quiet manner, required only a hint to rid himself of what was left of the monstrous incongruity, and make a clean sweep of the abominations, and bury the bones.

Mr. Thomas Cubitt realized one of the most considerable fortunes ever accumulated, even in his very profitable line of business; though public report, I have reason to believe, did exaggerate the large amount. Still his wealth was of the foremost order, even among the rank who reap the most abundant harvest from great successful operations, and challenge the admiration yielded by the world to the honourably fortunate. It is something to be told of the beginnings of such vast affluence, and there is no privacy to be hurt by briefly condensing the story of his own rise as given me in one of our conversations by this most worthy man. At first there was the usual struggle between limited means and aspiring emulation. By degrees, assiduity and enterprise won their way, and some progress was made. By good management and deservedly high credit, the necessary funds were obtained, but (as must be expected) at considerable cost for interest, so as to eat far into and much diminish the beneficial returns. This was not to be endured any longer than could be helped. At last, however, there was so important an amount of structure above ground and tangible, though heavily burdened by the loans alluded to, that the builder pondered how he might devise a remedy, and extricate himself from the oppression on his shoulders, and get on more freely with his accumulating undertakings. What has since become a very common practice, was at that

period little known and rarely resorted to. It was to borrow money on fair legal terms, and sufficient security, from an insurance office. Mr. Cubitt turned his mind to the subject, showed the certainty of his substance, and obtained from one of these establishments the amount he wanted. Every incumbrance was immediately paid off, and the saving speedily amounted to some thousands of pounds a year. From that hour he never knew what required a pecuniary care; his straightforward path lay open before him, there was no obstacle, and he had but to go on and prosper, which he did to an extent, I believe, absolutely so vast, that he himself could not, or never tried, to calculate it, although it was his careful custom to keep an account of everything he possessed constantly before him. But however vast, it is very satisfactory to hear, as I have learnt, that it is as worthily inherited as it was worthily earned.

In private and social life Mr. Cubitt was an excellent companion. For the former, he had the rich store of intelligence, especially on his own peculiar subjects, of which I have spoken. For the latter, he possessed the grand essential quality of being a good listener. It is impossible for me to imagine him interrupting even a prolix twaddler; and as for those who had really anything to tell which merited hearing, he was all that the most exigent talker could desire. His private charity was great, and on the whole, I could not but look upon him as another Man of Ross upon a gigantic scale. He was universally esteemed. In him the world beheld a wise man, and his reward throughout his entire course was to find that wisdom's ways were ways of pleasantness, and all her paths were peace. He died in ripe old age, and was sincerely lamented by a widely extended circle of rich and poor.

ADDENDA.

One grieves, at last, to take leave of so estimable a man; a biographer is sorry to part from so gratifying a subject. I would therefore amplify the little I have written respecting Mr. Thomas Cubitt, and set down somewhat more particularly a few matters for which I had not room in the excellent original medium in which my sketch appeared.

On the grand scale, it is enough to recall the picture of London as altered by his marvellous works. Here, he found it Mud and left it Belgravia! There, it had not inaptly been called an Isle of Dogs, and he left it rapidly growing to be a populous city, alive with industry and gorged with trade. Elsewhere, in many a locality, he made filth give way to cleanliness, meanness to respectability, and sickness to salubrity. He not only set the example, but proceeded a great way with the accomplishment of these stupendous designs. Pimlico he nearly covered as a dry land of luxurious residences, magnificent mansions, and palaces, now spreading over the adjacent district with such expansive force, and apparently in a style not unworthy of their model. Stopping to improve and adorn many a place adjoining, such as Knightsbridge, and many a spot between, he adjourned from the West to the East, and, though the reverse of the way of the wise men, showed that true wisdom knew whither to travel for a beneficent purpose, and reclaimed a barren marshy waste to be the well-drained and healthy inhabitation of a multitude of busy and productive human beings, whose honest toils reward themselves and enrich their country. Contemplating the extent and magnitude of these "doings," we might almost fancy their modest author, forgetting for a moment his own placid nature, and exclaiming, like Coriolanus, "Alone I did it!"

But neither the Thames above Battersea nor the Thames below Bridge was the only part of the river which

attracted his attention with the view to its entire improvement as the noble aqueduct connected with the metropolis. Above twenty years ago he printed a few copies of a pamphlet for private circulation, in which he threw out some important suggestions for combining a pure flow of the stream with the drainage of the capital. I have just turned to a copy of this literary morsel (I imagine the only one of the author) of sixteen pages, and after dilating on putrid waters and noxious vapours, and the other filthy poisons which disgrace civilization, I read what I had taken for quite new at a much more recent date; for the writer says (and he points out the best and most practical methods of effecting the scheme), "My idea is, that the best means of obviating the evil would be to conduct the sewer drainage at once from the west and north parts of London, by the shortest and straightest lines that can be found, to a place to the east of the town (and perhaps the lowlands of Plaistow or Barking Level would be the best calculated for the purpose), and there, near to the river, to form one or more very large reservoirs to receive the discharge from the sewers, where it should remain during the flow of the tide, having gates or sluices to be opened as the tide goes down; so that it would only be allowed to mix with the river when on its passage to the sea, the gates being closed before the tide changes. By this plan none of the sewer water could travel back to London." Mr. Cubitt further expresses his belief that it would be desirable and practicable to extend his plan for the purification of the river as high as Brentford and Richmond; and discusses the experimental question of the utilization of the manure, with regard to which he indicates several modes of action applicable either to the liquid or solid form. I have no observation to offer on this remarkable piece of foresight. The work has just been completed lower down, and I trust that what the seer pointed at higher up, will be speedily undertaken and accomplished. And let us give the honour where it is due.

But it was not only to the benefit of the masses, out of which he sometimes employed more than 2,000 at a time, that this worthy man (who began life as a journeyman carpenter, and went a voyage to India as a ship's carpenter for improvement) turned the light of his clear and comprehensive faculties. He was alike early in the field now so earnestly (and not always so judiciously) cultivated with reference to the mechanical classes. His attention was anxiously devoted to the comforts of his workmen, and I have heard anecdotes of his caring for and liberality to them which would brightly illustrate an all but paternal character. But he dealt in acts —not flattery!

When his extensive premises on Thames Bank were burnt down, whereby he lost many thousand pounds, his first care was to supply his men with tools in the place of those they had lost, and fit up his establishment so that they could return to their occupation in one short week. For them and their families he had also schools, libraries, and other provisions—wholesome food and temperate refreshments at low rates, and, in short, everything that a generous master and friend could do for their comfort and well-being.

The success of the gigantic building speculations to which I have alluded was much accelerated by being founded on an original consolidation, if I may so express it, of all the building trades under his own auspices, with foremen to each, in his great establishment in Gray's Inn. Here were they all congregated together, and instead of the separate system, as heretofore, of each for himself, Thomas Cubitt had every class—plumbers, painters, glaziers, and all—under his own eye and in his own pay. Thence did he make Highbury a handsome town; circumpopulate Newington Green with commodious suburban abodes and villas; cover the waste near the Gray's Inn Road with handsome squares and streets from Gordon and Tavistock to Euston; redeem the infamous Five Fields of Chelsea (about 140 acres) from robberies and murders, to adorn them with

the fine residences we see; and, finally, to raise South Belgravia on the vast open desolate district near which nobody ever went, to be—what shall I say?—the residence of the wealthiest and greatest—"the height of fashion."

The late Alderman—and two-years Lord Mayor—was several years his brother's junior, and was taken very early in life into partnership with him. They went on together, in perfect harmony, for many years; but when Thomas entered upon his enormous speculation in "Belgravia," William preferred the more ordinary business which had grown up to be so large, in Gray's Inn Lane, which was relinquished to him, whilst his aspiring partner gave himself up entirely to his new and more extensive undertaking. How both succeeded we have had conspicuous public demonstration.

I intended to tell a good deal more of that strange mortal, Mr. Jonathan Tyers, the lessee of Vauxhall Gardens and the owner of Denbies, which he bought in 1734, and whence he was removed by Death, whose image and imagery he so preposterously courted, in 1767, when it was purchased by the Hon. Peter King, and passed from his son, Lord King, to Mr. Denison, &c., "as aforesaid." But, though a psychological curiosity, it is not worth while in a volume of this kind.

By degrees all his sepulchral decorations have been swept away, and nothing but some fine cedars remain to bear witness to his gloomy and fantastic existence during nearly a quarter of a century on a spot where Nature is lavish of her bounties; for the site is beautiful and the views around varied and charming. His green alleys terminating in funereal paraphernalia; his clock, which struck every minute (beating Bennett of Cheapside all to nothing), as it signified how swiftly time was evanishing; his raven uttering printed labels from its beak to the same effect; his dismal library, and his temples and cells ornamented with male and female skulls, and overflowing with the most

lugubrious diatribes ever uttered by the muse, which sang here in many a wearisome strain,—

> "What place is this? A universal school,
> The master Death, the scholar is the Soul;"

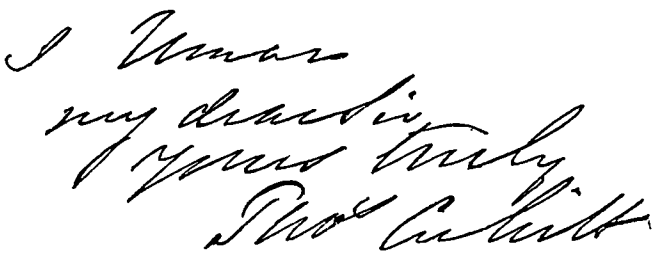
and the exhortation, "Confess thy faults and mend."

Truly excellent advice; but I must bid adieu to it and my meagre theme, for the life of Thomas Cubitt, though one of the busiest, was not one of the most eventful. Yet would I draw from it a lesson far more useful than could be gathered from the misanthropic warnings of his predecessor in Denbies. With this, like Abernethy, I would recommend the reading of my "Book" to the members of all Mechanics' Institutions. Perseverance and integrity will win the day. Thomas Cubitt did not lie asleep, but stood at the foot of the ladder, and he looked up to the top. Like another Jacob, he saw that it ascended on high, and he determined to climb it. To this task he strenuously addressed his energies, and he conquered step after step with unflagging resolution, till at the last, speaking humanly and not as of angels, he mounted to the full enjoyment of every blessing which this world can bestow. *Finis coronat opus.*

WILLIAM CUBITT.

This gentleman I also knew well for many pleasant years, and might offer a notice of him as particular as that of his elder brother, who brought him forward and gave him the world to cultivate with an auspicious beginning. But I should have to go over similar grounds, and enlarge on the similar excellent moral qualities which raised him also to great wealth and consideration. Shrewd and dis-

cerning, of remarkably placid manner and kindly disposition —suffice it to say, that he was a member of the Legislature, and for two successive and very important years Lord Mayor of London. He has left no male heir to inherit his name; but of his three daughters, one is married to Mr. William Humphrey (his worthy successor in the representation of Andover); another to his brother, Mr. John Humphrey; and the eldest to Sir Joseph Olliffe, the eminent surgeon in Paris.



LORD DE TABLEY.

NEARLY fifty years ago Lord de Tabley, then Sir John Fleming Leicester, opened his Gallery of Paintings by British Artists at his residence in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, to public view. It created an epoch in the British school of Fine Arts, only exceeded in effect by the foundation of the Royal Academy, under the patronage of his Majesty King George III. By nature richly endowed, and having cultivated his tastes by Continental travel, especially in Italy by the study of the ancient masters, Sir John Leicester became a judge of the highest order in every branch of graphic and plastic production. In sculpture, as in painting, and in all the varieties of workmanship known as *vertu*, he was an exquisite connoisseur. It seemed as if no deficiency could escape his notice, or the slightest want of finish elude his detection; whilst, on the other hand, as with every true lover of the Arts, beauties of every kind were discovered, pointed out, and dwelt upon with the warm expression of gratified feeling and genuine admiration.

Thus was Sir John well qualified to sustain the high position he adopted as the friend and patron of our native school. At that period it was far from receiving such encouragement as it does in the present day; and, in truth, it may be confessed that then, with some few exceptions, it hardly deserved it. But there was gold in the mine; and it was for a man such as I have described to set the example of exploring and bringing its treasures to light. Possessed

of ample fortune, and of a princely disposition (princely, be it also remarked, in all the ordinary affairs of life), he became a liberal purchaser of the best works of the time; and his skill and competency in selecting "the best" soon became so manifest as to be resolved into a standard of excellence, which the foremost artists were not reluctant to acknowledge. The result was the tender of commissions wherever superior merit was shown, and, beyond that generous course, the constant seeking out of less prominent, or possibly latent talent, to supply new ornaments to the richly accumulating stores of the Leicester Gallery. To take a young or an unknown artist of promise into his councils was always a source of great satisfaction to its owner; nor did he confine himself to commissions or advice as to execution, but occasionally forwarded the actual education of the individual whose early attempts indicated genius. Hogan, the eminent Irish sculptor, for instance, was, I believe, enabled to visit Rome and complete his studies through his liberal aid.

The declared object to which Sir John Leicester zealously adhered throughout, and for which he opened his gallery, was "the advantage the profession might derive from a choice selection of their productions being seen, unmixed with foreign works;" and when, by the information of agents, or private friends, whom he enlisted in the cause, he caught sight of a prize, it was quite exhilarating to witness his triumph in procuring, by munificent outlay, the possession of any performance of "a class worthy to hang with the rest of the specimens he had (as he expressed it) been so fortunate in bringing together." I had several times occasion to note the proofs of his pure and fastidious taste. Some studies of Lady Hamilton, by Romney, he deemed too sketchy;* but he had his charming group of "Titania."

* They were in the possession of his pupil, T. Stewardson. I thought them delicious, and know not what has become of them; unless they may now adorn a mansion of the successors of Mr. Remington, at that period a wealthy banker.

Hilton's highly-finished "Una" did not altogether please him; and he gave a commission, and got the "Europa," perhaps the finest of the artist's works. Stothard's "Fête Champêtre" failed to satisfy his judgment. Sketches of the "Opening of Heaven" and "Vision of the White Horse," and—a remarkable variety for the President—a "Bacchante," in the Venetian style, supplied all he wished of West. As to Fuseli, "Friar Tuck" and another were enough from that wild and imaginative painter. There was a superb "Avalanche" by Loutherbourg. But a delicious Wilson, a lovely "Sunrise" by Collins, the "Cottage Door" of Gainsborough, a Holland, or a Callcott landscape; Leslie's "Anne Page;" Opie's latest and best painting, "Musidora;" pièces by Turner, Morland, Bourgeois, Beechey, Owen, Shee, Northcote, Ward, Howard, and others, enriched this splendid exhibition, crowned by a Reynolds; and by far the finest of Lawrence's prime of life productions, the admirable whole-length, as "Hope," of the lady of the mansion, whose living loveliness surpassed the highest beauties of the painter's art. *À propos* of this captivating lady, I remember a couplet, in one of the many laudatory poems the Leicester Gallery elicited, which truly defined this charming whole-length, portrait. Eulogizing the general effect of the room, the writer points to this excellent individual likeness, its greatest ornament, and says,—

> "For, enter its circle with hopes howe'er fair,
> And its fairest of hopes you'll find realized there."

These, and such as these, were what his eye and fancy preferred; his sense loved to dwell on the sweet and graceful and beautiful in Art. He could justly appreciate and admire the sublime, or the wonderful in anatomical execution; but these were not for his daily intercourse and pleasurable communion; and, as for massacres or martyrdoms, he would none of them; even clever battle-pieces were only less disliked. His gallery was consequently clear of ugliness,

painful representations, and bloodshed; altogether a thing of beauty, to be long held in remembrance for its own diversified display.

Mr. Young, engraver, a good judge of Art, and then keeper of the British Institution, Pall Mall, published a catalogue of the collection, as it was arranged in Hill Street, which was written with sound judgment, and superbly illustrated; but everything that Sir John Leicester did, or caused to be done, was done in a munificent manner. I must point attention to the fact that this private exhibition was the first example of the kind on a large scale in England.*

Not only did it serve the patriotic purpose for which it was opened, the bringing meritorious artists into public notice, the appreciation and reward of their productions, and the effectual encouragement of our native school; but it extended and established the fame of that school among the nations of Europe, which had never before been willing to recognise its excellence, but, on the contrary, were prone to treat it as merely pretentious, and really restricted by the trading narrow-mindedness and gloomy climate of the country. The other side of the picture was now demonstrated, and the cultivation of the genius we truly possessed became an every-day interest. Not confined to British Art, but extending over the whole range, the Grosvenor, Stafford, and other noble galleries were thrown open during the London season, and occasionally free admission, by cards readily attainable, was granted to the Northumberland, Peel, and other similar treasuries. The British Institution in Pall Mall also flourished from the same source; but closer still, in point of composition, though later in point of time, have been the Vernon and Sheepshanks collections, whose

* In justice to a predecessor, I must mention that a private gentleman, a Mr. Steers, residing in the Temple, had some time before thrown his small collection open in the same manner to public view

liberal owners adhered to the Leicester model, in having native works unmixed with any by the illustrious ancient foreign masters. Thus much was done towards extending the influence of the Arts. The press, previously all but silent, took up the theme; and that which was rarely and scarcely noticed has become the topic for news and comment to every periodical that is published, from John o' Groat's to the Land's End.

The first who followed the example of Sir John Leicester was Mr. Fawkes, who opened his admirable collection of water-colour drawings in the same manner, and thus helped to spread the appreciation of another style of the native school, in which, indeed, it did then, as it does now, stand unapproached in excellence. Crowds at both places welcomed the privilege. I witnessed a scene of peculiar interest in Hill Street, where Mr. Bone, the unrivalled artist in enamel painting, voluntarily presented Sir John with an exquisite copy from Gainsborough, as a tribute, on public grounds, to his munificent patronage of the Arts. I think it was about this time that he observed the youthful ability displayed by poor Behnes, and had executed by him the bust of the President West, which was his first step to popularity, and the fame and fortune in the end so unfortunately sacrificed. In sculpture Sir Richard Westmacott was an especial favourite; and I well remember being invited to see his "Nymph and Zephyr," and say if, in my humble opinion, it was equal to the "Psyche," already one of the most prized Art possessions of the noble owner of the Tabley treasures. And so he pursued his course in every branch. Wherever genius rose into view or could be traced, it was taken by the hand and cherished with a generous liberality, not the less valuable because it was accompanied by the taste and discrimination of a very perfect judge of artistic merits; nor was he himself deficient in practical skill, of the manifestation of which I may record a very strange development. His lordship was subject to very sudden and severe head-

ache—neuralgia we must now write it—and could only be relieved by the application of leeches about the forehead and temples. It was a grief to see him obliged to retire from the social circle which he was enjoying with so much pleasure, and hasten to his own apartment to seek his remedy. For a few hours he would allow no one to be disturbed, but insisted on being left alone to his suffering. And how, think you, had he beguiled the time? He had adopted the palette made by his discharged friends the leeches, turned off upon a plate, and with no other colour painted an autumnal landscape, parts of which Rembrandt might have acknowledged, and the whole as extraordinary as the medium employed. It was an amusing whim, but it diverted the painful hour, and—what I fancy was the patient's chief desire—soothed the uneasiness and sympathetic attention of his family and guests.

When on a visit to Tabley House, I was often led to speculate on the problem, if there were any natural connection between the fine eye for the Arts and the fine eye (joined, however, to the firm nerve) for the sports of the field. Sir John was the surest shot I ever saw. No matter what rose to the air, it was doomed to come down before his gun. Partridge, pheasant, woodcock, wild duck, or snipe, his aim was unerring; and with the pistol he was equally certain. A luckless wagtail hopping on the lawn, or a swallow peeping over the parapet of the old tower, if either had the misfortune to be challenged for the proof of this remarkable skill, rarely failed to afford its fatal and cruel confirmation. A card was preserved in the library on which the figure of a shamrock-leaf was closely represented by a trine hole which was made, I think, by three bullets fired at "duelling distance," and winning a considerable bet for the Prince of Wales, who had backed his friend to hit the card thrice successively, and even within a limited circle. The incident is mentioned as characteristic of the men and the times.

The story of this wager recalls to mind the particulars of

the bestowal of the peerage rank upon the already distinguished English baronet and gentleman. The honour came, without solicitation or expectation, from the Prince Regent, who had reasons for esteeming Sir John Leicester as one of his most devoted personal friends. It was at the breakfast-table in Cheshire that the important missive was delivered which intimated the sovereign intention to bestow this elevated distinction. The sensation may be imagined; and of consequence there ensued much discussion on various points, but principally upon the choice of title. My readers may not be aware of the difficulties which frequently beset this knotty question. Ancient titles in abeyance, second and third titles attached to others of a higher order in the same person, disputed titles, titles long lapsed but yet not beyond the possibility of revival—all these, and perhaps more, stand in the way of selection. In our baronet's case, however, there was no obstacle of the kind; it was from the *copia* of lineage and right to bear arms that his trouble arose. He quartered arms from the Conquest, the arms of the great Warennes, and on the same shield were those of the regal O'Byrnes of Ireland, of Fleming, and of Leycester or Leicester. It was a complete *embarras de richesses.* I ventured to advocate Fitz-Warenne; and I presume I had at the time a youthful ally of the same opinion (as he has since assumed the Warren as a prefix); but his father had somehow imbibed* a prejudice against any chance of a *bar sinister*, and finally decided on a clear descent for de Tabley, observing that the date of Edward III. was old enough for any title. A wit said that the illustrious patron of the British Arts should have chosen *de Tableaux* as the most appropriate. It is a pleasure to add, that, though his fame as a patron of Art was earned at no small expenditure, even the cost was repaid; a portion of the gallery which was sold

* Probably from reading the curious history of the *bar sinister* on the Grosvenor arms, by his ancestral kinsman, Peter Leicester, the historian of the County Palatine.

agreeably to his bequest, for family arrangements, realizing above two thousand pounds more than the seven thousand, their original cost. Were these pictures for sale now, I believe at the current rate, and much owing to the impulse given as I have indicated, they would at least double the amount to their fortunate possessors. I might mention that Lord de Tabley was the earliest in distinguishing the genius of Turner, some of whose finest productions were painted for him. The artist was occasionally invited to Tabley House, where some, I would say, eccentric instances of his parsimony caused both wonder and entertainment. I use the word "eccentric," for, in the midst of his singular habits, I have myself known occasions when Turner was spontaneously liberal, and even generous.

At the first period in the time of which I am treating lithography was invented; and, as it bears on the Arts and their cultivation, it will not be deemed "out of keeping" that Lord de Tabley should have at once stood forward among those who hastened to welcome the new device. In the same spirit, I may almost say "ruling passion," he projected a quarto volume (with a popular octavo and woodcuts to follow) of British Ichthyology, to be edited, with occasional remarks, by a literary friend, and richly illustrated with "engravings executed under his own immediate inspection, from correct drawings in his possession." Mr. S. Pether, an able draughtsman, was artist-director for the drawings in accurate style, and several* of the entire number of the fresh-water fishes in our lakes and rivers were got ready. But *l'homme propose.* Alas! the plan

* There were altogether twenty-five — viz., pike, perch, carp, tench, roach, dace, trout, grayling, gwynnard (in Balapool), barbel, chubb, bream, pope, bleak, gudgeon, char (in Windermere), loach, minnow, miller's thumb, stickleback, eel; and river salmon, smelt, flounder, and lamprey, in the Severn. Grilse, gillaroo, whiting, whitebait, &c., were considered to be only the fry or varieties of other species.

was never carried out, and, indeed, it required more time than could be afforded for its satisfactory development. Many journeys were necessary for procuring correct portraits of the various subjects as they were taken from their native element. One, the gizzard trout, was said to require an excursion to Ireland. But these halcyon fishing days, with all the enjoyments of country they afforded, and all the love of natural beauty that inspired them, were about to vanish like a dream of the morning. A mortal malady seized the originator of the promise-giving design; and one of the most accomplished men of the time, and a true benefactor of British Art, was gathered to the tomb.

ADDENDA.

It is on looking back at the correspondence in distant years, that the lineaments of departed friends are brought most vividly to perception. Memory keeps the outline and prominent features, but the finer traces have partially escaped, and it requires the touch of the pen to restore them in all their original freshness and impression. I find this very forcibly when I glance over letters from Sir John Leicester, dated thirty or forty years ago. In what I have previously written, I have described him as a liberal patron of our native School of Arts; but when I read these, I more clearly remember that the desire in him amounted to a passion. He loved the Arts, and was the warmest of friends to those who practised them. In one note he dotes upon his success in getting Collins's beautiful "Sunrise" into his gallery, and placing Gainsborough's "Cottage Door" near it in a better light. In another there is a cluster all at once in progress—the King, by Lawrence; fancy subject of a beautiful female, by Thomson, in his happiest style;

the Cheshire Yeomanry with their Colonel (Sir John) at their head, by Jones; an historical composition, by Hofland; "Slender and Anne Page," on an enlarged scale, by Leslie; and that I should go and look at a picture by Pickersgill (of which he had read), and advise if I thought it would assimilate with the rest in the gallery, in which case the price was to be no object. A third gives thanks for pointing out a painting I had seen on the easel of high promise, and an earnest request that I would keep a good look out, and wherever I discovered "any production of modern art of a class to hang with the rest of the specimens he had been fortunate enough to bring together," to lose no time in putting him in the way to secure it. The spirit of discriminating and generous devotion to the interests of our arts and artists could hardly exceed this. But sometimes there were bits of amusement interspersed. It once occurred that there was an imbroglio into which there was a risk of our being drawn, and I had expressed my determination to have nothing to do with it; on which Sir John wrote:—"I highly approve of your steering clear of all the artists' broils; to *please*, or even *satisfy* them, would indeed be a Herculean task;" and without disparaging the profession, I am afraid that this opinion continues to be too just.

Another incident was more entertaining. A letter arrived at Tabley House, offering its master a noble opportunity to patronize a new school of Art, to commence which the writer proposed to come from Manchester with a priceless Parmegiano, and submit the picture to view, not doubting that he should never have to take it away again. A Parmegiano was not quite in Sir John's way, but his curiosity was piqued by the grandiloquent description and confident assurance of marvellous beauties; and he had almost assented to the visit, paying the expense of the transit of so invaluable a masterpiece. I happened, however, to be on the eve of returning to town, and it was agreed that I should take Manchester on my way, see the

mighty Italian, and report thereon. I did, and it has not entered into the mind of man to conceive my astonishment. I was shown into a dirty back room in a mean house, where the treasure hung; a copious green-silk curtain was drawn, and I beheld a daub, literally so very bad that it would have disgraced a sign-post. I do not exaggerate; I have seen hundreds of public-house signs infinitely superior as works of art. Whether the poor fellow who owned it was a fanatic, or had been what is called hoaxed, I cannot tell; all that I know further is, that this Parmegiano did not appear upon the walls at the late great Manchester Exhibition!

With regard to the projected work on British Ichthyology, I am inclined to think it still a desideratum, and a design likely to be highly prized, if executed in the accurate and superb style contemplated by Lord de Tabley.

I have only to add that his lordship took no busy share in politics. His attachment to the Prince Regent was not of a political nature; it far more resembled a strong private friendship; and as I may speak of him as the friend of a king, so may I represent him as a peer or a gentleman, showing himself to be princely in every action of his life. He was created a peer; but all before that he did everything in such a manner that you could never conceive him less.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

IT is not too much to say, that in any record of the most glorious triumphs of the British navy, an honourable tribute is due to the memory of Charles Dibdin. He was the Tyrtæus of his age. His stirring poetry helped in no small degree to form the character of our brave naval defenders. There was not a galley in the fleet in which his songs were not continually sung. They nearly superseded the sailor's "yarns" of never-failing popularity, and were superior in influence; for yarns have no choruses, and are, indeed, wonderfully monotonous when compared with these inspiriting lyrics. Jack never had enough of them; never cried "Avast heaving!" but turned in and out, as the case might be, humming "Peaceful slumbering on the ocean," or "A sailor's life give me, sir, yo, heave yo!" Pitt himself publicly acknowledged the patriotic influence of Charles Dibdin.

Strange to tell, Dibdin was never at sea in his life, and it is wonderful how he mastered so much of the technical phraseology, and used it with so few nautical mistakes. His sailor was no ideal personage, nor were the qualities with which he clothed him imaginary. In those days Jack had more coarseness and recklessness than he has now; but to Dibdin's honour be it recorded, that he took the rough material, and by his gift of song did much to turn mere brute force and animal pluck into dauntless daring, and the exercise of humanities always elevating, and sometimes

almost sublime. From amid the horrors and crimes of war he evoked many examples of heroism and patriotism, pity and pathos, patient endurance and devotedness to duty, with other noble virtues. Thus it was that the general tenor of his compositions was in a right direction, and tended to beneficial results. Extravagance and indiscretion were rebuked; crazy follies were ridiculed; the love of truth was inculcated; lion-like intrepidity was not more praised than lamb-like gentleness to the helpless or the vanquished. Every true sailor's heart responded to these sentiments, and the character of the navy was improved, so far as such compositions can be expected to influence character.

As the phrase is in more serious matters, Dibdin was earnest in "improving the occasion," to make his lessons tell more effectually. Any grievous disaster brought forth his lament and consolation, any splendid achievement his *Io pæan* and triumphant cheer. Many strange incidents, many bold adventures, many worthy deeds did he embalm in verse; his series is a history of the most momentous era that ever the British Empire passed through, and his own peculiar portion of it is, to say the least, the most interesting of the universal chronicle. But any event, even of a personal kind, was sufficient to call forth his prolific talent, which produced, besides the songs, above seventy musical pieces.

The death of his brother, who was a sailor, and helped him with some of his imagery, induced the pathetic epitaph on "Poor Tom Bowling, the darling of our crew:" —

> "His form was of the manliest beauty,
> His heart was kind and soft;
> Faithful below he did his duty;
> And now he's gone aloft."

However much we may regret the absence of that deeper religious feeling, which, engrafted on noble natural character, produces the highest type of hero or patriot, no one can but

admire the manliness, the courage, the humanity, lauded in Dibdin's songs. Nor is there ever a forgetfulness of the the overruling care and protection of Providence, a reliance on which is essential to the upholding and comfort of those who are exposed to risk and danger. It is not in a spirit of reckless fatalism, but of manly dependence, that he writes of "The true English sailor:"—

> "In a fostering Power while Jack puts his trust,
> If Fortune comes, smiling he'll hail her;
> Resign'd still, and manly, since what must be must,
> And this is the mind of a sailor."

And here is the concluding stanza:—

> "To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,
> Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer;
> He's gentle as Mercy, as Fortitude brave,
> And this is the true English sailor."

To the measure of such stanzas, and the example of noble leaders, was the character of the naval service formed. Loyal and patriotic, daring and compassionate, the true British sailor formed an extraordinary being, such as the world ne'er saw elsewhere, or in any other age—a being whom no enterprise, however desperate, could appal; who literally courted danger, and considered the most adventurous expedition "a piece of fun," and consequently a welcome relaxation from the toils and hardships of routine duty. These were the gallant men who manned our navy in the great war, and who bore the "meteor flag of England" triumphant on every sea. And they have not degenerated in our day. Brave and daring, devoted and loyal as ever, there is an improvement now in the intelligence and moral character of English sailors, which makes the service more worthily popular, than even in the days of the Nile and Trafalgar.

Be it observed also, that with all his rapidity, even the

poorest of Dibdin's lyrical effusions are admirably framed for popularity, by the ease and unaffectedness of their style. More polished or grandiloquent, they could never have made the way they did into the untrained minds of the gallant crew to whom they were addressed, and stirred up their courage to the needful pitch; nor would they have wrought so powerfully on the national breast as to have made, and to make, nine-tenths of the boys born in England prone to seek the sea service, and hardly to be restrained from running off to become sailors!

For more than forty eventful years Dibdin flourished his miscellaneous and fertile pen. He did not enrich himself: for literature was not so much nor so directly a profession in those days as it is now; but he managed to "carry on the war" in a respectable style, and was a pleasant person to meet in society. Good-looking, well-mannered, full of anecdote, entertaining, and unassuming—where he was, music and song played holiday, and few guests parted from his company without a desire to meet him again. To me it was always agreeable and instructive. During the last twenty years of the last century, he had amused the public with "The Shepherdess of the Alps," "The Deserter," "The Waterman," "The Chelsea Pensioner," "The Gipsies," and I know not how many more musical entertainments, generally of simple construction, but effective for the purpose for which they were intended. He had also crowned his name by the publication of a well-chosen selection of his lyrical compositions. As the mighty struggle of war continued to occupy every mind and elicit from him yet higher strains, it was somewhat early in the present century that the volume entitled "Songs, Naval and National" appeared, with a memoir of his life prefixed, and containing six hundred of his most successful productions. This raised him to the height of popularity. Of his other literary labours this is not the place to speak; but I cannot avoid mentioning the "High-mettled Racer" as an early

instalment for the benefit of that humane society which, to an extent more limited than may be wished; directs its efforts to the prevention and punishment of cruelty to animals. The high-mettled racer, worn out and dying a "hack on the road," might well serve as a symbol to head the accounts of their meritorious exertions and their appeals for public support.

But time will on, with racers and cart-horses, with men of genius and boors, with admirals and common sailors alike. All who listened to Dibdin's early songs, and Dibdin, who poured them out on the turbulent waters, are gone. The fabled merman who chanted in magic lays, and the fabled mariners who heard him, are now as real to our sight as he and his sailor audiences. We can only, as Cowper sings, try for a few brief moments to

> "Weigh the vessel up,
> Once dreaded by our foes;
> And mingle with the cup,
> The tear that England owes"

to his memory. He died in 1822, and was buried in St. Martin's Churchyard, Camden Town, and his tombstone is inscribed with the four lines quoted above—"His form was of the manliest beauty," etc. At the period, an attempt to raise a subscription for a monument to him was announced, but, I believe, never carried farther. Many less deserving individuals have since, and especially of late years, had greater honours bestowed by partial posterity upon their memories; the greatest naval lyrist of Great Britain sleeps with the humble, unnoticed, in a low suburban grave. It ought not to be so. His sons Charles and Thomas were men of popular note and very considerable talent; but having only inherited literary tastes and habits, they never had the means to build mausolea, or erect "storied urn or animated bust." I assisted in procuring a small Government pension for his widow, and that is all that the match-

less inspirer of England's victorious navy ever got from his grateful country.

ADDENDA.

I have nothing to add to this very brief sketch, but would fain enforce, at the risk of repetition, that as there is no human good without some taint of evil, so is there no human evil out of which some redeeming quality may not be extracted. Of the power of such extraction Charles Dibdin afforded a memorable instance. Out of war, with all its bloodshed and horrors, and out of the seafaring mariners of England, with all their coarseness and recklessness, who carried it on, he evoked examples not only of patriotism and heroism, but of pathos, generosity, pity, self-sacrifice, devotedness to duty, and other noble virtues. He performed a great and important office in his time.

It is not too much to say that the most glorious triumphs of the British Navy owe a deep debt of remembrance to Charles Dibdin; but it is still more obvious and certain that his stirring compositions aroused that effect upon every rank of our brave defenders, which produced the extraordinary character for ever renowned as the jolly tar, who enjoyed every frolic, despised every danger, joked with imminent fate, and laughed at Death to his very face.

And now, how strange it is to glance at the change that has taken place, and ask how many of the most exciting lyrics of our poet would fail in effect, how inapplicable many of his comparisons have become, how imperfect his imagery, how unreal his descriptions, and even his language how obsolete! Our sailors no longer assimilate with hearts of oak; the wooden walls of old England have departed into ironsides; sails are not hoisted, because steam is got up instead; when the fight is begun, each is no more seen

standing to his gun, but they are all about their gun, invisible in the cupola; a broadside is an unintelligible phrase by an Armstrong or Whitworth 300-pounder; windward and leeward are nowhere in the nautical vocabulary; fireships are of no avail for burning iron-clads, and are superseded by torpedoes for blowing them out of the water; reefing, and furling, and manœuvring, and every act of seamanship are intensified in one word of three letters, the Ram!

I know not what the result in navigation or in war may be, but assuredly we shall not, under our new circumstances, see another Dibdin, to sing the picturesque glories of the British Navy again. The song of the big cannon, the impenetrable iron, the whirligig cupola, or the brutal ram, would require the inspiration of a genius I can never hope to witness arise from the vasty deep.

So I bid farewell even to much of the memory of nobly patriotic poetry.

Yours very truly

C. Dibdin

THE REV. T. FROGNALL DIBDIN, D.D.

JOHN KER, Duke of Roxburghe, "the Book Duke," as he was called, was a very noble personage. He combined dignity and ease of manner in a degree more frequently talked of than witnessed, and was at once the man of high rank and the familiar companion. Well, if he could not learn this from books, perhaps he might get some of it from his pursuit of books, for such was his favourite hobby. He was among the earliest of those who sought to enrich their libraries by the personal exploration of old book-shops and stalls; and his success was commensurate with his diligence: he formed a library of great extent and curiosity. Other noblemen and gentlemen followed in his train, and the quest for scarce publications became a fashion.

It was into this arena that Dr. Dibdin threw himself in the hey-day prime of life. Intended for the bar, his addiction to literature weaned him from the strife of the forum, and he had wandered into the Church, possibly with no higher motive than the hope of there finding quiet leisure for his favourite pursuits. The "bibliomania," or rage for book-collecting, may be said to have become more openly manifested early in the present century, when Dibdin was fresh from college, and twenty-five years of age; and he soon displayed his zeal in the movement as an ardent partisan, if I might not truly describe him during the ensuing forty years as a very Master of the Ceremonies. In

the foundation of the Roxburghe Club, 1812, he was the most active and conspicuous leader, and he had clearly shown his title to the place by the publication of his "Bibliomania" three years before.

The novelty of the matter created what we are now pleased to call a sensation; and the self-application of the term mania pretty accurately described the symptoms of the case and the influence of its contagion. Many people cannot resist anything new, especially if propagated by means of a strange and unaccustomed jargon. Instead of valuing books for the intelligence their authors had committed to them, book-collectors were taught that the sense they contained had nothing at all to do with their market cost, but that, to be uncut, and consequently unread; to be an "editio princeps," and therefore without later corrections or improvements; to be "ymprynted" by William Caxton or Wynkyn de Worde; to be rare, and, in addition to their rarity, to be remarkable for some notable mistake or error; or, above all, to be unique, were the grand recommendations. Old volumes were valued at prices so enormous, that an odd tattered copy of a publication not originally worth sixpence, would bring a sum of money sufficient for the purchase of a good library.

I do not mean to say that this mania has not led the way to several beneficial results. Out of evil good is frequently evolved, and so out of even extreme folly lessons of wisdom may be elicited. Much valuable literary research sprang out of the retrospective rage, and the establishment of the Roxburghe Club formed a precedent for others, which have skilfully and laboriously brought to light many treasures of ancient literature and art that might, probably, never have been revived but for their pains-taking and exertions. Thus the country enjoys, and at moderate rates, the issues of the Hackluyt, Surtees, Camden, Shakespeare, Percy, Bannatyne, Maitland, and other similar associations, from all of which very interesting works have proceeded. Something also

has arisen from this division of labour, not only as regards the separate classes of knowledge to which each of these devotes its attention, but in exciting a similar spirit in individuals who have (though joining in the whole design) taken up some favourite branch, as it were, for home culture. One has historical doubts to interpret, another costume and manners, a third legendary lore, a fourth ballad illustration of certain historical epochs, a fifth witchcraft, a sixth the sciences, a seventh divinity, and so on throughout the entire range, greatly to the recreation and edification of mankind; and we may candidly trace much of this impulse towards learned research to a fierce struggle between two noblemen in an auction mart, for Boccaccio's "Decameron," and the prize being carried off in exchange for a loose hundred or two over two thousand pounds sterling money!

In this element the Rev. Frognall Dibdin revelled. Earl Spencer, who was *nulli secundus* in the book-hunting race, became his warm patron and friend; aud he devoted himself enthusiastically to extend and elucidate the new movement in the peaceful realm of literature. His "Bibliotheca Spenceriana," in four volumes, was a well-rewarded work, and the "Ædes Althorpeana," in two bulky quartos, no less remunerative. But by this time (1822) he had acquired a good many years of experience in the leadership of the *dilettanti* book-seeking circle, for it was eleven years since he had proclaimed his bibliomaniac office in the volume in which he exhibited Heber,* Boswell, Kemble, Freeling, Southey, Douce, Scott, and many more, under fantastic names, as infected with the virus, in a rhodomontade style, which, however, took vastly, and reached a new edition, with a key, thirty years afterwards.

* His discovery of Heber's will, supposed lost or destroyed, was a singular accident. It fell out, preceded by a golden sovereign, from a shelf of duodecimos, in the library at Pimlico, every imaginable place at home and abroad having been previously ransacked in vain.

In short, the book-madness, like fashions in dress, was carried beyond the verge of the ridiculous, and in it Dibdin was the Beau Brummell of the folly. Yet, as I have already remarked, as out of evil there sometimes comes good, so out of foolery there sometimes comes wisdom. Old and valuable authors, long neglected or forgotten, were resuscitated in the search for curiosities, and though the wild passion for the odd, the dilapidated, the rare, and the unique, was carried to great excess, we must allow that a considerable revival of sterling literature was among the incidental results of an inundation of zeal, which has not yet wholly subsided, if we may judge by the extraordinary prices still given for imperfect volumes and torn bits of scraps and leaves, at every sale of libraries or collections brought to the hammer of the auctioneer.

To desire something which nobody else has, seems to be one of the unphilosophical freaks of human nature. It may be of inherent or of no worth. It may be a flower or a butterfly, a jewel or a coin, or a book or a signature, of which none but itself can be its parallel; and who so proud and boastful as the wonderful possessor of this absolute wonder? I knew a man who concentrated all the admiration the world permitted to converge into his focus, by exhibiting a common goose-pen which tradition affirmed to have been used by Miss Milton in writing "Paradise Lost" to her blind father's dictation.

In Dibdin's writings and conversation there was a substratum of knowledge and sound sense, but often annoyingly bespattered with a novel sort of slang which vexed the dull ear and perplexed the understanding. One wanted a dictionary, or rather, a bibliographical vocabulary or grammar, to run along with the rectos, colophons, "saucy margins," "tall folios," "toolings" (alias, binding work), "the uncut or almost uncut," the "creamy papyrus," and much more similar phraseology; the great aggravation of which was, that it was poured out in perfect rhapsodies, as if the maniac

were in a state of ecstacy; and this, too, on perhaps a perfect copy of a book not worth twopence for its contents, or an old clasp, or an insignificant misprint, or some odd-looking ornaments, or some quaint fashion in the boards. The hyperbole was hardly outrageous enough to be offensive, but it was also too absurd to excite laughter. A French critic, in noticing one of the Doctor's luxurious and costly publications, and having heard all his learned disquisitions on its mere exterior, observed that the "Tour" would have been a capital volume if there had been no letterpress. But enough of these general remarks on the "bibliomania" of an earlier period of this century, which will form a curious chapter among the Curiosities of Literature. I would not have dwelt on the subject, but that Dr. Dibdin long outlived the prevalence of the symptoms of the insane riot, to become one of the most rational and pleasant of social companions.

By some of his brethren of "the republic of letters," Dibdin was charged with tuft-hunting. He adhered the closer to his noble and wealthy friends, nor had he any ground to feel sore at the imputation. He was literary from his cradle, and literature has as high a title as nobility —a higher rank and station than sordid riches. The discriminating peer courts the scholar and well-informed gentleman, and the latter need not servilely show more deference to him than is due to his station and character; it is an honourable specialty, and well does the familiar contract become both sides, without the sacrifice of infraction of dignity in the one, or of self-respect in the other!

Though books were not so very cheap in those days as they are now, yet the Doctor was also virulently assailed on account of his ten or twenty guinea volumes. He was accused of being an adept in book-making; of trading in bibliography; of trafficking with his costly baubles on the Continent for rare and valuable tomes in foreign lands (to a knowledge of which he published a very instructive intro-

duction); and, in short, of making a fortune by bibliomaniac quackery. That fortune he never made. He declared that his object was chiefly fame, and was, in truth, such an enthusiast that I, for one, reposed full faith in the assertion. His life was far too bustling and too giddy to leave leisure for money-getting schemes, had he been a plotter; but no one ever whispered that Dr. Dibdin was dishonest enough to enter upon such practices. He was quite aware of the haste and inaccuracy which marked the most of his works—as the "Tours," the "Decameron;" but, like Dr. Syntax in search of the picturesque, considered the antiquarian and learned blots to be mere specks on the surface of the immense stock of information which he laid before the public. And in this belief he was perfectly justified. A thorough digest of his works would be a treasure in our more flimsy period; and as for the errata, they hardly detract from the real importance of his labours.

In 1836, his "Reminiscences of a Literary Life" catalogued a vast amount and variety of research and application, however extravagant in its style. On "Ames's Antiquities"—in satire, even on the aspirants for book-wisdom—in local history, Cheltenham, for example—in journeys abroad and at home—in library explorations, selections, arrangements, and catalogues—in guides for the young and less educated to similar pursuits—in poems and in sermons, he had spent his busy, busy time for more than thirty years; and he continued busy for eight years more, as the production of large works, but diminishing in popularity, rather grievously demonstrated. His "Northern Tour," in 1838, had but moderate encouragement; and I remember, five years later, his bitter complaint of "the trade," so considerably benefited, as he alleged, by his preceding publications, refusing "to subscribe for a single copy." I fancy that fifty copies subscribed for sufficed to clear the expenses; but, as I have stated, Dr. Dibdin did not enrich himself by his literary speculations.

On the death of Mr. Heber he took a prominent part in the description and disposal of his extraordinary library, with which I may say the extreme manifestations of the bibliomania were extinguished; though it appears to have somewhat revived with the increase of wealth among certain classes at the present day. True, there is no such enthusiast now as was the rector of St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square; but where the test of rarity supplies the criterion of discrimination, the market for these, as for all other luxuries, genuine or artificial, will be amply supported by the affluent, who are continually "rising in the world," and adding millionaire fortunes of merchant and manufacturer to the elder stock of lords and squires. It were well if the same spirit were extended to the encouragement of solid and worthy literature, as of what is "fast" and light.

But to conclude my sketch of Dr. Frognall Dibdin; let me bestow a touch upon the individual, apart from the mania which he led and the companionship he affected—many of his nearest associates being among the best men of their day. His good temper defied malice to ruffle it. He was charitable towards all mankind. His manners were pleasant and gentlemanlike. His conversation was agreeable; his fund of anecdote inexhaustible. Of his character as a clergyman it is out of my province to speak; yet it is impossible to believe that the inordinate pursuit of the objects to which he devoted his life could be compatible with a faithful attention to the sacred duties of the ministry. At length the seething brain forgot its functions. A long paralysis prefaced his death, at the age of seventy-two.

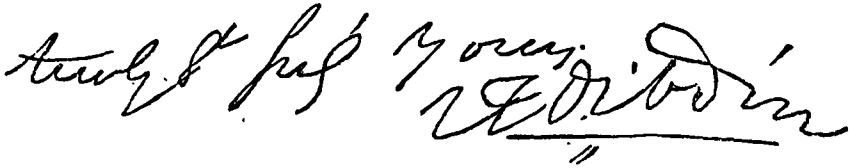
ADDENDA.

A small touch near the peroration of my preceding essay, though perfectly in unison with the spirit in which

the journal where it appeared is so ably and consistently conducted, I cannot precisely claim as my own, although willingly permitted dictum; for however just the observation may be, I must have considered myself as one rashly overstepping his proper secular function to offer any opinion on a serious religious question. I could have no right or title to say, what it is the especial province of this excellent publication to inculcate upon the popular mind whenever the interests of morality, or of a yet higher sphere, call for the expression of its temperate and consistent opinion. But clerical duties were not for me authoritatively to pronounce upon. Dr. Dibdin was, as far as I saw, a favourite in the pulpit, and much liked as a preacher. How much his literary pursuits interfered with his more sacred obligations, I do not know; but I know that at the end of his course the former had been found a broken reed; for, as I have already intimated, his decline was marked with failure, and (1843) he wrote to me of "the effort of a veteran philologist to earn an honest mouthful of bread. 'Twill be my *last* appearance as an author, and my recent misfortunes have taught me the value of an honest patronage. *Extremum hunc—mihi concede laborem.*" At this time he was complaining bitterly of "the trade," and of publishers who refused to subscribe for a single copy of his work. Four years after this date he died. In his more prosperous days, when feted by the great and the idol of the "bookish" worshippers, he was averse to acknowledge the other popular Dibdins as his relations—even our greatest naval lyrist was too low in the social scale to be acknowledged by the courted companion of the wealthiest and highest ranks, and Earls and Dukes.

And this incidental catchword brings me to my conclusion, while it suggests an anecdote of the Duke mentioned above, and whom I might have ranged among my characters, had I been honoured with his better acquaintance. His residence in St. James's Square is now the Wyndham club-house, and there I saw him several times, as a youngster,

from near his magnificent ducal seat, the Floors, on the Tweed, whom he condescended to notice. His grand position at Court, Groom of the Stole to King George the Third, was all I could wonder about, for few or none were aware of his common drudgery, while wandering from bookstall to bookstall, throughout the wide metropolis, he gratified his curious taste and picked up those literary treasures, the dispersion of which caused a revolution in the learned world, and has led to results of vast importance in the preservation and cultivation of letters. In none of his predatory expeditions, however, among the obscure alleys of London, in search of strange books, did his Grace ever receive such a fright as he once did in his own sacred plantations. Walking here on a beautiful Sunday forenoon, he was roughly encountered by a wild, uncouth-looking being, who instantly addressed him with a menacing look and gesture, "Ye scoonrel, what are ye? Are ye breaking the Sabbath? Gang to the kirk, ye scoonrel—dinna ye hear the bells ringing?" The Duke contrived to soothe his innocuous though ferocious interrogator, and made a hasty escape. He soon learnt that the transgressor was a poor simple idiot belonging to the neighbouring town of Kelso, and named Willy Hawick, and, by this token, the original from whom Scott drew his daft Davy and pregnant story of the bubbly-jocks.



THE ELDER D'ISRAELI.

MY acquaintance with the elder D'Israeli (or, as now written, Disraeli) was rather literary than social; and therefore, any recollections I may offer respecting him, must be more limited than in instances where I enjoyed greater intimacy and opportunities for being impressed by character. But after all, what is the most elaborate biography as a sure foundation for sound judgment? It is but an approximation, with an admixture of guess-work at the best. Of almost every man it may be said, that the interior is never seen—is imperfectly known even to himself. The secret springs and motives are impenetrable; and yet the belief in the truth and circumstantiality of Biography is accepted as a matter of course. *Non scire fas est omnia;* and indeed, instead of not knowing all, we can discover but very little of the real life and character of most men. What little I knew of Mr. D'Israeli has left the following impression.

If ever the epithet "amiable" could be strictly applied to the masculine sex, I think it might have been allowed to Mr. D'Israeli. There was not only a pleasing gentleness about him, gracing all he said or did, but a placid equanimity, which, it seemed, nothing could disturb. At Enfield, now so loudly famed for the production of rifles to destroy mankind, he was born and sent forth on his peaceful mission to enlighten them.

All his voluminous works, spread so extensively over the face of the earth, have tended largely to disseminate right

feelings—the love of truth, benevolence towards our fellow creatures, sympathy for the oppressed and unfortunate, justice and charity to all. In speech as in writing, in conversation as in more formal statements, the pale face of the speaker, slightly tinged from his Hebrew and Venetian extraction, and the dark, mild, very prominent but expressive eye, imparted a degree of persuasiveness to his opinions which I have seldom seen equalled in the outward aids to conversation.

His tastes were refined. Not only did the amenities of society and literature seem to be parts of his nature, but the Arts, in all their branches, laid their treasures before a studious and cultivated mind, when they were submitted to his examination. Of them he was an excellent judge and accomplished critic. The circle among whom I chiefly met him consisted of the Nares, Douce, and other Men I have Known, some of whose characteristic traits I have through the medium of "The Leisure Hour" endeavoured to trace.

D'Israeli knew nothing of the "Calamities of Authors," except in recording them, and, happily for those who enjoyed the gratification of his company, was a very graceful illustration of the "Literary Character," and abounding in "Curiosities of Literature," so as to render his contributions to the social talk at once truly interesting and instructive. It might be that his tone was pitched in accord with the less demonstrative sphere to which I have alluded; but in more convivial parties he was ready to enter jocundly into the spirit of the scene. At such entertainments as genial authors marked with a white stone, under the hospitable roof of John Murray, *their* renowned publisher, he could shine with no eclipsed lustre, always in appropriate keeping, listened to with attention and heard with satisfaction. Dare I venture to allude to one festive occasion, where book-collectors held a symposium, and he, the most temperate of the set; where Kemble, Maurice, Parsons, &c., toasted Guttemberg and

Faust, Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde out of Shakespeare's mulberry-tree bowl. It was a merry bit of social literary life, consistent with the common usages of the period, but far removed from the excesses which too frequently disfigured them.

In his "Life and Reign of Charles the First," and indeed in all his historical lucubrations, the same natural temperament and kindly disposition appear. He pitied the unfortunate. He lacked the gall of political partisanship. He had nothing of that sternness which seems necessary for those who stand forward, according to their views, for rigid justice, without the abatement of a penalty or pain, without the allowance of a palliation for evil counsellors and the frailties of humanity. This was the key to his personal life, which caused him to be loved and esteemed—to his literary life, replete with those sentiments which make the whole world akin. I have marvelled—when I have seen his son, one of the most extraordinary personages of the age, lacerating his political adversaries with many bitter stripes, and provoking to anger even the imperturbable Peel—whence he could have inherited his rage for political strife, and his genius for personal debate. From the turmoil of the House of Commons, Isaac D'Israeli would have fled as from a pestilence, and sought refuge among his much-loved books. And sure was the solace to be found there; but—ah! there is a but in all earthly enjoyments—but at last this happiness was denied him; he could not have seen me, and I saw him no more. When I heard of the blindness which afflicted him for several years before his death (if that could be called an affliction which I have been assured he bore with the calmest resignation), I was affected to an extent I could hardly explain to myself. Let those who have dwelt among books imagine what it is at one fell swoop to lose so many true friends. Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli has written a memoir of his father, and it is gratifying to learn that this heavy privation was lightened by every domestic consolation which

the attachment and veneration of a loving family could supply to the patient sufferer.

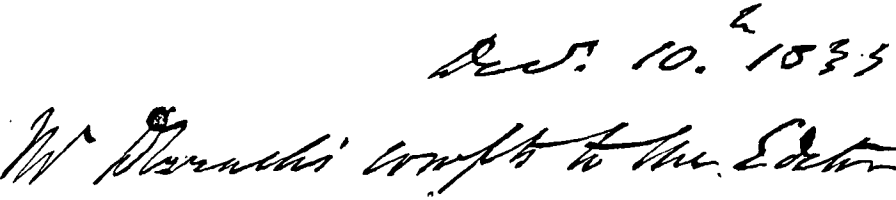
ADDENDA.

THOUGH not in the Commons, Mr. D'Israeli, the elder, was quite able to hit tolerably hard with the pen. Even the placid Bowles spoke resentfully of his review of his poetry in the *Quarterly*. And he had a sharp dispute with Lord Nugent about the desecration of the grave of Hampden, and the history given. His principal historical researches, as was to be expected from the period they embraced, were strenuously questioned and commented upon by writers on the Cromwellian side, but he met the assault with apparent complacency, and went on with his labours in the genuine spirit of a devoted cavalier. To inquire into the precise truth of such an era is puzzling. When the violent passions of a civil war rage throughout a people, it is not likely that either party (even if they tried) could do justice to the other. And as political principles, fought and bled for at the time of "the Great Rebellion or the Commonwealth," are still extant and in strong living force, it is only natural to expect contradiction and controversy whenever any partisan ventures to launch his opinions upon the still unquiet sea.

Well, as I have hinted, Mr. D'Israeli could attack as well as defend. With all his suavity he could be fierce enough. I have not seen his life nor the edition of his voluminous works, by his greater son; but if the "illustrator illustrated" is compared in the number, it will show, as far as the writer's power went, that to provoke his hostility was to risk the experiencing of one of the calamities of authorship. Mr. Bolton Corney, fortified by the dictum of Dr. Crombie,

vehemently proclaimed the conceit, arrogance, unfounded assumption of originality, want of veracity, and I cannot tell how many literary offences, against the reputation of the author; and was answered as bitterly as the battles were fought between the roundheads and royalists. But the subject is unpleasant—let an anecdote serve for a tangent to fly off with. In some place Mr. D'Israeli having spoken of persons with libraries collected for their own mere boast, as being not without a Locke on the Human Understanding, a French translator rendered it as a judicious remark, on "Mettant l'entendement humain sous la clef."

It matters little, however, whether we choose to deny or choose to accept Mr. D'Israeli as an historical authority; his writings are full of curious matter and exceedingly pleasing. As were his writings so were his conversation and manners; and if he did give way occasionally to literary resentment, and carried the war into the enemy's quarters, he was generally so placable that he never could have done for a leader of opposition.



FRANCIS DOUCE.

GREAT authors, antiquaries, and philosophers are often very odd fellows. Their learning, industry, or genius does not restrain, but rather precipitates them into the now almost obsolete class of "original characters." They entertain odd notions and queer fancies, and propound opinions on men and things quite peculiar to themselves, and as if they could hardly discern the difference between a hawk and a hand-saw. I had little familiar acquaintance with Mr. Douce—few people had much; but I met him occasionally in the society of the elder D'Israeli, Archdeacon Nares, and other literary celebrities of that time, who formed a sphere many-coloured and pleasing to behold as it floated on the atmosphere of intellectual light. Alas! it has vanished from the sky, and fallen to earth. Not a rack of its human vitality survives, though still its reflected lustre lingers on some literary paths. Why should the beautiful soap-bubble burst and dissolve, and leave so little of a trace behind? Ah! ours are the days to witness such traces fade faster and faster, since science, practical knowledge, and social progress could never think of merely picturing the phenomena as they appeared a generation ago, but must analyze them—and what remains? Nothing material, nothing tangible, nothing realizable—poor bubbles, poor bubbles, after all! Yet so determines our practical and material age. And with some truth, for still higher reasons, when we think what life and time are given for. Certainly for something more than the curiosities of literature or of archæology.

About such men as Douce there is little practical or material, excepting great diligence and indomitable perseverance. I have sometimes thought that of all the precocities of infancy, the antiquarian precocity is the most remarkable, and has been the least noticed. Biography gives many instances of poets who lisped in numbers, and mechanicians who helped to make their own cradles, and self-denying saints who refused the luxury of mothers' milk, and other wonderfully intuitive juveniles whose inborn predispositions foreboded in early childhood what their future lives would be. But the genuine antiquary appears to be more extraordinary than any of these. He is never anything else. His first breath has an aged cough about it; his first voice is like an obsolete language, and his every movement is old-fashioned and odd. At any rate, Francis Douce was an example of this genus, and grew up to be a man of most patient industry, indefatigable research, rare learning, and comprehensive information.

A fine scholar, he gave himself up entirely to literature, into which he was early initiated by an appointment—Keeper of Manuscripts in the British Museum. At the beginning of this century he flourished in full force and vigour. His contributions to the *Archæologia*, and the worthy old *Gentleman's Magazine* (which, by the bye, seems to be renewing its strength, to meet the extension of the archæological spirit so happily awakened throughout the land),* were ample and valuable. His "Pietrus Alphonsus" in Ellis's "Metrical Romances," 1806, excited much notice, and his edition of R. Arnold's "Chronicle of the Customs of London" served to confirm his literary reputation, which was soon after (1807) elevated still higher by his "Illustrations of Shakespeare," and of ancient manners. Congenial literary pursuits led to the intimacy I have mentioned with the elder D'Israeli, Archdeacon Nares, Mr. Baber, Sir H.

* Since writing this it has passed into new hands.

Ellis, Mr. Caley, Mr. Combe, and other studious men who adorned the world of letters in that time, perhaps more gravely and usefully, and certainly not less instructingly, than the teeming produce of the press in our own day.

Not being altogether *laudator temporis acti*, I may relate a little story to show that there were humours and follies indulged even among the distinguished personages of that era. Douce and the famous William Cobbett inhabited contiguous houses in Kensington. Their great quarrel was sudden, though the cause was slow. It related to snails. Now Cobbett was deeply interested in the recommendation of Indian corn for culture in England, and was experimenting and advertising its growth in his garden, which was some small annoyance to his adjacent neighbour. But the antipathy was roused to rage when the latter found, or supposed he found, certain snails intruded upon his domain by being thrown over the intervening wall. He remonstrated, as antiquaries will remonstrate; but a denial such as a Peter Porcupine would indite, was all the satisfaction he could get. The evil seemed to increase. The snails multiplied, and I will not be sure that slugs were not also fired over. There was therefore no redress; but reprisals and a regular warfare, in what authors on war would call shelling, and I, in gardener fashion, may designate as snailing, ensued. It was indeed a sight to behold the philosophic Dry-as-Dust, at early morn, in night-gown and slippers, gathering up the helices into arsenals of flower-pots, to be hurled *en masse*, with malignant aim, into the very heart and interior of his enemy's maize; and, at dewy eve, the stout bucolic reformer of governments and agriculture, collecting all he could find to re-discharge into the hostile territory. The issue, if I remember rightly, was that the damage to the Indian corn pattern patch was irremediable, as the Cobbetians could not go in to pick up the missiles, and the owner was obliged to transport his experiment to a safer field, between Hammersmith Bridge and Barnes Common.

The antiquary, after this, continued to work undisturbed, and produced especially the splendid volume on Holbein's "Dance of Death," which he was enabled to finish and publish before he was himself called from his books to join in the no more pictorially humorous, but solemn and universal procession to the tomb.

By his will, Mr. Douce, after bequeathing portions of his curious antique hoard and library, and money remembrances to friends, left a sealed legacy to the nation, to be opened after a lapse of years, in the British Museum. Among these future antiquities, I presume there will be some very valuable articles. In 1591, Sir John Harrington translated the "Orlando Furioso;" but he also completed a metrical version of the Psalms, the manuscript of which was in Mr. Douce's possession. This was a production well worthy of preservation, and, if not contained among the relics in the bequest referred to, it is very desirable to inquire what has become of it.

Of the testator I recollect nothing else deserving of record. In manners he was pleasing, and in dispensing the information (of which his store was singularly varied) he was ready and liberal. His company was accordingly always instructive, and, when enjoyed with kindred minds, made for the less gifted seekers after knowledge days to be long remembered, and impressions not to be forgotten.

ADDENDA.

Mr. Douce was a most assiduous and very learned literary antiquary. The revelations of his bequest to the nation, when the time arrives, at the British Museum, will, I imagine, exceed anything my imperfect knowledge could enable me to anticipate; and therefore I seek my refuge in

the "sagacious silence" recommended as "saintly" by the inimitable Cervantes.

"I have only to add that the snail feud between him and Cobbett has been represented to me as less hostile in the result than I was led to state. I am assured that the belligerents came to pacific terms. Douce had his waste ground cleared and the rubbish and nuisances removed. Like a sensible gentleman, instead of resenting the imperious mandate of his irate neighbour, he laughed at his passionate threat, and so quietly redressed the grievance that Cobbett expressed his satisfaction, and peace was established.

MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE.

THE announcement, last year, of the death of Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone made comparatively little impression on the public mind. His name belonged to a past generation, of which there are now but few survivors. His fame, however, will shine with increasing lustre in the pages of history. A few personal recollections of this truly great man may find a fitting place in my miniature gallery of biographical portraits.

My first interview with Mr. Elphinstone was on his return to his native land, after his long sojourn in India. Knowing him not merely by public reputation, but in consequence of some correspondence on private matters, I felt strongly impressed with sentiments of admiration, and was prepared to meet him in a spirit of timid deference, suitable to the lofty idea I had formed of his character. My surprise was complete. A gentleman of the simplest demeanour and manner I ever encountered, he set me at perfect ease in a few minutes, and in an hour I felt myself on terms of intimacy, transferred, indeed, to me, by his unbounded kindness, from connections in the East, valued and lamented by us both.* Of benign look, gentle in speech, almost diffident in

* My brother, Lieut.-Col. Jerdan, 5th Bombay Regt. (whom the East India lists would have Jardine), who latterly commanded with distinction and success in Cutch, and had previously served in various parts of the country, where he had intimate relations with the civil authority of Mr. Elphinstone.

conversation, and modest in offering opinion, it was hardly possible to conceive that this was the individual whose writings were of the highest historical interest; whose political services were pre-eminently momentous; whose guidance in war and administration in peace furnished models of penetration, bravery, intelligence, and wisdom, and produced results of incalculable importance to the British Empire.

I never knew a man in whose praise every voice, public and private, was so unanimously raised. If he ever had an enemy, the enmity was kept concealed; and whether discussing his public conduct or his social relations, encomium was enthusiastic and detraction dumb. Lord Buckingham, Lord Amherst, Monro, Malcolm, Macintosh, all the great Indian authorities, referred to him as an oracle; and on several trying occasions his purity and patriotism shone effectually forth, so as to discomfit jobbing, and establish on the firmest basis the just reputation and true interests of his country. Well might Macintosh eulogise the "great modesty and simplicity of his character" (1811); and well might every one who served with or under him bear testimony to the calm and firm performance of duties the most arduous, upon which the welfare and the lives of millions depended. It was delightful to be with him. He lived to be eighty years of age, somewhat attenuated in person, but neither worn out by the climate nor subdued by the toils he had undergone during many long years. His lofty and placid brow, his unassuming (indeed retiring) habits, his quietude and candour, seemed only to enhance the force of the convictions elicited from his colloquial endowments. Without having witnessed, it is impossible to imagine the irresistible power of his intelligence and reasoning, proceeding, as a stranger might imagine, from a mind of conscious deficiency and humblest order.

Yet this was the truly great man who, in the opening of this century, when Malcolm went to Persia, and Metcalfe to

the Punjaub, undertook the no less difficult mission to Cabul, of which, and of the Affghan nation, he has given so admirable an account. This was the man who accompanied Wellesley in the first perilous Mahratta war, and to whose information and counsel as a civilian, that illustrious commander, and his own military associate Malcolm, attached so much value. This was the man who, after contributing yet more to the success of the final Pindaree struggle, consolidated at Poonah, and throughout the Pishwah territory, where he began his splendid career, what the victory of Kirkhee bequeathed for the most profound administrative genius to accomplish. This was the man who had filled the government of Bombay, and twice refused the semi-royal dignity of Governor-General of India. To listen to the pleasing discourse of "the man" who had seen and done so much, was to learn the lessons of vast experience in the eloquence of quiet wisdom. The contrast was singular and the effect indescribable. There was a moral grandeur in it —a grandeur which did not forbid or repel familiar confidence, but inspired a grateful sense of regard and esteem in all who ever enjoyed the instructive charm of his communion.

His later years were spent in social and literary retirement, free from public occupation, save when broken in upon by the Government, which sought his advice on the perplexing questions of Indian policy, his published opinions upon which (1831) attracted universal attention. His "History of India," which has passed through four editions, was another work of vast utility, and displays to great advantage the talents of the scholar and the statesman. The sunset of his life was in keeping with and worthy of the sunrise and meridian day. Friendship and literature softened the decline of honoured age, and to the very last intercourse with him was an intense gratification. As his life had passed in strenuous exertion and intellectual labour, amid difficulties, and dangers, and determinations of the

utmost national consequence, so did it close in philosophical beauty and Christian repose.*

* To this very imperfect sketch, I have, nevertheless, only to append a note. On its appearance, a correspondent wrote to the editor suggesting that the last two concluding words were misapplied, for that Mr. Elphinstone was a sceptic. Referred to, I have made it my business to inquire both of those who knew him intimately in India, and of those best acquainted with him after his return, and can state that they one and all repudiate the allegation.

Among the pre-eminent men who make, acquire, or save empires, the name of Mountstuart Elphinstone must hold a place as long as the history of India is preserved.

LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON.

OF the men I have known, I seek to preserve some of the private traits; with their public character I do not concern myself, except so far as may sometimes serve to illustrate their social aspects, and bring out their personality in the other and common relations of life. Of some, great intimacy enables me to speak so distinctly as to render their likenesses what, in the arts, is styled "very striking." Of others, with whom I was less familiarly acquainted, I can only present portraits, though faithful as far as they go, yet unfinished, with such qualities as a sitting or two could supply for outline and a few peculiar points. It may readily be supposed that Lord Eldon was a subject of this kind for my pencil.

In his long political career, it is the general opinion that Lord Eldon was wedded, nay, bigoted, to his principles. There is no doubt that he was ambitious, and that he possessed a vast influence, which he dedicated to the maintenance of his party in power, and himself in the pre-eminent position he held — the foremost in their councils, and the most managing in their interior arrangements. These are matters for history to discuss; but in these, and in his important seat of judgment, and in his every-day conduct, the grand mainspring of all was Caution. If the Lord Chancellor committed many contumacious suitors, he never committed himself. Wily and far-looking, a prime mover in the most secret affairs, a shining light in national transactions, and regarded as a righteous guide or injurious obstacle (just as party politics swayed the minds of his critics), his caution

served him to the last, and he has left a high historic name for future generations to canvas and appreciate. *Non nostrum tantas componere lites.*

In my sketches of Jekyll, and of Lord Ripon, I have referred to and quoted some of the facetiæ of the day which used to lighten the graver interests and dissipate the angry feelings of dispute and controversy. A spice of good-natured satire is often a sovereign remedy in cases of bitter hostility. It assuages, if it does not remove, the irritation of peccant humours. The often-quoted lines on a Chancery suit before Lord Eldon, with all its Babel pleadings and delays without end, is an amusing example of the fact:—

"Mr. Leech made a speech,
Convincing, learned, and strong;
Mr. Hart, on the other part,
Was tedious and long;
Mr. Parker made that darker
Was dark enough without;
And Mr. Bell spoke so well——
The Chancellor said—'I doubt!'"

On a par with this, when the political views of the party in unison with those of Lord Eldon prevailed, and the Prince Regent resolved to retain his father's ministers, the annexed squib raised a laugh even on the resentful features of disappointment:—

"Ye politicians, tell me, pray,
Why thus with grief and care rent?
The wind has blown the W(h)ig away,
And left the Heir Apparent!"

Continuing in the humorous vein, which was a remarkable characteristic of the learned lord when he exchanged (as he liked well to do) the woolsack for a dining-room chair or sofa in the drawing-room, it was a joke of his that he was "born in a chair-foot"—*chare* being the Newcastle name for a narrow wynd, at the bottom of one of which he first saw

the dim light. To this was added the story of a judge on the Northern circuit, who, unaware of the local distinction from street, proceeded to commit a witness to gaol for contempt of court, in persisting that he saw three men come out of a chare-foot. Not less preposterous was the sentence of an English judge on the Welsh circuit, who fined a grand juror, present in court, for not answering to the name of Hug Pug of Rug (as called from the roll by the clerk of assize), and guilty of the incognito of Hugh Pugh of Rugh!

Few men are gifted with more attractive conversational powers than Lord Eldon. He was always lively and pleasing, and full of anecdote. In the company of accomplished ladies especially, he made himself most agreeable and entertaining; insomuch that I have witnessed the greatest dames in the land contend, by every female art consistent with courtesy, for the prize of sitting next to him at table; and wherever he sat, thence there were sure to emanate the jocund sounds of hilarity and enjoyment. No grave Lord Keeper ever led the brawls with more success than did the Lord Chancellor keep alive the stream of flowing cheerfulness.

His lordship was also fond of the sports of the field, and in his younger days a pretty fair shot, of which he would boast like other sportsmen. Latterly, though he persevered in the wholesome exercise to near the end of his life, it was whispered that his aim was not so good, and (which he never would allow) that silver sometimes stood for lead in bringing home the birds, the fulness of the bag being not always attributable to his own gun. Perhaps, his caution increasing with his years, he doubted about firing till the game flew away out of reach!

It would be very unjust to ascribe Lord Eldon's extreme scrupulousness, and consequently slow decision in weighing and balancing conflicting statements, to any other cause than a conscientious desire to arrive at the right and true. Yet it sometimes amounted to a great legal and judicial grievance. In the most trifling matters the same spirit pre-

vailed. I remember an instance where it was required to ascertain the date of his "call to the Bar," and the clue he furnished for the tracing was nearly to this effect: "Search so and so, a chamber in the Middle Temple, between the hall and the gardens — I think on the ground floor. There certain records are kept. Should you not find it there, consult the roll of the inn, in the keeping, I believe, of the master or somebody else. But if both these should fail you, go to such a place in the City, and I am tolerably sure you will find it there. If not, it is really out of my power to inform you whether it was on the 13th or the 14th of the month." The solution of the question was not worth a pin's point, but it was the nature of the man to be thus minutely precise. With large, over-hanging eyebrows, and a fine dark eye, his look was placid when sedate and serious, and pleasing and animated when engaged on familiar and ordinary occasions. His walk was boorish. To see him walk down from the woolsack to the bar in the House of Peers, was like a ploughman in heavy clay, with loads of it sticking to his heels. Even here his manner was jocular, and his official part performed with great affability. A droll example of this occurred once, when John Clerk, the celebrated Scotch advocate, was pleading, and pronounced several times the word *enow*, for *enough*. The Chancellor drily remarked, "Mr. Clerk, in England we sound the *ough* as *uff* —enuff, not *enow*." "Verra weel, ma Lord," continued the self-possessed pleader, "of this we have said enuff; and I come, ma Lord, to the subdivision of the land in dispute. It was apportioned, ma Lord, into what, in England, would be called pluff-land — a pluff-land being as much land as a pluffman can pluff in one day." His Lordship could withstand the ready repartee no longer, and burst into a laugh that shook the woolsack, saying, "Pray proceed, Mr. Clerk; I know *enow* of Scotch to understand your argument."

To me it is gratifying to recall to memory this high legal authority in his hours of relaxation, when he was indeed

a playful and entertaining companion, mingling curious information and rare intelligence with the common passing topics. Let others quote his recondite judgments and irreversible precedents; it is enow or enuff for me to have sketched a few of the traits which made him a delightful member of refined and intellectual society.

ADDENDA.

LORD ELDON was so entirely a public character, and held so much in view, that I have little I could suppose to be new and of sufficient interest to be added to these few lines. As I have, however, ventured to give an opinion upon his admirable discharge of the duties of Lord Chancellor, I will excuse the presumption by quoting from the generous eulogium of Sir Samuel Romilly the crowning climax, "If he had a fault, it was an over anxiety to do justice!"

Of his social good humour, I remember a very pleasant example in a grandee dinner party given by Mr. Horace Twiss in his small, dark dining-room—I think, with one window to the street—in Serles-street, Lincoln's Inn.* Several Cabinet Ministers were there, and pretty well crowded together—almost what is called a jam, and the Chancellor turned to to make the best of it. It had been joked in the Opposition newspapers, about his domestic economy, that, though the

* Horace Twiss, a member of the gifted Kemble family, was a generally well-informed, kind-natured, and agreeable gentleman. He rose from the literary class to be an M.P. and Under-Secretary of State; but, strange to say, even so short a while ago, this distinction, instead of being welcomed by his brethren of the press, seemed to point him out for their sarcasm and detraction. Owing to this discreditable feeling, and the stings it has left, I am sure that much injustice has been shown towards the talent and true character of Twiss. How delightfully contrasted is the feeling of the present day, when literature has assumed its proper standard; and hails and cheers and helps onward in the race every one bravely enlisted in its ranks, and aiming at the highest offices and honours.

bottle circulated slowly, he loved his wine well enough to drink "any given quantity." He talked of the squib, and reminded the company that he came from the North, where the race of six-bottle giants were not even yet extinct, and, consequently, that he had imbibed some of their predilections, though he dared not hope to vie with them. And then he pretended to push the wine about, and did so in so droll a manner that there was as much merriment as if gentlemanly temperance had not, as in reality it had, been the order of proceeding before the woolsack.

Elsewhere I have noticed the persistent spirit of Lord Eldon in determining to be absolutely correct in the most minute particulars of every subject inquired into; and in the same place another striking characteristic of him is produced—a proof in my opinion how much he disliked what may be called humbug, and is at any rate neither commendable for taste or wisdom. "Of his runaway marriage," says the account (which was submitted to his correction), "I had penned it in all the flourishing style of a penny-a-liner. The finely-poised language occupied about half a page of type, so prettily expressed, and so delicately shaded, that it seemed impossible not to admire it. But what was my feeling of affront when the 'proof' was returned with my beautiful piece of penmanship ruthlessly struck out, and on the margin the following correction, written in the Lord Chancellor's own proper hand:—'Soon after this distinction (gaining the Chancellor's Prize at Oxford in 1781), an event took place which, by uniting him with a helpmate for ever, put Fellowships and College provisions beyond his aim. Eloping with Miss Surtees, the daughter of a banker at Newcastle, to Scotland, they were married, as it has been reported, to the great displeasure of her family.'"

A brace of birds from his own gun could hardly make such a rebuff palateable. He lived to the age of eighty-seven.

EDWARD FORBES.

IN these slight sketches,

"As up the stream of time I try to row,"

calling to memory the "Men I have Known," there is not one name that conjures up more pleasing remembrances than that of Edward Forbes. For information and advice it was impossible to find a wiser counsellor, for an associate in toil a more willing and hard-working partner; while for times of recreation he was the very happiest and gayest, and most captivating of companions. With all these lovable qualities, he is gone. Before age could impair his solid attainments or benumb his brilliant faculties, he was taken from us, this man of rare genius, indefatigable industry, and inexhaustible humour.

Biographies and posthumous memoirs have, I believe, been published respecting him since his lamented death, but no biography can afford a satisfactory idea of Edward Forbes. The ever-changing hues on the neck of a pigeon, as seen in every turn of light and shade, are not more variable than was his versatile mind. I know nothing to compare it with except the feat of the magician who out of a single bottle could pour any sort of liquor his audience called for; so from this magic mind, at call, there could be the outpouring of generous principle, fine spirit, sparkling wit, scientific information, foreign intelligence, sound home sense, or merely entertaining chat! No subject came amiss:

tin, philosophy, or fun, sympathy or satire, pathos or burlesque, he was equally at home—at home in all—and alike richly instructive or pre-eminently amusing, as the influence of the hour prevailed.

A facile pencil to represent to the eye the true image of every natural or ludicrous object that claimed a notice, and a ready pen to embody in touching or jocose verse aught that struck his exuberant fancy, were congenial adjuncts to his manifold accomplishments; and when I add genuine kind-heartedness and impregnable good-nature to his otherwise large scale of endowments, I have but faintly portrayed a character that adorned humanity, and was but too soon lost to loving friends and an admiring world.

The Isle of Man had the honour of his birth, in 1815, and Edinburgh of his education. Medicine, after a trial, was given up as uncongenial, but left useful traces behind, as did his previous study of art in the studio of Mr. Sass in London. But his predilection for painting was not warmly encouraged by his teacher, and the Royal Academy would have nothing to do with his aspiring efforts to become a pupil in that celebrated school. And so he was driven into natural history as a profession, also adventuring his pen in periodical literature as the exponent of his ideas. His first appearance in print was, I believe, in "The Mirror," and his subject his native "Manx Superstitions."

But, innate as was his love of natural history, I have to notice a moral quality, no less potential, which marked his youth and overruled all the years of his life. This was the kindliest love of his fellow-creatures, which showed itself in every thoughtful action. It appeared to be the essence of his mental faculties, and the guiding spring of his universal liberality and benevolence. Candid in weighing others, and meting to their faults or personal offences only the rebuke of temperate censure or good-humoured satire, he was himself one of the most unfailing observers of the Golden Rule, practising it as if simply moved by spontaneous impulse, and

not as from a habit acquired by generous consideration of what might be due to human frailty and error.

Thus, at college, his earliest aspirations were addressed to the formation of social compacts, with some common object or objects in view, and the cultivation of brotherly affections to cement the union. These afforded happy recreation, and cheered the student on with his labours. Forbes's attachment to his brotherhoods was unbounded and enduring. His "Fraters of the Triangle" were companions and friends of the most genial order. I need not speak of their ceremonies or mysteries: all were conducive to innocent pleasures, and all contributed (as similar associations of youth invariably do if wisdom is joined with mirth) to the expansion of the heart and the improvement of the head. As a climax to this Edinburgh fraternal combination, in his twentieth year he not only enrolled a Maga Club, but started a University Magazine, which manfully, or rather boyfully, competed with the astute Blackwood, throughout a dozen of numbers, so full of mirth and frolic that it might be esteemed the prototype of similar popular publications of the present day. Of course the chief of the leading members could not be out of the famous snow-ball riots which at that time caused such a commotion between town and gown; but they all escaped responsibility, and the sensible adoption of conciliatory measures speedily restored the belligerents to harmony and the *status quo*, without impeachment of any grave transgressions; snow-balling being, in fact, an honoured pastime in that northern climate, and supposed to have existed anterior to, or at least contemporaneously with, the glacial period.

In intervals of academic study Forbes travelled, principally in the north of Europe, in pursuit of a practical knowledge of the science of natural history. Diligent were his studies, and most persevering his devotedness to obtain new data whereon to build the comprehensive and masterly theories with which he has enriched it.

I may here as well speak of his dredging operations, which were continued, with increase of appetite, to the close of his active career. On these explorations the love of companionship still haunted him; and the liveliness and dirty slop of the crazy little boat generally employed on these occasions are not to be imagined by landsmen or grave scientific professors of astronomy or mathematics. Perhaps my reader never went out a-dredging. I have indulged in the entertainment; and for the change soon wrought on your internal comfort and external appearance the exploit of descending the depths of a dripping, splashing Cornish mine is, as I can avouch, a joke to it. There is barely room for four, with their knees sticking together, when the trawl is preparing, and their heads knock together when the draught is emptied into the bottom of the boat; and, being arrayed like a Triton, in dulce and tangle, and other sea-weeds, covered with mud and slime, and drowned with salt-water, you have nothing to do but examine the specimens brought to light. And a precious job it is. The refuse slides quickly through your painstaking and pains-feeling hands. Now one inhabitant of the deep revenges your invasion by pricking you with a bone as sharp as a penknife, and another stings you to the quick as you drop the whole cargo you have lifted with a celerity that might be enviable in pure fresh-water fly-fishing, when striking the fish instead of the fish striking you. Presently you hear a zoological shout! Is the boat sinking? No! A living and lively *Holothuria squamata* has been found amid the wrack, with an unaccountable number of tentacula; ample reward for all the drenching of the dredging and fatigue of the haul. And, oh, joy! what is this? A quite new *Chemnitzia rufescens*, with whorls, ribbed, striated, and banded as no creature above the tenth of an inch in size was ever marked before. Raptures increase. An unknown *Rissoa* is dragged up from the abyss; and we are all in high scientific spirits as we deposit our captives in phials of

material spirits—it may be whisky, of which we are glad to take a sip—while, wet and weary, we look down upon a lot of star-fishes, which, under the circumstances, we might gracefully affix to our bosoms as insignia of our Knighthood of the (Sea-)Bath!

Yet it was in this way that Edward Forbes, on the expanse of many a shore, and from the bottom of many a sea, explored the minutest secrets in their keeping, elaborated his theories of the flora and fauna of the ancient world, and traced their distribution over vast regions, now utterly changed. These researches and inductions at once raised him to superior eminence among our foremost men of science, in every line of intellectual pursuit, and, unquestionably, to the head of that particular branch to the study and practical application of which he devoted so large a share of his energies. His "History of British Star-fishes" placed him in the front rank among Europe's scientific naturalists, and every after-addition, in his Reports to the British Association and separate publications, served to reveal the ardour of his character and augment his fame. An expedition to the Ægean, under the auspices of Government, opened new sources for comparison and illustration, and the collections were zealously investigated, and their results stated in a masterly manner.

Returned home again, the annual meetings of the British Association, as usual, presented the fairest theatres for the display of his various powers. Philosophy in sport, and playful attraction in philosophy, rendered "The Wise Week," as the Edinburgh boys called it, always a holiday, equally divided into valuable instruction and social pleasure. With the former it does not belong to such a paper as this to deal more at length. With the latter I may amuse a few moments, though touching regrets are sadly mingled with my recollections.

In my "Traits of Professor Buckland," I have already noticed some of the matters incident to the assemblages of

the British Association, and the sayings and the doings of several of the leading members. The political struggles in 1830-1-2 created an enormous taste for public speaking throughout the country, and at last it got to such a pitch that hardly could three persons meet together without an exhibition of the reigning habit. Of course, public, semi-public, and even moderately numerous private dinners were carried along by the fashion; and, wherever you visited, there were sure to be nearly as many speakers as hearers. Consequently the prandial entertainments of the British Association were not exempt from the oratorical contagion. On the contrary, they were pre-eminent for the fulsome administering of compliments, in superabundance as to number, and generally of the grossest adulation as to language. The chiefs of the sections, the secretaries, the officials of every description, so bespattered each other with flattery that the custom resolved itself into a remorseless bore, which annoyed everybody else; the best method to encounter which was to laugh at and leave it to its own exhaustion. After being assured for the twentieth time that A. was equal to Aristotle, that B. had far outdone Bacon, that C. surpassed Copernicus, and that D. threw Decandolle entirely into the shade, and listening to the gentlemen who were told all this to their faces, diffidently returning thanks for the "unmerited honours" perpetrated upon them (besides toasting their healths in very indifferent wine), it seemed to be time to seek some more rational refuge elsewhere, to recruit the bodies and refresh the minds wearied with the learned discussions all day in the sections. Chance favoured the design for deserting the formal dinner. A few members, on a stroll from Birmingham one day, saw a clean-looking hostelry on the road-side, and flourishing under the sign of the "Red Lion." Here they pitched their tent for the nonce, and enjoyed a pleasant meal, far from the noisy plaudits that greeted the after-dinner speeches of the Association.

Well, the "Red Lion" treat was so appreciated that a group of associates agreed to adopt a day or two during the meetings to dine together. The title of the Red Lions was assumed, and Forbes was elected, by acclamation, president of a club some of the members of which are now among the foremost in the world in every branch of science. That it was a signal relief from the ordinary course hitherto pursued, and a marvellously enjoyable *mêlange* in itself, cultivating scientific sympathies and kindly dispositions, commingling wit and wisdom, may be surmised from the conspicuous position it soon occupied in everything that pertained to the holding of those annual Parliaments of Science.

On these occasions Forbes usually had a new song, containing allusions to the special incidents or locality of the year's meeting. At Cork, the vicinity of the Blarney Stone offered a tempting opportunity to refer to the old failing of the Dons of the Association, and the improvement that had been effected through playful satire. Many, even of Section C (Geology), spurned the invitation to kiss the renowned stone :—

"Once flattery seem'd to council-men
The object of their journey;
But now they're growing wise again,
And leaving off their blarney!"

With all his love of social companionship, Forbes was a man of very temperate habits, and kept good order at these festivals. The nearest approach to irregularity that I remember was once at Edinburgh. It was a year when the astronomers mustered strong, and Lord Rosse's telescope had raised strange questions about nebulæ, and double stars, and other wonders of the heavens. When the club was breaking up from one of its festive "feeds" far on in the night, some one proposed that they, the Lions, should ascend the Calton Hill, which is crowned by the Obser-

vatory, and verify the astronomical reports. Having repaired thither, Forbes declared (with sly hit at the Scottish love of whisky-toddy) that none of the stars were fixed, and all were double! One of this volunteer party of star-gazers was the well-known Mr. Ransome of Ipswich, who had bought a cup of Robert Burns, as a memorial of Scotland. On this relic he caused the names of the whole party to be engraved, and for the subsequent meeting of the Association at Ipswich, invited them all to meet again round his hospitable table.

The Red Lions mystified every circle round the centres of the Association, and led to the most amusing conjectures in the localities where they blazoned their symbols with red chalk upon rocks and walls, till at last the great Dons were forced to yield to the infection, and acknowledge the *imperium in imperio;* and the club flourished, not only throughout the land, but established head-quarters in an old tavern in a Fleet-street court in the capital, and there gave a dinner to the Prince of Canino and the foreign scientific visitors of the year, at which it would not be easy to say whether the strangers were most astonished or delighted; at any rate, they beat the Lions themselves in wagging their (coat) tails, and in their roar, and in their enthusiasm.

The unbending of the bow with harmless hilarity and discretion has been recommended by the ablest and soundest authorities, secular and divine, in every age and country. I remember going to Sir Astley Cooper's in Herts. I found him on the lawn playing at leap-frog with his juniors; and a friend of mine, under like circumstances, discovered Francis Jeffrey at the same amusement. You never catch stupid fellows or fools at such derogatory sports. Absolute idlers can have but a faint, if any, sense of the enjoyment of persons who have no idle time, and who can refresh their wasted spirits even by joining in the recreations of childhood, and brace their nerves to the renewal of hard work by mingling in the cordial gusto of social relaxation.

With the humour of a Rabelais for applying ridicule as one of the minor (and often erroneous) tests of truth, Professor Forbes never forgot the suitable occasion for proclaiming and defending it. On his own subjects, practical and profound in judgment, and able and acute in argument, his scientific knowledge and its philosophical application were of a very forcible order. What he wrote he wrote well, for he wrote thoughtfully; and what he said he said well, for he spoke aptly and clearly. He was consequently an eminent ornament to literature, and a distinguished figure upon the public platform. In short, he was, and he deserved to be, exceedingly popular wherever he was and whatever he undertook or did. I hope I have not done him injustice and undervalued him by dwelling so much upon his sprightly relaxations and witty sallies.

Inured to bachelorhood (a subject on which he wrote pleasantly so late as 1848), having embalmed dodos, and sea-serpents, and oysters, and many other subjects of, and as many not of, natural history, in the happiest vein of comic verse, at last the bolt fell, and the philosopher yielded to the vocation. How he wooed and won in earnest it is not for me to guess; but I can quote a specimen of his drollery when, as a palæontologist, he seemed to be wooing in play with a "Valentine:"—

"Borne upon Pterodactyl's wing,
This heart, which once you deem'd of stone,
Model of maids! to thee I bring,
And offer it to thee alone.

Not Owen, pondering o'er bone
Of great Dinornis, fonder grew
Of mighty wingless birds unknown
Than I, sweet maid, of you.

The Glyptodon, which Darwin found
Beside the South Atlantic main,
Was in no harder armour bound
Than that my spirit did enchain;

Till, bade by thee, Love rent in twain
The fetters which my fancy tied
To boulder, glacier, and moraine,
And bore me to thy side!

Like some fantastic Trilobite
That perish'd in Silurian sea,
And long lay hid from mortal sight,
So was the heart I yield to thee.

Now from its stony matrix free,
Thy palæontologic skill
Once more hath call'd it forth to be
The servant of thy will."

Married to a young lady of good family and graceful manners, I know not how it conformed with the past for my friend to adapt himself to the different classes of society which rather belong to fashionable than to free life. It was a considerable change; but still he had a loveable partner and a refined home. Poor lady! sorrows have flowed to her since she lost a husband worth fifty heirs to the peerage.

On the death of the veteran Professor Jamieson, the election of Forbes to the chair of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh was unanimously hailed as the installation of the right man in the right place, and did indeed promise much for the advancement of science and of the fame and interests of the Northern school. But it was not to be. Soon, too soon, the hopes already fruiting were cut off by the premature death of this very remarkable man, rarely gifted by nature with many and various eminent qualities, raised aloft, even to the height of science, by indefatigable study and labour; genial, kind-hearted, humorous, peculiar, singular; a combination such as we seldom see the seal set upon, to give us the assurance of a man to be esteemed, admired, and lamented in whatever light he was known. Truly we shall not look upon his like again!

ADDENDA.

Of my gifted friend Edward Forbes I could write a volume! Correspondence, opinions upon the prominent, literary, and scientific topics of the times, *jeux d'esprit* in prose and verse, and pleasing miscellanies of many a shape and hue, almost distract my attention; and, then, I get so enthralled with the unarranged and unarrangeable confusion of wisdom and drollery, that I cannot turn away to commit (as best I might) any tolerable notion of the mass to paper. I can, therefore, only add "a thing of shreds and patches."

But while alluding to his happy flow of spirits, I should not forget to state that on graver occasions he was constitutionally very diffident, and that he had during a long period to contend against fits of sickness, brought on, probably, by his too frequent exposure, in his dredging pursuits, to the weather, and the arduous nature of his foreign travels. Of a public lecture (received with immense applause), which he delivered in Southwark, for the benefit of a Literary Institution there, he wrote to me that his nervousness was so great, he feared he had not made himself understood; and, repeatedly, the fever which broke out from his intromission with "the Xanthian poison," was the cause of disappointing me of anticipated pleasant meetings. And yet he would sport with the verse on the Roast Porcupine as a relief, and in one of his notes, he can even jest with the suffering which confined him to his bed, a painful inflammation of the kidneys, which he denominated "the potato disease."

"The Reminiscence of Xanthus, by a Histricophagous Traveller," has been so often quoted in various publications, that I will only copy the last verse from the original manuscript.

"Talk of your turtle! No Alderman
Fed upon green fat and fin,
Deserves by a cook to be call'd a man,
If Porky his heart couldn't win.

My faith conscientious is, if he came
To Lycia, he'd never repine,
Nor sigh for the white-bait of silver Thame,
Over COLD ROAST PORCUPINE!"

Under the *nomme de plume* of the deeply learned Irish Professor O'Mullins, a far-west hedge schoolmaster of enormous talent, jocosely did he mete out his witty stream of spiced irony on some of our leaders in science, and the follies and pretensions of the sciences they taught: not without a sly touch at the versatile Buckland. "Boys," he would say, "be aisy—don't overwork. *Generalise*, boys; *generalise!* that's your sort. Read German—harder the better. Lump your reading together, and swear it's a generalisation. But mind ye, boys, when ye publish your generalisations, and lecture on your discoveries, always forget to mention where you got them. The world won't miss it, nor think the worse of ye! It was from neglecting to consult foreign sources of information, that half the discoveries of English philosophers were found to have been already made, and half our new creatures already described." And his first illustrative incursion was into phytology, and a luscious parody on Goethe,

"To a pretty maid talking as the wise man was walking;"

and he taught her botany, descanting wonderfully on plants,—

"Just mark the progression—the handsome procession,
By degrees (like the doctor's), first blossom, then fruit-making,
The fair plant arises—how the seed first surprises
You and I, and itself coming up from the earth-quaking!
Attracted by good light—real solar, not Bude light."

And so on through the growth till the lecturer

> "Got the fact up,
> To think that the foliage, so grand in its old age,
> Like an egg in a bottle, in the seed first was packed up!"

The next raid is into the realm of natural history, with its minutiæ and circumlocution; and terminates with "the Anatomy of the Oyster," which the Professor divides into two orders; first the "Green," which suffer themselves to be taken without fattening, and are, after all, not worth the trouble of catching, and the second the "Natives," or true Daniel Lamberts, which grow fat in their beds, and never leave them except when invited to a pleasant party and good company. Here is one stanza of the five equally demonstrative—

> "The fringes that circle his body,
> Which epicures think should be clear'd,
> Are the animal's lungs—for, 'tis odd, he
> Like a foreigner, breathes through his beard!
> And among all his memorabilia,
> Than this structure there's none half so queer,
> Though Sharpey may say they are *cilia*,
> A wiser contrivance to 'speer,'
> Let him try!"

But the O'Mullins on Discoveries at large, diverges more, as might be expected, into generalisation: in his you thhe "settled upon the brains of his contemporaries" to extract them; and in his maturity he came bravely out with, and demonstrated that Discoveries were of two kinds,—"those made before a thing is found out, and those made after." He illustrated this view of the question by instances carefully selected from the history of science, and denounced the popular error that finding out a thing for the first time, or developing a law never thought of before, was a discovery! For no sooner was such a pretence set up, than others came forward to prove that the discovery was made by somebody

else, or that he, the objector, had done the very same thing himself. Geology and the Glacial theory came in for a rub; and the claims so frequently put forth in the name of Agassiz are compared through his eulogist with the "omniscient vice-chancellor of German literature, the many-sided Goethe," and whimsically ridiculed.

Arago's persistent denial of the merit of any remarkable invention or discovery to England, and assertion that they were all French; and the later dispute between Le Verrier and Adams might bear upon this proposition; but Forbes had enough for his pun and fun-making. He darts into the tube of the microscope, though "a narrow way and a slippery," as a sure high road to scientific fame, for there "ye can be an anatomist without knowing anatomy, a botanist without botany, a chemist without chemistry, and a zoologist without zoology: and thus runs the "*Chanson Microscopique.*"

"Of all the late discoveries of later years made known,
There are few like those which Ehrenberg* is finding out in stone;
No wonder that philosophers about them write and talk;
For he shows that animalculæ are even *up to chalk!*
Oh, my eye!
What a help is a microscope to my eye!

Where'er the mighty Prussian goes, there rotifers are too,
And stuffing them with indigo, he makes them all look blue;
Rock, mud, and water, clay and sand, to find them he explores,
And since of late he's ta'en to *chalk*, he opens many *scores.*
Oh, my eye, &c.

The little brutes invisible, he everywhere finds out;
Through land and sea their skeletons are scattered about;
Our very walls their tiny skins have furnish'd with the plaster:
A *hard* fate truly theirs when dead, to turn to alabaster!
Oh, my eye, &c.

* Ehrenberg's discoveries of innumerable organisms was a complete rage, and costly portfolios of engravings of the monsters inundated the press of Germany and England.

Yet when alive, although so small, these microscopic animals
Ferociously each other munch, like Australasian cannibals;
And to indulge this appetite, which delicate as great is,
Each carries, pack'd up in his trunk, a cooking apparatus!
Oh, my eye, &c.

Odd appellations have they got, to suit their forms so strange,
Which twist, and turn, and wheel about, with everlasting change!
Odd places are their habitats, yet wherefore should we doubt,
If monsters so extravagant be sometimes up the spout!
Oh, my eye, &c.

No living thing is made in vain—a law who dare deny?
So infusorials were made in water to supply
Tea-totallers with nourishment; and, now we also know,
Grog doth its strength to volvices and not to spirits owe!
Oh, my eye, &c.

Thus Ehrenberg's discoveries lead to this grand conclusion
(That is, supposing all be right, and barring all delusion)—
That little folks look big among the less distinguish'd classes,
According to the quality and number of the glasses!
Oh, my eye!
What a help a microscope is to my eye!"

This playful effusion is succeeded by some entertaining lines on the "Wonders of Science," as the Comet, then the object of common talk and controversy, enlivened with some comparisons of living celebrities; but I will not follow this particular track any farther, and, sorry at having to limit my specimens to small disjointed bits, leave the rest (I wish it might be for publication hereafter in a collection of Forbes's Miscellanies) to a period I shall never see, even through the microscope! But I must return to my friend the Dodo, *who* furnished matter for prolonged jest and merriment, besides that noticed in the sketch of Dr. Buckland. The quarto volume published by Mr. Strickland and Dr. Melville had lent additional interest to the arguments founded upon the remains of this nearly two hundred years extinct bird, and its kindred, affecting the periodical

creation of new animal life, or the continuation of species (with a select difference) *à la* Darwin. The fanciful restoration of their quaint-looking figures, and the importance attached to the discussion, was exactly of a nature to provoke the sportive muse of Forbes, and thus he sang the Dodo :—

THE FATE OF THE DO-DO.

An Ornithological Romance.

Do-do! Vasco de Gama*
Sail'd from the Cape of Good Hope with a crammer,
How he had met, in the Isle of Mauritius,
A very queer bird what was not very vicious,
Call'd by the name of a Do-do;
And all the world thought what he said was true.

Do-do! This wonderful creature
Exhibited one most remarkable feature,
That though it was plain he a bird was by his bill,
Devil a wing was on either side visible,
Sich a do-do-do!
There's nothing like finding out something new.

Do-do! A Dutchman shot him,
And look'd at the bird's latter end when he got him,
Where, wondrous to mention, of tail there was not a trace,
But five little curling grey feathers he'd got in place.
Jist a do-do-do!
No wonder Mynheer look'd puzzled and blue.

Do-do! Our bird was no Cupid,
But preciously ugly and grievously stupid;
So the sailors at first, though for fun they befriended him,
For a taste of his gizzard 'fore long put an end to him:
Yet the do-do-do
Might have lived on if he could have *flew!*

---

* Mr. Strickland decidedly objects to Vasco de Gama having his name mentioned as the first discoverer of the Do-do. Vasco, it is said, saw only a penguin. But as Vasco de Gama sounds infinitely

Do-do! The Hollander boil'd him,
And spitchcock'd his gizzard, and otherwise spoil'd him;
And to prove what an eatable species of bird he'd caught,
The claws and the bill of his dinner aboard he brought—
Do-do-do-do—
All that remain'd of a genus quite new!

Do-do! Although we can't see him,
His picture is hung in the British Museum;
For the creature itself, we may judge what a loss it is
When its claw and its bill are such great curiosities,
Do-do! Do-do!
Ornithologists all have been puzzled by you!

Do-do! Monsieur de Blainville,
Who hits very hard all the nails on his anvil,
Maintains that the bird was a vulture rapacious,
And neither a wader nor else gallinaceous;
A do-do; a do-do,
And not a cock-a-doodle-doo!

Do-do! John Edward Gray, sir,
Doubted what Mr. de Blainville did say, sir,
And held that the bird was a rank imposition,
And that the old Dutchman had seen a vile vision—
A do-do! a regular do!
And didn't believe one word was true!

Do-do! Alas for our wisdom!
Strickland has come to the judgment and his doom,
By a hole in the head and a bone with a ridge on,
So that our *rara avis* is only a pigeon,
Our do-do only a doo,
A regular doo, like a turtle-doo!

Do-do! Yet I have a fancy
That we in the mystery something more can see—
That Vasco de Gama, jist begging his pardon,
Cotch'd a gull with clipp'd wings in a blackamoor's garden,
And call'd this do, a do-do.
And the bill and claws saved from the poultry stew!

---

better in verse than Captain Von Neck, the true discoverer, the poet avails himself of the licence accorded to his tribe.

Moral.

Do-do! Alas! there are left us
No more remains of the *didus ineptus*,
And so, in the progress of science, all prodigies
Must die, as the palm-trees will some day at Loddiges,
And like our wonderful do-do,
Turn out not worth the hullabaloo! *

I am aware that this humorous disputing with scientific problems may not be so much to the taste of the general reader, as to those conversant with the subject; but their productions were always happy moments to me. I had a warm affection for Forbes, and my sympathies have survived the lapse of years.

"I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear——"

---

* The humour of this bit of philosophy in sport will be apparent enough to every one present at the British Association, where the description of *the Dodo*, a bird found on three islands of the Indian Archipelago by the early Portuguese navigators, and only extinct within the last two centuries, occupied the long evening lecture by Mr. Strickland on Monday, and hours of discussion in Section D on the following morning; when, in spite of the Prince of Canino's contending for its being of the cock-a-doodle species, it was generally voted to be a gigantic pigeon, and a percher, though destitute of wings. The subject gave rise to some diversion among graver inquiries. Since our return from the congress, another pleasant correspondent has sent us the following:—

"First verse of a ditty intended to be sung in opposition to Professor Forbes's verses on the Dodo, at one of the dinners of the *Red Lions* at Oxford, 1847.

Of all the queer birds that ever you'd see,
The Dodo's the queerest of *Columbidæ*,
For all her life long she ne'er sat on a tree,
And when the Dutch came, away went she.
Tee wit, tee woo, I'd have you to know,
There ne'er was such a bird as our famed Dodo.

I. O. W."

And upon this feeling (or failing it may be thought in a literary point of view), I venture with yet a little more of my lamented friend. I have reminiscences of much not known to be his writing, and some things in manuscript that may, and others that could not well, see the light, on account of their pungent sarcasm upon offensive incidents which are better forgotten with those whose memories they would slur. Not so his didactic Culinary poetry to the famous cook Ude—

> "He, whose great art is so beloved by man,
> All wish to pot the 'universal Pan;'"

and rattling on with a hit here and there, as at Laureate Southey's "puff" introduction to Madoc—

> "Come, listen to a tale of times of old,
> Come, for ye know me——
> Come listen to my lay;'

which our satirist parodies on the introduction of the fish:

> "Ye Ichthyologists! to you I say,
> As Southey sings—come, listen to my lay!
> Come, listen to my lay! Ye shall be told
> Far better things than 'tales of times of old!'"

And so they are through all the festive studies of the dinner-table. Father Mathew's teatotal voyage to China, unlucky Dr. Lardner in a sad scrape, the famous Sea Serpent, cropped up all in their turn, and were suitably handled. Of the last, which Charles Swain exalted—

> "Behemoth and dragon old,
> All in song or story told,
> Vast and strange;
> Are as minnows unto me—
> Floating roods upon the sea,
> In my range.
> * * * *

Monarch of the main am I,
And my title to deny,
Who shall dare?"

Forbes, after reciting all Captain M'Quae's marvellous account, sang that

"Owen came down
Slap on its crown,
And put an extinguisher on its renown;
Determined the beast's proper nature to ferret, he
Dissected its picture with awful severity."

And concludes—

"So our nautical friends would do well to look steadier,
Next time they stir up the *P. Proboscidia!*"

I am sorely tempted by a song rehearsing the "Return from Dudley by water;"* and another celebrating the feats of "Dredging;" but must reluctantly leave them, in order to bring my *rechauffé* to a close. Mr. Forbes was as facile and humorous with his pencil as with his pen. On returning with him in the steam-packet from Ireland, there was hardly a Paddy or a pig that he did not sketch with most laughable fidelity, whether as accurate portraits or caricatures. And such a scene it was to paint! The tumultuous intermixture of the human and animal passengers—the difficulty, in some of the groups, to distinguish men from beasts, so common were the likenesses—and indeed all the accessories to this voyage are impressed upon my memory by his delightful companionship, as if they were of the date of yesterday. His fount of entertainment and instruction never ceased to flow.

E. Forbes.

* By a section of the British Association *savants*, after visiting Lord Dudley's stupendous works.

So much has been said and written about the famous Red Lions, I hope their original charter and representation in the Den may be acceptable :—

RULES adopted by the RED LION SECTION of the BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

1st.—Birmingham Members of the Red Lion to be alone considered as old Members of the Section.

2nd.—Any person being a Life Member of the Association, or an Annual Member, who is likely to promote the several objects that the Association has in view, may, on being recommended by five Members of the Red Lion Section to the President, be balloted for, and, if approved of by three-fourths of the Meeting then assembled, become a Member of the Section.

3rd. The President, Vice-President, and original Members now present at York, may nominate Members without resorting to the foregoing Rule, but at all future Meetings of the Association, that Rule shall be strictly adhered to.

4th. Members may, through the President or Vice-President, introduce a Member of the Association as a strange visitor to any of the Section's Dinners; but those Members of the Association are not to be considered as Members of the Red Lion Section.

5th. Every Member of the Section will be expected to attend, as far and as often as he possibly can, to the Dinners of the Red Lion Section.

6th. Every Member who shall wilfully neglect to attend to the Dinners of the Section, shall, for every case of such neglect, forfeit the sum of 2*s.* 6*d.* (to be appropriated as the Members then present may direct), and shall be liable to be expelled the Section; and any Member not attending three consecutive meetings of the Association shall forfeit his claim to Membership, but may be re-elected on giving proper and satisfactory explanation for such non-attendance.

7th. In all transactions concerning the Red Lion Section, Fifteen Members will be required to form a quorum, or two-thirds of the Members then on the list of the Section.

8th. The foregoing Rules can only be altered at a General Meeting of Members called together for that purpose, at any of the future Meetings of the Association, and any change must be carried by a majority of two-thirds of the Members then present.

Signed at York this 28th day of September, 1844.

President.

HENRY L. LINDSAY, C.E., M.R.I.A., &c.

Vice-President.

EDWARD FORBES, F.L.S.

Original Members.

CHARLES C. BABINGTON, M.A., F.L.S.
EDWIN LANKESTER, M.D., F.L.S.
JAS. EDW. WINTERBOTTOM, M.A., F.L.S.

In pursuance of Rule 3, *we hereby elect the following gentlemen Members of the Red Lion Section, their Date of Membership to commence at York:—*

Rob. Ball, M.R.I.A.
Professor I. H. Balfour, M.D., F.R.S.E., &c.
Professor D. T. Ansted, F.G.S.
Wm. Jerdan.
Professor G. J. Allman, M.D., M.R.I.A.
Hugh E. Strickland, F.G.S.
Dr. J. Percy.
Professor Richard Owen, F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. &c.
John Shuttleworth.
L. L. B. Ibbetson, F.G.S.
Dr. Lyon Playfair.
Harry D. S. Goodsir, M.W.S.
Robt. McAndrew.
Bindon Blood, F.R.S.E.
John Goodsir.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

NO green turf covers the grave of Franklin. The drifting snow and benumbing ice shroud his remains, and the howling Arctic blast for ever and ever repeats his requiem, and spreads its wailing dirge over the desolation where the gallant seaman is laid to rest. His enterprise is over. Those elements against which he persevered with such daring constancy vanquished him at last; and he has only given an immortal name and interest to a spot which human foot can rarely tread, and human sympathies but faintly penetrate. Yet many a mournful look is cast in that direction; many an eye glistens when the sad tale is told; and many a touching voice breathed the universal feeling—even anxious to learn if a cairn of stones or shred of England's flag might exist, to point the ken of the explorer to the sacred couch where sleeps the brave.

I never looked upon a man whose features afforded less idea of his character than did those of Captain Franklin. They were of the genuine English type gently modified, as if the meaning of the name had descended from his Franklin origin, and the rough freeholder of Plantagenet times had softened into the gentleman of our day. There was nothing of the sternness of command, nor even of the firmness of endurance which so greatly distinguished him. He appeared to be neither very robust nor very hardy, but possessed of a calm quietude of aspect and placid ease of demeanour, which one could scarcely think adequate to the toils he went through, the dangers he encountered, and the difficulties he

overcame. Yet was fortitude his special endowment: I do not believe he knew what fear was. No perils appalled him. He sought and met them throughout his life-career with equal heart. His duty was before him, and his conduct to the end was calmly heroic.

To sketch his life among the men I have known would have been a sadly-pleasing task to me; but I am saved the office by a document, which I am sure will interest the readers of "The Leisure Hour." It consists of the holograph notes on a memoir published in "The Mirror," and is so characteristic of the man, that I offer it verbatim from his own handwriting, to the readers of my brief sketches, which, I beg it always to be remembered, have no pretence to be biographies, but simply, by the preservation of a few traits within my own observation, to illustrate some striking qualities in the individual.

MS. Memorandum from Sir John Franklin.

"No. 1.* Mr. Franklin was one of two midshipmen who were appointed to attend Captain Flinders whenever he made any excursions in boats, or visited the shore, for the purposes of more closely examining the nature of the country, and of taking angles for the continuance of his survey, and thus was early instructed under that able navigator in the duties required in voyages of discovery.

"No. 2. This bank was formed of the *débris* of the coral reefs, without a blade of vegetation, and only about a quarter of a mile in circumference. It was three hundred miles distant from the nearest part of the coast of New Holland. There were ninety-four persons in the whole on the bank. (See an interesting account of the wreck, and our occupations, by Mr. Purden, the surgeon, which appeared in one of the volumes of the 'Naval Register,') and also Flinders' 'Voyage to Australia.'

* These numbers refer to points in the published memoir.

"No. 3. Mr. Franklin went to Canton with his commander, Lieut. Fowler, in the *Rolla*, merchant-ship, and from thence embarked on board the *Earl Camden*. The following circumstance took place on their passage to England. Mr. Franklin had charge of the signals in the action.

"No. 4. Mr. Franklin, having the charge of the signal department on that occasion, by the express direction of his captain, was, from his situation, stationed on the poop; and, from the circumstances of the *Bellerophon* being actually engaged yard-arm and yard-arm with the *L'Aigle*, a French 74, for near an hour and a half, was exposed, with his companions, to the galling fire of musketry that was continuously poured from the tops of the enemy upon the *Bellerophon;* and of forty companions stationed in that part at the commencement of the action, only seven, of which number he was one, escaped either death or wounds. I have mentioned an action of coolness and intrepidity in one of Mr. Franklin's companions, named Christopher Beaty, the senior yeoman of the signals, and of an honourable forbearance on the part of the enemy. The ship's ensigns having been twice shot away and rehoisted, on their being brought down a third time in the same way, Beaty exclaimed, 'Well, that's too bad: the fellows will say we have struck;' and, seizing a Union Jack, he jumped up the mizzen-rigging, and stopped the corners the whole breadth of the rigging, in the most cool manner; but, during this period, the men in the enemy's top, who never before allowed a person to show himself without firing at him, refrained altogether while Beaty was employed in this gallant act, and stood looking, and no doubt admiring his noble conduct.

"After the battle of Trafalgar, Mr. Franklin served in the *Bellerophon*, in the Channel grand fleet, and the Rochefort squadron, under Admiral Cornwallis, Lord St. Vincent, and Sir Richard Strachan.

"No. 5. The whole of this attack (Rochefort) deserves to be more noticed than it has yet been, as it was one of the

most daring and peculiar boat services that occurred in the war. Mr. Franklin was in the command of the *Bellerophon's* boats, and was the first to board one of the schooners, whose commander surrendered to him.

"No. 6. By the general officers, as well as the naval commander-in-chief, he was mentioned in these official despatches. Mr. Franklin was attached with a party of seamen to that part of the expedition under Captain White Thornhill, which succeeded in carrying the fort on the left bank of the Mississippi.

"No. 7. Her first cruise afterwards was to convey H.R.H. the Duchess d'Angoulême to France, on the restoration of the Bourbons; and in consequence Mr. Franklin has since that time had the honour of being very graciously received by Madame la Dauphine, at Paris. The *Bedford*, while Mr. Franklin was in her, accompanied the late King of Portugal to the Brazils, and the *Bedford* also had the honour of being placed as one of the squadron under the orders of H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence, when he escorted the allied sovereigns to this country.

"No. 8. This appointment was given at the recommendation of the late Sir Joseph Banks, who was an early friend and patron of Mr. F——. This expedition can scarcely be called collateral with the other; for it had quite a different and specific object, and entirely independent of that of Captain Ross.—See Introduction to Parry's 'Voyage to the North Pole,' relative to Franklin's proposition of that service, in 1819.

"No. 9. This, in fact, was an important object of the expedition, because, if the junction with Parry could have been effected, it is evident that the continuity of the work eastward, from the Copper-mine River to Repulse Bay, or Melville Peninsula, might have been inferred, though not actually traced; and, at any rate, the opening to the Atlantic would have been assumed.

"No. 10. It is not alone Arctic geography, which was a

very important point for this expedition, but the amending the very defective maps of our territories north of the Lake Winnipeg, and the making collections of natural history.

"HONOURS CAPTAIN FRANKLIN HAS RECEIVED.

"In August, 1827, on his return from his second voyage, the corporation of the city of New York did him the honour of presenting to him the memoir published by a committee of the common council at the celebration of the completion of the New York canals, and the medal struck on that occasion. A deputation of the corporation did him and Dr. Richardson the honour of waiting on them to make this presentation. The cover of the book bears this inscription:—'Presented, by the city of New York, to Captain Franklin, R.N., Commander of the Land Arctic Expedition, 1827.'

"In 1829, the Geographical Society of Paris did him the honour of voting its gold medal, value twelve hundred francs, to Captain F., for the discoveries and researches made in his second voyage, and also made him a member of the said society, which honour they likewise conferred on his able coadjutor and friend, Dr. Richardson.

"April, 1829, his Majesty was pleased to confer upon him the honour of knighthood, and in July, the University of Oxford that of D.C.L., at the same time with his friend Sir Edward Parry.

"Captain Franklin is a Fellow of the Royal and Geological Societies, Member of the Astronomical Society of London, Honorary Member of the Wernerian Society, and of the Philosophical Society of Bristol, and Corresponding Member of the Geographical Society.

"Entered the Navy in October, 1800, was made Acting-Lieutenant in 1807, and Lieutenant confirmed in February, 1808, Commander in February, 1821, and Post-Captain in November, 1822."

Since this was written, a long interval has elapsed, and Sir John Franklin's services and exploits have been too great and too patent not to be familiar to the public. Fourteen years old at the battle of Copenhagen, which overthrew one of the most dangerous confederations that ever threatened England's weal—the nephew of the scientific and enterprising Flinders—a signal-middy at Trafalgar —a partaker (commodore *pro tem.*) in Dance's celebrated commercial belligerent engagement—a leader in the devoted Arctic expeditions—such a man appeared to be born and educated for fame, and he has not failed to leave an illustrious name to his successors in blood—though that name may be lost in female descent. I was intimate with him at the time of his first marriage, and was well acquainted with the accomplished lady. She was the daughter of Mr. Porden, a distinguished architect, and distinguished herself as a poet in the path of literature. In 1823 she was a bride, and she died in less than a week after her husband departed on his next expedition, 1825-6-7.

One daughter was the fruit of their brief union, who, when grown to womanhood, brought her father and mother both vividly to my recollection.

After his return from the voyage just noticed, Sir John Franklin, in 1829, married a second time, Miss Griffin, daughter of a gentleman well known in the City, and also in literary circles, where his benevolence was freely exercised. Her unwearied perseverance and devotion of herself and fortune to ascertain the realities of his long doubtful and lamented loss, will never be forgotten whilst the admiration of virtuous emotions and noble conduct fills the bosom of the British people. Previous to his last departure, Franklin suffered from a severe cold, and looked ill and worn-out. But his spirits were buoyant, and he hoped that every ailment would cease when he was once afloat, and (laughing) said there could be no colds among the Arctic icefields and icebergs. In fact, his health was perfectly restored, and it

was only when nature was exhausted by fatigue and privations that the gallant sufferer sunk, a little while before his mourning associates succumbed to the same dreadful destiny.

ADDENDA.

SINCE writing the foregoing, my old compeer, Mr. John Timbs, has enabled me to refer to "The Mirror" (No. 147, June 25th, 1825), in which the Memoir, annotated for me by Captain Franklin, appeared; and has thus put it in my power to make several points more clear than could be gathered from the closely-written manuscript.

No. 1. Was in the *Investigator*, 1802-3, engaged in hydrographical surveys on the coast of New Holland.

No. 2. When Captain Flinders, in the *Porpoise*, accompanied by the *Cato*, on their passage homewards, struck on a coral reef on the coast of New South Wales, and nearly a hundred men, with what they could save from the wreck, remained on shore about two months before they were relieved by a vessel from Port Jackson.

No. 3. The famous fight with Admiral Linois, where a fleet of East-India ships and Bombay merchant ships beat off a French line-of-battle ship, two heavy frigates, a sloop of war, and a brig of eighteen guns. It was there Franklin had charge of the signals.

No. 4. On his return to England he joined the *Bellerophon*, and shared in the glories of Trafalgar, where also he had charge of the signals.

No. 5. Still in the *Bellerophon*.

No. 6. In the *Bedford*, under the gallant Sir Pulteney Malcolm, during eight years on the Brazil and West-India stations, in which he greatly distinguished himself, and was promoted to be first lieutenant.

No. 7. Original information.

No. 8. Corrects the minor account that the contemporary expedition of 1818, the *Dorothea*, Captain Buchan, and *Trent*, Lieutenant Franklin, was collateral with that of the *Isabella*, Captain John Ross, and *Alexander*, Lieutenant Parry.

No. 9. Expedition in the *Prince of Wales*, 1819, and No. 10, both relating to the efforts to lay down a fairly accurate line of the Northern American coast.

These are dry matters; but nothing that throws a light upon the career of such a man as Franklin, and especially when ascertained under his own hand, has appeared to me to be undeserving of preservation. Again I would revert to Miss Porden's poem, "The Arctic Expedition" (1818), which had cheered on the voyage preceding, and I believe led to her marriage with the intrepid navigator soon after his return:—

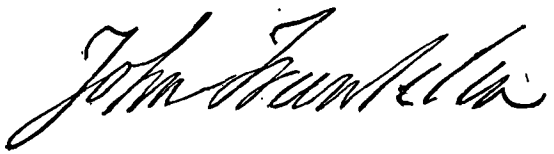
"Sail, sail, adventurous barks! go fearless forth,
Storm on his Glacier-seat, the misty North—
Give to mankind the inhospitable zone,
And Britain's trident plant in seas unknown.
Go! sure, wherever science fills the mind,
Or grief for man long severed from his kind,
That anxious natures watch the changing gales,
And prayers and blessings swell your flagging sails!"

The allusion in these lines to the inhabitants of lost Greenland, should any of the unfortunate colonists have survived, excited a fine vein of compassion in the breast of the fair writer, and she breathes an uncertain lament, which touches the reader's heart, as a vague, half-prophetic picture of what was, in the time to come, destined to be realized for those she loved. The apostrophe runs thus:—

"Oh! has their sight
Been strained o'er glowing realms of dreary white,
While each clear iceberg, floating o'er the main,
Seemed a white sail, and opened hope again;

Till, fancied outcasts, both of heaven and man,
Even to their hearts the piercing coldness ran;
O'er blasted fields they rolled their stiffening eyes,
And sunk the victims of the unpitying skies."

How many brave efforts have been made to elucidate every particular of the sad, sad tragedy, which was enveloped in the fate of our daring countrymen—far more deeply interesting than the broader history of the lost Greenland colony—I will not stop to enumerate. It is an honour to humanity that France and America have sent forth noble natures to meet as many dangers and hazard their lives with equal fearlessness as the sons of Britain themselves, in the hope of finding, and it might be of saving, the gallant souls who perished in the last fatal enterprise!



JOHN GALT.

IT has been a very customary theme to lament the fate of the actor, who, however richly gifted or widely popular, is doomed to pass away from the stage of life, leaving only a vague tradition and a shadowy name behind. The same fate, however, awaits the popular author, even though he has been able to bequeath enduring proofs of his talents to posterity. With but a few exceptions of world-wide renown, the most successful authors achieve a fame hardly less ephemeral than the actors who are forgotten with the fall of the curtain and the extinction of the lights. The similitude is mortifying, but true. The Dickenses and Thackerays of our day must submit to the doom of oblivion, and leave but a name, like the Richardsons and Fieldings of a past generation. New literary idols rise up to be the admiration and wonder of the multitude during their little hour. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

I was thrown into this train of thought by seeing in the newspapers the name of Galt as one of the leading commissioners sent from Canada to our Government to negotiate and determine the great colonial confederation question. This, I said, must be the son of my old and estimable friend John Galt, the author of the "Ayrshire Legatees," the "Annals of the Parish," and a whole host of other productions of striking character and merit. Why, even amid the pother of periodical, and turmoil of railroad literature, should the exceedingly clever volumes of Galt be so unaccountably neglected, and his very name sound like that of a stranger in the reading world? Local scenes and the portraiture of oddities,

and also the use of the Scotch vernacular, may have had some effect; but what were and are wonderful attractions in Scott can never be deemed blemishes sufficient to blot out the racy humour in the life pictures of his compatriot. Some of these scenes are worthy of standing by the side of a Wilkie or a Faed, so true are they to provincial peculiarities, and so faithful to national character.

But John Galt, fertile in authorship as he was, was not a mere author, whose outline of life could be traced in his writings. He was a man of great activity of mind, extensive travel, and prolific enterprise. On the Continent he saw much, and mixed in intercourse with the set of which Lord Byron was the Corypheus, and told us some particulars of their doings. But America was the grand field for his exertion. His splendid project for the allocation of lands and improvement of Upper Canada evinced the sagacity and comprehensiveness of a constructive and legislative faculty which is rarely met with even among the ablest and most experienced statesmen. The plans were adopted by powerful moneyed interests at home, and the originator was deputed to proceed to the colony and superintend the carrying of his imperial design into effect. How seldom does the sower reap the harvest of his inventions or far-sighted measures which enrich the world and tend to promote the welfare of mankind! Galt was no exception to the too common rule. A cabal was formed against him, and while he was devotedly engaged in shaping these enormous territories into manageable community and order, a sordid conspiracy drove him from his arduous post, and returned him home an impoverished adventurer! He had made his own masters, and, like most others in similar circumstances, he met with his reward in ingratitude and wrong, probably with the addition of censure! But there lies the wide district, the province, or the territory of Galt; a country taken from the wilderness, perhaps to be the seat of empire within the period of human beings now alive; at all events, it may perpetuate

the name of one to whom our Northern America in less prosperous or promising days owed much.

Galt, with all his energy, came home utterly disappointed and almost broken-hearted. He struggled with his hard fate, and bore it manfully. It was a grievous sight to see the originator of so great a national undertaking in a condition to be arrested for a school bill. This happened to Galt, and from a quarter which could hardly be supposed capable of the act. I was on intimate relations with both parties, and had a painful quarrel on this occasion; but it terminated amicably: the scandal of the arrest was partly explained away and the proceeding cancelled. A disavowal mitigated the reproach, and all matters were reconciled more harmoniously than could have been anticipated when the mine exploded. The law has been abrogated since those days, when any one indebted for a few pounds was liable to be taken without warning, if caprice, anger, or cupidity prompted the act; and the prisons and sponging-houses were perpetually crowded by debtors getting through with their scath and scorn, or probably discredited and ruined by the exposure.

But the too common literary destiny of fame without material reward partially pursued him to the last, 1839, his sixtieth year, when, worn out, the strong man yielded his willing spirit to the Almighty Power that gave it. His was no ordinary mind, and it was lodged in a physical frame of commanding proportions. He was above six feet two inches in height, and lithe and muscular in action. The use of spectacles betrayed one imperfection: tall as he was, he could not see far; and perhaps a similar deficiency of mental vision prevented his looking clearly enough into the designs of those with whom he became connected in his great Canadian concern. His idiosyncrasy, however, offered a still greater problem for study. Galt was wise as a sage, and simple as a child: he was equally shrewd and credulous. He was as eminently practical as he was fancifully imaginative. His sound, every-day common sense was so variegated with a

mystic element, that, upon the whole, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to pronounce whether he had been born to be a plodder or a poet. And this abstract view may explain in some measure how the same author could produce the accurate descriptions of Scottish low and middle life, overflowing with a peculiar quaint and telling humour, and many of the other works which prove the large accompaniment of fine taste, poetic feeling, and a capacity to adorn nearly every branch of sterling literature.

Only a few years before his death he published a very small volume of poems, involving an appeal to the kindly and considerate feeling of the public towards a man bowed down by ill health and harassed by wasting cares, in spite of a constant, industrious, and honourable career, which ought never to have terminated in that deplorable condition: when, in "reverie"—

> "One by one the lights were quenched,
> And ancient night was come;
> Lone silence settled over all,
> And sound itself grew dumb,
> The glimmering phantoms of the past
> Seemed things that were to be;
> But, like the stars, my thoughts went out,
> And light was gloom to me.
>
> The steadfast earth beneath my tread
> Dissolving——"

It was hoped at the time I have alluded to that a collected edition, or rather a selection from the writer's voluminous and very miscellaneous works, might be profitably brought out; but the proposition fell to the ground: it was about the time of the Reform agitation, and not favourable to literary projects. But I feel assured that, if renewed and judiciously carried into execution, the plan might now be adopted with sufficient advantage to the publisher, and gratification to every class of readers. There

are in all, as far as I can remember, above sixty works to choose from (several in three volumes), ranging from the epic, through history—drama, farcical, comic, and tragic—biography (such as the "Life of West"), novel, travel, and pamphlet; much, indeed, not calling for revival, but also much which should not be let die. His autobiography might pioneer the way; and Galt, like his national contemporaries Wilson, Lockhart, and others, renew his term to entertain and delight the public.

The editorship of "The Courier" for a short period furnished uncongenial employment for his talents, and a trammelled toil unsuited to his taste and habits. But his later years in London, before he retired to court the peaceful termination of his business struggles and literary labours in his native land, were years of sore affliction, which he bore with manly firmness and most exemplary patience. For a while he occupied a pretty little cottage at Old Brompton, all the vestiges of which and its rural surroundings are now utterly obliterated by a city of streets, squares, and crescents, as well as the vacant site and remains of the ephemeral National Exhibition Palace: there, in Barn's Cottage, I often saw him and grieved at his unfortunate condition. He had been struck with paralysis, and I have never witnessed nor heard of any human being surviving so many severe and quickly repeated shocks. I believe his vigorous constitution withstood more than ten or eleven attacks, which, sadly as they shattered his bodily strength, seemed to waste their violence in vain upon his philosophic mind. During the intervals he was calm, and resigned himself with Christian humility to his melancholy lot. Even then, as at all times, he displayed wonderful equanimity of temper. He ceased not to be the same John Galt he had always been. Characteristically Scotch in speech and manners, his Doric accents appeared, from their simplicity, to stamp his instructive observations upon men and things, gathered from many and various sources, with additional effect. His conversation was

always exceedingly pleasing, and chiefly raised above the familiar tone by a keen relish for humour, whether encountered or dispensed. To have done and experienced so much throughout an active, hard-working life of nearly forty years, it was charming to meet with a man so entirely modest, unaffected, and not in the least opinionated. To boast and complaint he was equally a stranger; and I remember none, in the rather wide circle that knew Galt, who did not regard him with admiration as an author and cordial esteem as a man. The attachment of his friends was warmer; and well did he deserve the consideration in which he was held by critical judgment as respected his writings, and the personal attachment which sprang from all his social relations. Richly gifted by nature, honest, diligent, and persevering, a course of worldly success and prosperity might have been expected. It was ordered otherwise; and, though his life was in many ways one of honour and usefulness, it is with a feeling of regretful sadness that I review the career and destiny of the ill-requited and defeated John Galt.

ADDENDA.

In some of its peculiar features the talent of Galt bore great resemblance to similar component attributes in the genius of Dickens. In truth, he was, on these points, the Scottish Dickens. For giving intense individuality to an oddity—for requiring to see, at least, enough for the inspiration to expatiate upon in description—for some real or living material to work from—for the touches of pathos in the midst of quaint or comic delineations—for the briefest thoughts or words, which are as the breath of life to a book and give it character and emphasis; there is an extraordinary likeness between these two popular authors.

"Laurie Todd" is a striking example of Galt's *Dickensean* qualities and powers. The Magic of Imagination and Creativeness he did not possess; nor, with all his extraordinary versatility and comprehensive range, can I recognise it, at any rate in its highest tone, among his otherwise rich treasures, nor even among the yet richer and greater gifts of the admirable painter of men and manners with whom I have, within certain special limits, compared him.

During the years 1830-34, Galt, in London, was busy with his pen, and my relations with him were friendly and intimate, only interrupted by the assaults of the malady which in a very few years struck the strong man down. And how philosophically did he submit to these dread warnings. He kept working away as ill health and reduced energies made possible; and "Laurie Todd," "Southenan," "Bogle Corbet," "Stories of the Study," "Dramas in the National Theatre," "Life," and "Miscellanies," yielded as wonderful a wealth of varied productiveness as if the elasticity of youth and the prime of manhood still united their powers unabated, amid the noble struggles of the persevering sufferer. A little incident related in his "Life" will illustrate this finely characteristic condition. Being advised by his medical friends to take an excursion into the country for a change of air, he walked to town with his son with the intention of going by the Windsor stage-coach. But it had departed; and the *next* best thing that occurred to him was to enter the next conveyance, about to start, and trust his destination to its whereabouts; and so he was whirled into Kent and safely deposited at Maidstone, which answered all purposes quite as efficaciously as royal Windsor could have done. And I record this little proof of his placid resignation to the "sore affliction" he so calmly bore, as it also supplies a paternal mention of his son, who, as a legislator and statesman, has raised himself so high in the estimation of England and her most valuable colony—Canada. At Maidstone "the boy" displayed his literary

predilections, and cheered his father with the prophetic glimpse of a fortunate and successful career;—it is curious to reflect upon the scene in the little parlour of the inn at Maidstone. I am also reminded with much satisfaction, that in the work alluded to the author speaks complimentarily and kindly of myself, as judging of his works in a manner "more gratifying to an author than ardent encomiums."

About this time Galt announced the editing of a posthumous volume by Andrew Picken, a clever and popular novelist, but I do not know what became of it; perhaps his ardour for publishing was somewhat repressed, *pro tem.*, by a biting review in the *Quarterly* on his tragedy of "Majolo," I think (on which he rather prided himself), which he attributed to J. Wilson Croker; yet he could extract a hearty laugh out of his position. The morning after the review appeared, a foreign friend came in hot haste to congratulate him on the lofty honours paid to his muse! He was even hailed as "another Shakespeare"!! The ingenious foreigner took it *à pied de la lettre*, and was not aware that it was mystical irony!

John Galt was a man every way most worthy of every good man's affection and esteem. I cannot conclude better than by copying a stanza from a poem which was published when all friendly wishes were (even if like mine, now impossible), at all events, too late—too late!

"O! may the coming season give
To Galt forgetfulness of pain;
May he, for years, in comfort live,
And then—begin his life again."

Faithfully Yours
John Galt

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

WILLIAM GIFFORD, born of parents in very lowly condition, in a small provincial town, was left an orphan. What desolateness is in that word—an orphan! but, in this instance,

"Strong as necessity he starts away,"

being shipped in the coasting service, to be out of the silent and helpless appeal for cares, and sympathies, and succours—a sea-boy "on the high and giddy mast." Anything for daily bread to the poor little lad, whom his parents (petty shopkeepers, living as they could from day to day) had left at twelve years of age, utterly unprovided for, and hardly acquainted with the mere rudiments of humble education. The sea was a sad nurse for his delicate frame, and he was forced to relinquish this wretched occupation. Again thrown upon the hard world, he was bound apprentice to a shoemaker; and associated and fared with the humblest rank. To his twentieth year he remained in the circumscribed place of his nativity, inferior even there to most of his contemporaries, whose means enabled them to enjoy a moderate share of schooling. But there was born with him the spark of intellectual power, which chill poverty could not extinguish, and which only needed the lightest fanning of a breath to wake into flame, and the aid of a helping hand to kindle into a fire, which should illuminate the present, and live in future times. That he did not lisp in numbers he

has told us in his preface to "Juvenal;" but he seems to have stammered in them (as the "old cobbler who sat in his stall"), and these rude effusions attracted, at least, the attention and praise of his companions, to whom he was called upon to repeat them—not having paper whereon to write, and (as he insinuates) not being very competent to perform the scriptorial office if he had.

When in his twentieth year, Mr. William Cookesley, a surgeon in Ashburton, was struck by the talent evinced in some of the "attempts at rhyme" which reached his notice; and, having circulated them in this superior circle, got up a subscription to purchase the remaining term of his indentures, and enable him to "improve himself in English and grammar." The spark was now fairly lighted to the open air, and the friends of the laughingly called "Free-*boot*-er to the Muses" sent him to Oxford, where he speedily and impressively distinguished himself among the foremost of its most assiduous and successful *alumni*. Having thereby recommended himself to the attention of Lord Grosvenor, he was selected to accompany his son, Lord Belgrave, on his travels over the Continent, during which he stored his capacious mind with information of vast use to him in all his after-life.

On his return, he devoted himself to literature, and settled in London, where very few literary careers were ever so unclouded. And he deserved all his reward. I discuss not opinions, but I speak of a man of extraordinary natural talents and wonderfully cultivated ability, fixedly taking his line, and earnestly pursuing the course he deemed right in criticism, politics, and morals. Never was public taste at a lower ebb than when his biting imitation of the satire of Persius, under the title of the "Baviad," demolished the fantastical Della Cruscan school, the silliest successor of the preceding pastoral inanity of fashionable writers; nor when the "Maviad" exercised like justice upon the degradation of the drama, without even a pretence

"to hold the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, and scorn her own image."

The horrors of the French revolution had filled millions with dread, and Gifford, in the brilliant, short-lived "Anti-Jacobin," as afterwards in the more stable "Quarterly Review," devoted all his energies to combat the principles which he believed to be vicious and dangerous. His share in stemming the torrent of anarchy and infidelity had immense influence on the age, and the cause he espoused never had a stouter or more effective champion. He was consequently exposed to severe censure from those who differed from him in politics, and accused of every error and even crime, except inconsistency. He was a rich scholar, and despised charlatanry; a conservative, and feared change; a virtuous man, and detested flagrant vice; a man who abhorred impiety, and energetically and conscientiously acted up to the best of his belief, under the ensign, "Dieu défend le droit."

With regard to William Gifford as an author, posterity will speak when studying his vigorous translation of "Juvenal," his editions of Massinger, Ben Jonson, and other old dramatists, displaying great literary sagacity and acumen. But his position of influence in his own day was the editorship of the "Quarterly Review," where, fighting courageously for his side, in times of fierce party politics, he raised against himself a host of enemies. Yet withal was William Gifford a gentle creature. When not impelled by what he felt to be an obligation of duty, human or divine, his heart was filled with kindness for the whole world; he was compassionate to the poor, liberal towards his brethren of the pen, blameless in every relation of domestic and social life; his information vast, his manners most simple, his conversation most instructive. He might, indeed, be compared to a fine river, flowing smoothly through delightful scenery, till some gross obstruction was interposed to its course, when it would boil off furiously in

whirlpools and overwhelming floods, crushing and demolishing all in its way,—and then regaining its wonted channel and cherished banks in tranquil order and peace. Such was the difference between the private man and the public writer.

Tried by the strictest rules, the just and candid among parties most adverse to him must allow that his critical writings were addressed to the correction of bad taste, or what, in his judgment, he esteemed to be pernicious doctrines, hostile to national safety and public morality, and that he never wrote a line derelict of honest purpose, patriotism, virtue, and Christianity. Unquestionably there was often little of suavity in his strictures; but he was one who thought that everything valuable to mankind was at stake, and he ought not to qualify the rebuke which might alleviate the calamity if it could not avert it. Always of a delicate constitution and a slender person, he yet never relaxed in his literary labours, and thus made his living reputation and established his lasting fame. His intellect had room and verge enough in his massive head; and though by many he was thought "the best-natured man with the worst-natured Muse," I, who knew him well, can aver that his heart was humane and his soul forgiving. The lesson of his life lies chiefly in this, that with persevering industry, under difficulties apparently insurmountable, he richly endowed a mind by nature capacious; and having improved to the utmost the intellectual talents with which he was gifted, he used them conscientiously in the service of his country and mankind.

ADDENDA.

Respecting Gifford in his very early and obscure period, I may be pardoned for repeating a few particulars. His first

attempt at verse was in competition with an acquaintance, who had composed something he called poetry on the subject of a Lion, undertaken to be painted for the sign of an ale-house, but which, in the unfortunate artist's hands, turned out to be a Dog. Gifford entered the lists, and emerged victor from the contest, agreeably to the unanimous voice of his shop-mates. Thus encouraged he went on briskly (I was about to say writing, but I must restrict the phrase to) rhyming and reciting; till Mr. Cookesley's attention was attracted, and he was removed from his stool,—rather pushed off, by his master, who had threatened him with vengeance for "inadvertently hitching the name of one of his customers into a rhyme."

It has been stated that at the time of which I am speaking, Gifford and his comrades were used to act plays, to which the public were admitted gratis. I deem it most probable that, if any such game was a-foot, the aspiring poet would be sure to be in it, if not as an actor, as an author, and most likely as both. I have met with small pieces of poetry ascribed to him in periodical publications—"Lines to Tufts of Early Violets," or "On Young Ladies' Graves," but they do not seem germane to his genius; and when we find, besides, that they are of the clearest tint of Della Crusca, fit only for his Dunciad, I think we may dismiss them from our minds as his doing, and believe that he never was inspired to sing—

> "Oh! lay me where my Rosa lies,
> And Love shall o'er the moss-crowned bed,
> When dew-drops leave the weeping skies,
> His tenderest tears of pity shed."

Great men sometimes entertain little fancies. Gifford was much displeased to be addressed with the initial letter of his name pronounced soft, Jifford—he thought it hard—and he still more disliked being confounded with Mr. John Gifford, author of the "Life of William Pitt," and other

considerable works. This gentleman had voluntarily changed his name from Green, after leaving Oxford;—and William, for some reason or other, did not approve of the assumption of his lowly Ashburton family appellation.

Although his political adversaries might puzzle—

> "Quid sentire putas omnes, Calvine, recenti
> De scelere;"

All the world confessed that he was a most able critic. Like the Master Singer of the old German Poetical Brotherhood, he forbade "the use of words wherein no meaning was to be discovered," or of compounded "sentences which nobody could understand;" and dismissed the offenders summarily from their functions; but on the whole he was liberal as he was just, and never laid down false grounds for his condemnation.

I was much with him, during a short time he passed at Ramsgate, previous to his death in 1826; and I only wish I could convey even a faint idea of the cheerful serenity and Christian fortitude with which he awaited the appointed hour.

HENRY HALLAM.

THERE has lately departed from among us, at a ripe old age, one of the distinguished men I have seen and conversed with. The grave has been too recently closed upon his mortal remains to admit of the propriety of painting a full-length picture; but a few characteristic strokes of the pencil may not be unacceptable. Of good family and independent fortune, Henry Hallam received the liberal education of an English gentleman, and was of a disposition to turn it to a liberal use. Cultivating the excellent talent with which he was endowed, and joining diligent research and patient industry to acute discrimination and cool judgment, he devoted himself (instead of indulgence in a life of unprofitable ease) to the critical examination of obscure and complex, but exceedingly important, periods of his country's history.

If he had a bias in favour of particular theories or political opinions, it was honestly sacrificed on the altar of impartiality, and the desire to be fair and just in every statement he sanctioned with his authority. I believe that no historian ever wrote with a more conscientious determination to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. What errors or bias, therefore, there may be detected in his writings, must in candour be attributed to the imperfect information or mistaken judgment, not to the will of the author. My pursuits having thrown me much into intercourse with him, where the appreciation of literary merits and the success of literary hopes depended mainly

upon his verdict, it was a great pleasure to witness a man so free from jealousies, so superior to all egotism or ideas of rivalry, so kindly disposed towards candidates; always, without an exception, putting the most favourable construction upon pretensions, bestowing the warmest praise upon desert, and awarding the utmost encouragement to his fellow-labourers in the too often ungrateful field.

Philosophic calm, humane amiability, truth, and a genial sense of pure intellectual enjoyment, were the most obvious elements of his estimable character.

As these sketches may in some measure be considered moral lessons, as far as may be learnt from individual example and traits of social communion, which give identity to likeness, I will venture to illustrate and conclude this brief notice by the description of a scene which made a very vivid impression upon my mind. His family afflictions have been recorded by the press, and deplored in poetry; but if he felt them as a man, he also bore them like a man and a Christian. He gratefully adored the Providence that gave; he meekly bowed his head to the decree that took away. At his domestic board, where the feast of reason chastened lower appetites and charmed common things into refined gratifications, once, when I was present, there sat on his right hand one of our most eminent judges of the land, who had taken the highest university honours of his day, and on the left a nobleman of distinguished taste as a patron of the arts. On a side-table were placed the precious symbols of like honours and other literary prizes, which had marked the bright career of a beloved offspring—*In memoriam* of all that could cherish a father's joy, and, sadly inverting the order of nature, leave him to mourn the desolation of earthly hopes. Resignation to the will of God had succeeded the poignancy of human grief, and the promise of a hereafter invested the present with a serenity, not forbidding attention to those familiar duties and amenities which pertained to the occasion. The conversation, it may be believed, was

intellectual, pleasing, and instructive, and so the day was wisely and profitably spent. It was my lot to be conveyed homeward in the carriage of the estimable judge alluded to, who was at the time mourning, as I also was, the loss of his first-born, and who, after a long silence, nearly thus addressed me:—"How touching a lesson of humble submission to the inscrutable dispensations of Providence have we had this day! It is indeed a sin to repine as if parted for ever from our hearts' affections. I ought not to indulge in my sorrowing. Oh, happy is it for those who are crushed into the very depths of human affliction, to feel the Christian's hope of another and a better world! What else could sustain the bereaved fathers whom we sat beside just now?—the one had reached the peerage with an only son, worthy to inherit the noblest title; the other had climbed to the temple of fame, with a progeny all that such a parent could desire; both are alone, no son of theirs succeeding, but both are resigned to the decrees of the Almighty"—Lord Colburne and Henry Hallam.

ADDENDA.

BRIEF as this notice is, I have little to add to it. The placid and even tenor of Hallam's life can afford biography very little to say, unless it expatiates on his writings. The judge to whom I have alluded in my anecdote, was Sir Frederick Pollock, the lord chief baron,—who, I thank Heaven, has lived to these years with undimmed intellect to fulfil his important functions with the elasticity of youth, and perpetuate a friendship I have enjoyed for nearly three quarters of a century. The poetic mourner whose exquisite lament I principally had *in memoriam*, I need hardly say

was the Poet Laureate,—who, in this effusion and the lines on the death of the Prince Consort, had done (in my humble opinion) as much to concentrate a poet's fame, as in the mass of his admirable productions.

Mr. Hallam received one of the George IV. gold medals awarded by the Royal Society of Literature, and finally became a prominent member of its council, and president. I have reason to believe that he declined heraldic honours offered him by the Crown, at all periods of his life, and not when, struck by family bereavements, they must have lost any value they could ever have possessed. A statue of him by Mr. Theed was sculptured for St. Paul's Cathedral, and a good copy was exhibited at the last National Exhibition, though I was not altogether satisfied with the likeness, nor thought the accessories well chosen and happy; for a standing figure, nevertheless, it has the great merit of simplicity.

Though habitually rather grave, the pleasant smile best became his features, and I do not think he was often guilty of audible laughter. The only occasion on which I can remember his giving way to so undignified a propensity was on a visit of the British Association to Lord Dudley's great works at Dudley;* from which a section of some score of members had to return, on a wretchedly wet night, in the submarine hold of a huge barge, illumined by half a dozen "tallows," to their long expectant lodgings. To beguile the time, a mock meeting of association was got up; and so exceedingly humorous was the discussion, that the gravity of Hallam, who took an amusing part in it, was fairly overcome; and he joined in the loud chorus of cachinnation extorted from the audience by the diversion of the hour. He generally enjoyed these annual parliaments of science,—and enjoyed them much; and it was truly a treat to see the philosophic historian quite at home in all sorts of recreative

* See Edward Forbes, p. 217.

excursions, or, especially, trudging in the train of a geological exploration with a satchel and hammer, and in a workman-like costume, as if he had been a Sedgwick, Buckland, or Murchison. He might almost have been a Red Lion.

His name ranks high in English literature,—among the foremost of the age!

JAMES HOGG,

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

ON the 25th of January, in the humblest rank of life, a poet was born in a wild rural region of Scotland. "Oh!" exclaims my reader, leaping at the conclusion, "we know all about the birth of Burns, and the celebrity of this date." *Siste*, stop, my friend, it is otherwise a memorable day (as every day is, if we inquire sufficiently). For did not Jenner, the great benefactor of mankind, whose statue has lately been erected at Charing Cross, die—and was not the Princess Royal, an interesting object of England's sympathies, married on the same 25th of January? But it is neither to these particular emergencies so redolent of births, marriages, or deaths, nor to the Ayrshire ploughman, nor to the discoverer of vaccination, nor to the interesting scion of the royal race, that my notice refers, but to a remarkable native genius, whose name will last as long as the noblest or most famous.

James Hogg was a common herd-boy, who tended sheep on the pastoral hills and valleys of a district watered by lovely streams and resonant of ancient song. The occupation of a shepherd has often been propitious to the development of superior natural faculties. Its very monotony engenders thoughtfulness. Its constant observation of the phenomena of heaven and earth impresses the mind at once with the attributes of intelligence, reflectiveness, and veneration. Hence so many philosophers, men of science, poets,

and persons eminent in other useful and elevated pursuits, have sprung from the soil on which their only care was to watch the pasturage of the silly sheep. On the very spot of which I have been speaking, a learned pundit, wandering without his timepiece, asked a ragged urchin of ten years old what o'clock he thought it might be? "What o'clock!" replied the bairn, with a stare of surprise, "dinna ye see the sun yonder? it is just half past three o'clock." But, to return to our herd. He had a few months' schooling, little more than a, b, c, and grew up, except in so far as depended on himself, rude and uncultivated; rude, not in the sense of coarse or vulgar, which pertains to less-favoured natures, but homely and without the polish which is acquired by intercourse with educated society. And the spirit of song was upon him. He made music to the streams, which answered him in music; and love tuned his reed to the utterance of truthful pathos and hymns consecrated to the simple beauties of nature, unsurpassed by Grecian idyl or the brightest gems that ever emanated from exquisite art.

An agricultural prize for an essay on sheep, and the success of a volume of ballads, attracted attention and gave him the start into higher life. The shepherd transmigrated into a farmer and an author. The country and the capital divided his time, not perhaps to the profit of the farm, or the substantial happiness of its master. The farm was, nevertheless, a great fact. If literary production did not bring much remuneration—and the "wearifu' siller was unco scarce," even for the payment of rent—there was a comfortable plenitude in the land, which afforded a rough living in the worst of times. A boat, torch, and lister (trident spear) on any dark night, furnished hilarious sport and luxurious salmon. Unadulterated bread from the barn, beer from the brewhouse, beef from the byre (a whole mart), juicy mutton from the brae, and game from field, moor, lough and heath, never lacked; and thus, though there might be poverty in the purse, and a lamentable absence of

the precious metals, the poet had it in his power to enjoy a primitive abundance when otherwise cramped and pinched the most. Meanwhile, fame crowned his brow with laurels, and he was accepted among the bards of his age and country.

He was manly in appearance, and in character a singular welding together of apt shrewdness and childish simplicity, of sound common sense and poetic imagination. The simple and the imaginative predominating, rendered him the less fit to contend victoriously with the busy business world; and so he passed on, struggling and dreaming, depressed by private circumstances and elated by popular applause. He possessed not the wisdom of the economist nor the prudence of the provident: let us regret for the man, and do honour to the minstrel! In the latter period of his life, when brought to mix with the most refined circles of society of London for a brief season, his ready adaptation of his manners to the company was absolutely marvellous. Never forgetting, and never obtruding himself when urged to a display of his talents, he so acquitted himself as to become an object of genuine admiration and interest to all who had the pleasure to witness these coruscations of genius. His load was consequently lightened by such friendly services as delicacy could render; but with all, he could only manage to live from day to day, and die poor.

His prose writings were much inferior to his poetry; and it is worthy of note that he seemed to be unconscious of the surpassing beauties of the most delicious of his pastoral descriptions and imagery. I remember, when I once happened to comment in enthusiastic terms upon some verses which had struck me as being most admirable of their kind, the honest shepherd rejoined: "Surely ye're daft; it's only joost true about the wee burdies, and the cows at e'en, and the wild flowers, and the sunset and clouds, and things, and the feelings they cre-at. A' (I) canna fathom what ye're making a' this fuss about. Its joost a plain description

of what everybody can see: there's nae grand poetry in it." Such was the opinion of some of the sweetest and most natural compositions in the Scottish Doric, entertained and expressed by their author, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

At an entertainment given (during the London visit) by Macleod of Macleod, Hogg being called on to sing, chanted one of his own Jacobite songs in his own genuine style; but a neighbour insidiously reminded him that the Duke of Argyll (the traditionary chief of the Scottish Whigs) was at the table: the shepherd was not taken aback, and burst out, "Oh, yer Grace, never mind noo, I will give you another;" and he sang "Donald McGillivray," in a manner which extorted shouts of laughter such as is rarely heard in circles of the kind.

ADDENDA.

A LITERARY man is connected with all the world. He addresses himself to all mankind as friends, and he hopes they will receive him with fellow-creature sympathies. James Hogg believed in this creed, and though not so much mistaken, as too many of his brethren of the pen have found themselves, did not get quite through life as if he had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Poor boy he supped his "porridge" with a horn one, and from that, raised himself by his genius sometimes to dine off plate.

His visit to London afforded several favourable opportunities for the latter, besides that at Mr. Macleod's, where he not only astonished the Duke of Argyll, but made the post-prandial so agreeable, that the famous whipper-in "Billy Holmes," could hardly get away half a dozen fascinated Scottish members near twelve o'clock, and

crowded into a hackney coach, for an important division in the House of Commons. It had almost achieved a parallel to "Michael's Dinner." But wheresoever I accompanied the Shepherd, it was the same. At the true Amphitryon, Sir George Warrender's (facetiously called Sir George Provender, in compliment to his admirable cuisine), he seduced a party not of Scotchmen only, but of Irish and English, to forsake their host's superb claret, and go in for the whisky toddy scientifically concocted by the most "skilled" of brewers! We went from this symposium to an evening party, and there the Shepherd was in his glory, crushed within a circle of fine women, like an Apollo, he sang song after song to their intense delight, and was in fact as great as Moore, or more. Here he happened to meet, and was delighted with the simple grace of L.E.L., declaring that he never thought she could have been "sic a bonny sweet lassie."

Such was the man away from home, free from trammels and fêted. The public dinner which Mr. Lockhart and I got up to his honour at the Freemasons' Tavern, was a yet greater triumph. With the manly, convivial Sir John Malcolm in the chair, and supported by such others as Lord Porchester (Earl of Carnarvon), Lord Mahon (Earl Stanhope), the soldier, poet and gentleman, Sir George Murray, the gallant Sir Pultney Malcolm, Galt, the popular Scottish novelist; Captain Basil Hall, and though last not least, the variously accomplished Gibson Lockhart, the festival went off "famously," in spite of a late unexpected rush of visitors who crowded the tables at the lower end, and had to clamour for their rations during some minutes before the resources of the house could be brought to their hungered rescue. The scene was lively and entertaining to the two hundred guests who had taken tickets in proper time, and not left it to the chance of the last hour to find room, seats, and a Hogg Dinner! The toast of the day himself was naturally in an inspired condition, and certainly impressed

the assembly with a very favourable idea of his good qualities and talent: his genuine humour, cordiality of heart, and powers of song. No conduct could be more correct, no behaviour more polite, than his, through the whole trying ordeal of social and refined London, and yet in ordinary circumstances he was strangely untutored in the common ways of practical men. I may illustrate this by an amusing instance in a private matter, but strikingly characteristic. At my house, where he was every day, he happened to take a fancy to the beauty of one of my daughters, who bore some resemblance to the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, and was lavish of his admiration. Judge of the surprise received from a letter from the impulsive Shepherd, after his return home, with a formal proposal of marriage to the young lady, on behalf of his nephew, a surgeon who was starting for London on his way to India, and desired to marry her and take her along with him. Whether the nephew was cognizant of the offer I cannot tell; but no favouring answer being returned, he passed through town to his destination, and the favoured lass never saw her intended!

What the Shepherd did was spontaneous, on the spur of the moment—not weighing and looking at things any how but straight forward. Thus he betrayed a letter he had from Byron to Wilson, which certainly ought not to have been shown, had he taken time to consider, and begot a little hostility on the side of Ebony's Maga, and augmented the hate of his Lordship's lakist adversaries. Byron, however, laughed at the blunder, and always spoke with high eulogium of the genius of Hogg. And notwithstanding the sterling proofs of that genius so abundantly afforded by his works, it was not a little mystified by the erratic manner in which it was sported with by his Ambrosian associates in Blackwood. Readers could not distinguish what was really his, and what was "hoax;" and the wounded Shepherd sometimes writhed under the misapprehensions of the public, and complained seriously of the injury. Affairs were how-

ever soon made smooth again. Mr. Blackwood was a warm friend; something was accepted or got forward to replenish the purse, and all was well again.

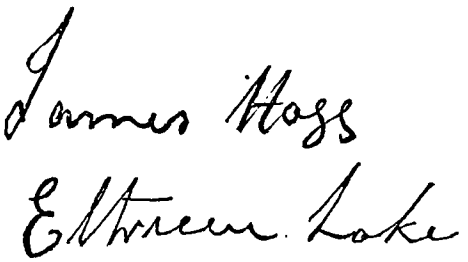
Well again; but alas! only for a season. Periods of poverty overtook him—the farming did not always succeed, and the literature frequently failed. My humble efforts were employed to assuage these evils, and being known as his friend from the share I took in the London demonstration, I was on several occasions made the instrument of forwarding relief. An anonymous letter signed C. D. from Sheffield for example, conveyed a bank note of twenty pounds. I obtained fifty from a nameless source, and helps from other quarters, for which I had the most graceful and grateful acknowledgments, far more than the services deserved, but here brought under notice simply to show the position and feelings of the Poet, when, after all his experiences, he styled me, in acknowledgment, "a real and sterling literary friend, which to my fondest estimations has hitherto been rather equivocal." From this I would merely have it inferred that when low in fortune, a remembrance of some of the freaks committed on his name still rankled in his mind, and the disappointments had unluckily left a stronger impression than the benefits.

I have seen the original manuscript of some of Hogg's earliest productions, and it is impossible to describe what lapses he fell into. Happily they were corrected before they saw the light in print, and in a short time the author was in a condition to write the "Queen's Wake," and all the rest of his admirable publications.

His vanity was not inconsiderable, and he was not averse to comparing his poetry and works with the poetry and works of Sir Walter Scott, with whom he was now and then on questionable or rather cool terms. Cartley Hole to be sure was the proper name of Abbotsford, when its owner could not always enter into the views of his brother bard of Altrive. But come weal, come woe, the battle of

life wore to an end. James Hogg lies buried in Ettrick Churchyard, with a suitable monument to his memory, erected by his widow; and in the same place is, I am informed, a tombstone to his grandfather, of whom it is recorded that "for feats of frolic, agility and strength, he had no equal in his day!" His grandson did justice to such lineage, for he was strongly built, and capable of great physical exertion.

The Shepherd left a family of sons and daughters, all (the survivors) settled in respectable conditions in Scotland. Recently, a biography of him has been published, but I do not understand that it does justice to his merits and memory. One unmarried daughter, I gather from it, is the most ostensible representative of the talent of the father; but I cannot tell if she has meddled with the press.



JAMES HOLMAN,

THE BLIND TRAVELLER.

IT is wonderful to behold how the loss or partial failure of one sense is compensated by the consequent superior development of another, or, it may be, of several, or of all the others. Deprivation of sight almost invariably leads to greater acuteness in hearing and the perception of smells. Taste does not seem to be affected by it;* but touch is often refined and vitalized (if we may coin the word) to an almost incredible degree. In the dark corner of a city shop, many have witnessed an elderly blind man assorting worsted thread for German work, according to colour, from the most pronounced to minutely varying shades of the softest hues. A like sightless aged fishmonger, Mr. Groves, of Charing Cross, by merely passing his hand over a haunch of venison, could frequently tell from what nobleman's park in England the superb joint came. I have witnessed this.

Our astonishment is somewhat diminished when we reflect on the fact that, by persevering practice, we can educate any of our faculties to an all but incredible extent of progressive improvement. That even common habits long continued do the same for us, without the consciousness of the change that is going on, or at least of its completeness, proofs are passing continually before our eyes; but we do not notice them.

Many practical chemists detect foreign ingredients more

* Yet it is curious that we mechanically shut our eyes when we are appealing to the palate.

by the nose than the tongue; a practised sportsman will find game in fifty places where an inexperienced tyro can detect nothing.

A sailor at sea is immediately warned by some appearance in the horizon which escapes the utmost range of the landsman's eye. A shepherd in the vast space of a Highland heather-clad landscape, scanning all around, does not fail to observe the smallest disturbance of objects with which he is familiar, even on the distant hill-top. It may be but a bunch of herbage torn up and thrown loose, but it may be something else, and he is not satisfied without ascertaining what it "may be."

The class of tasters in London have employment and remuneration of very competent amount. Wine-tasters are in request at the docks, as tea-tasters were wont to be at the India House sales. One person was acknowledged to be the best rum-taster in the metropolis, and his income, from the exercise of this single strange accomplishment, was stated to have varied from a thousand to fifteen hundred pounds a year.

Hearing appears to be the least susceptible of amelioration; and yet no sense is more varied in human clearness and compass. Abnormal deafness can often be abated or remedied; but the natural ear is seldom wrought by circumstances into an obviously more powerful condition. One hears well, another indifferently, and another badly, and so they continue through life; but no invention or usage can teach them to exalt the faculty to any marked advantage; far less till they might resemble Fine Ear, in the instructive, though wildly imaginative tale, in which the brother of that name could lay his ear to the ground and hear the tramp of the enemy fully ten miles off! The training for a refined appreciation of music is of a different order, and, in this respect, an exception to the rule touching

"The linked sweets that lie
In the rapt soul of harmony."

As the prismatic colours of the sun, in perfect tone and beautiful union, melt into one bright and clear light, rendering all objects distinctly visible through the pure medium, so may we observe that the perceptions of the senses, wonderfully adapted and blended together in admirable accordance, convey a like light to the mental, as the sun spectrum to the physical organization. We are enabled to obtain a knowledge—to see, to feel, to appreciate; but the analogy holds no farther. If we separate the solar ray, we get a series of various colours; if we extinguish one of the senses, we stimulate the rest to the exercise of higher powers, yet preserving the same harmony of perception as if the system were unbroken. How providential is the compensation for the loss! Assuredly Nature is bountiful—God is good! The deaf acquire intelligence from the forms of the speaking mouth, or the language of the fingers. The blind acquire learning by a rapid sweep of the hand over types or models. In both cases we might say, with a resort to pleasantry, that help is at hand; but in the most serious of moods, we must say with gratitude, the mitigation of the affliction is a Divine blessing beyond all human thanks.

Lieutenant James Holman was an extraordinary example of what energy and perseverance could accomplish under the heaviest privation to which the physical frame is liable. At the age of twenty-five he was driven out of the naval service of his country, which he entered very young as a first-class volunteer, by the complete extinction of sight. From visual intercourse with his fellow-men, and observation of things, he was shut out, and forced back, simply and entirely, on the knowledge he had been enabled to make his own in his earlier years. He felt the loss like a man—he bore it like a philosopher—he rose above it like a hero. His palate was refined, his touch exquisite, his hearing wonderful, and his memory prodigious. If he alluded to aught he had not ascertained, owing to his blindness, I have jestingly met his complaint by asserting

that he was much better provided than any one else; for he had eyes in his mouth, eyes in his nose, eyes in his ears, and eyes in his mind, never blinking, but ready on all occasions to perform his services with remarkable precision and efficacy. He never was heard to repine at, or lament his misfortune. Indeed, the memory becoming more retentive is but a natural consequence. As in taste, we shut our eyes when we want to think a little; it bars the distractions of the outer world, and the mind works with less interruption in the quietude of shaded repose. The same principle accounts for its being more tenacious.

It is difficult to say whether the almost incredible phenomena we have witnessed in the attainments of the blind, spring from efforts of Nature to make up for the deficiency by stimulating an exalted exercise of her other instruments, or whether they are not the fruit of a peculiar genius brought into existence by that cause. I am inclined to the latter opinion, and that the sharpening of all the wits, and thence the effects, are attributable to a distinct order of organism, attended by manifestations quite unaccountable by any process of common reasoning. Saunderson, the great mathematician (blind from his infancy), scaled the heavens by a light within himself; that of the sky he could not see. Huber, the great naturalist, explored the whole economy of the bee-hive, which till then had baffled the inquisition of the most acute observers. And so Holman. From Marco Polo to Mungo Park, no three of the most famous travellers, grouped together, would exceed the extent and variety of countries traversed by our blind countryman. Like Argus, he examined everything with a hundred eyes, though his own balls were as sightless as those of that mythological personage after they were stuck into the tail of Juno's proud bird.

For more than a quarter of a century he, as Dibdin's ballad has it, ran "the world all over," and published volumes after volumes with the interesting accounts of his

migrations. Beginning his training with France, Italy, Savoy, Switzerland, and Holland, he prepared us for his farther and more marvellous explorations by the Narrative of his Journey, which was very popular. And very naturally so: for in the remarkable minuteness of many of his details, acquired by touch, and consequent inquiries, he conveyed a fund of curious information which it could never have occurred to any tourist possessed of vision to seek. Then he ascended and examined Mount Vesuvius; and from Naples he travelled with a deaf gentleman as his companion, some fourteen or fifteen hundred miles to Amsterdam, through the principal Italian and several of the largest German cities. Their joint adventures, and the little accidents which befel them, are related with charming good humour and *naïveté*.

At this period I became acquainted with him, and our intimacy grew till he was taken from us six years ago. He wrote well. I had several letters from him from various parts, during his travels, in lands with which there was postal intercourse; and at times lost sight of him altogether, when he was pursuing his course in some *terra incognita*, or from whence it was very difficult to send intelligence. It was not so at Fernando Po, whither he went with Captain Owen, to assist in forming and establishing that anti-slave settlement; and he really took an active part in the troublesome business with the natives. Of this he sent me an interesting description, which I gave to the periodical press, for the amusement and gratification of the public. The substance appeared afterwards in his collected "Voyage Round the World," together with his excursions into the interior of Africa (where he encountered no gorillas),* and

* He relates, however, anecdotes of huge baboons who are seen like regularly disciplined troops in the field; and in one case of the punishment of a criminal having been witnessed, the offender submitting to be successively bitten by the executioners, and screaming frightfully as every bite was inflicted.

thence to the Brazils, where he descended into the depths of the famous Gonge mine, and explored it, as he had the heights of Vesuvius.

I have not space in these slight sketches to follow my sightless friend to the Cape, and among the Caffres, or to Madagascar, the Mauritius, Sychelles, the Indian Archipelago, Ceylon, where he hunted elephants, India, and China. Of the latter hide-and-seek country, excepting that he did not penetrate to Pekin, he told us nearly as much thirty years ago as we know now. It has been said there are none so blind as those who will not see; but in his travels the reverse appeared to be demonstrated, viz., that there were none who could see so well as the blind. He saw his way into the immense Chinese conspiracy against their Tartar rulers, which spread wherever Chinamen were settled, and began what is known to us at this day as the Tae-ping rebellion. In its origin he traced the *triads*—the sway of their great senior brother—and their rabid profession of a religion of blasphemy and bloodshed. His *e-hing-hwuy* and *han-shan-hwuy* stories might be inserted in the newspapers next week, and received by the general reader as the latest news from Hong-Kong. From such national affairs to the making of soy from the *dolichos sooja* beans nothing escapes him; and he fairly explained the fact by referring to the tedious and severe process necessary for his acquisition of exact information, supplying that which others could partially ascertain at a glance.

But I have been diverted out of my direct course, and ought to have previously mentioned his Russian expedition, where an adventure of a very novel and unexpected kind befel him. He was, as usual, prying into everything; and this did not accord with the jealousy of the Russian government. Whether the officials suspected that he was not so blind as he pretended, or that at any rate he contrived to see too well for them, they arrested him as a spy. He was secured as a political prisoner, and only after much trouble

(which he bore as he bore everything, with most philosophical equanimity) was enlarged, on the conviction of his absolute blindness, but still with the prohibition against travelling farther into the south of the empire. He had, accordingly, to retrace his footsteps for a long route, but at length managed to renew his journey, not under immediate inspection. From the frontier he once more penetrated the guarded way —in all, he got a thousand miles beyond Tobolsk—learnt more of Siberia by personal inquisition than most people ever wish to learn, and then flew off at a tangent for Egypt and the East. Observe, he had no attendants, but, Coriolanus-like, could exclaim, "Alone I did it!" As the one fluttered the Volscians, the other fluttered the Muscovites: only, the one fought his way into the interior, the other was turned back, and never entered his Volsk.*

It does not consist with my plan, however, to follow him all over his almost incredible range in Europe, Africa, Asia, America, and Australia. Unsatisfied with ordinary or trodden paths, he was prone to seek out-of-the-way places, and boldly visited holes and corners to satiate his unappeasable appetite for new information. Illyria and the Danubian Provinces, Kamschatka, Van Diemen's Land, Wallachia, and Montenegro, were as keenly explored as Spain, Portugal, Syria, and Turkey, towards the close of his "Voyages;" during which, it may truthfully be stated, he traversed the great globe itself more thoroughly than any other traveller that ever existed, and surveyed its manifold parts as perfectly as (if not more than) the most intelligent and clear-sighted of his predecessors of this or any other age or country. Kings and queens accepted his dedications. He was appointed one of the Knights of Windsor; but he disliked the restraint, and longed for and sought independent freedom of action, whenever he could do so without

* Volsk is a Russian town ahead of his route, with no known connection with the ancient Coriolanian Volsci!

the forfeiture of his moderate knightly provision. He was always glad to desert routine commons; the knightly crib at Windsor was no field for him.

The secret of his marvellous adventures and acquirements seemed to lie, the first on his cool intrepidity and restless curiosity, and the last, upon his habit (in the absence of sight) of examining everything minutely to its origin and through its progress, and upon his indelible memory. What he had once seen, felt, had explained to him, and comprehended, he seemed never to forget; like the photograph plate, the impression made had only to be brought back to the light, and every feature came out with luminous distinctness. "Could I have seen where I have only felt," he said, "could I have witnessed what I have only heard, could I have watched the features and the actions and the trifling details that make up the sum of character, and through which human motives are as visible as if they were revealed in words, instead of being obliged to trust to oral acquisition, to the sound of the voice, and the subtle transitions of its varying tones, my work ('Voyage Round the World') would have been of a very different kind. But I have been obliged to condense and refine my speculations; to judge by reference and comparison; to extract by a tedious and severe process—the essence of watchful observation; and to rely upon accumulated testimonies for that information which others obtain at a single view. But, perhaps, what I have lost in vividness I may have gained in accuracy." Nothing can be more true, except that there is no lack of vividness—the accuracy of his statements was never impeached by traveller or critic. His extraordinary resources in himself compensated for being shut out from the picturesque in Nature; and the productions of art were also inaccessible to his appreciation; but by his fidelity in extracting all sorts of information on the spot, and making an immediate record, in many instances he was enabled to form a more correct judgment than even accomplished

travellers, who are apt to take matters at first sight, to seek less diligently for intelligence, and, in some cases, to be misled by appearances which may seem to be adequately scanned and understood by the eye without provoking farther inquiry. *Veni, vidi, vici*, is a terse description; but after marching and reconnoitring, there is at least some trouble and exertion necessary for the complete conquering.

When I think of the indomitable perseverance of Holman, of his endurance of fatigue, his callousness to danger, his exhaustless patience, and his felicitous adaptation of himself and conduct to the natives of all regions, civilized or barbarous, so as to squeeze, as it were, all the secrets out of them, I am really disposed to consider him one of the greatest wonders of the world he so sagaciously explored. In his conversation he was lively and interesting; under all circumstances, accommodating and good-natured. He was consequently much esteemed and loved by those who enjoyed the pleasure of his intimacy, and met with a mingled feeling of sympathy and respect from general society. He was easily amused. I met him at one of the Marquis of Northampton's Royal Society Conversaziones in Piccadilly, at which he appeared in a beard that would have done credit to the Chief Rabbi of the Jews; and it so happened that Mr. Ward, the Royal Academican, had fancifully adopted the same patriarchal style for years, and entered the room with a like venerable aspect. Beards had not come into fashion yet, and the two barbati were alone in their glory. Knowing them both familiarly, I took an opportunity to introduce them to each other, and as one was blind and the other could not see, advised the cultivation of a further intimacy by the mutual stroking of beards—a ceremony they performed with hearty laughter, and to the no small amusement of a little circle of admiring spectators.

I might call to mind numerous characteristic anecdotes, but must content myself with two: one within my own cognizance, the other related by a friend, and both bearing

upon the astonishing discriminating faculties by which the misfortune of loss of vision had been modified. On taking leave of me to depart on his longest journey, Holman slipped a guinea into the hand of one of my sons "to get some keepsake;" but the receipt of money being contrary to family orders, the boy returned the coin with thanks. About four years after, the traveller returned, and was conversing with me in the same room, when the same youth, changed from twelve or thirteen to sixteen or seventeen years of age, came up and spoke. "Ah," exclaimed Holman, "that is the young gentleman who refused the guinea from me when I set out for Russia." He at once recognized the voice, though so considerably altered. On the other occasion my informant was in company with a naval officer who had been the lieutenant's messmate in the service many years ago, and had written to inform him of his being in town, at Feuillade's Hotel. As they sat in one of the dinner boxes they saw the invited guest enter the room, and his old comrade whispered, "Be quiet; see what he will do." Well, he walked up past several tables, as if blessed with the clearest sight, and softly put both his hands on that where they were seated. There was no voice here, and it is impossible to account for an act so closely resembling the highest animal instinct. (He had heard the whisper!)

Change of residence and other circumstances led to my seeing little of Holman for several years prior to his death, which is stated to have taken place in July, 1857, in lodgings near the Minories; nor can I imagine what took him into that quarter. He left, it is also stated, journals and much literary material in the hands of his executors and relatives; but of these nothing farther has been heard, and I believe that this brief pen-and-ink drawing must be the best memorial that remains of one of the most remarkable men of the age.

ADDENDA.

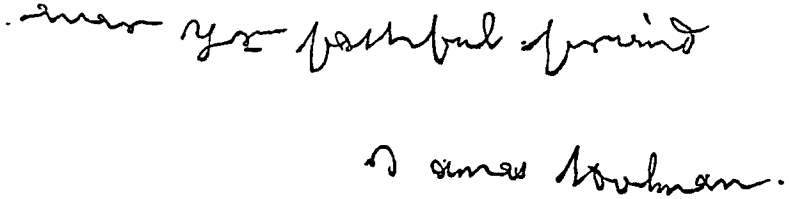
SINCE writing the foregoing paper, I have been enabled to ascertain a few further individual particulars relating to this interesting man. His father was a chemist and druggist, residing in the Fore Street, Exeter, where he was born in 1786. His early habits were studious, and he had a decided predilection for poetry; but as he entered the navy at a very early age (about twelve years old), he had little time to cultivate this propensity, even were we to suppose it more potent than the average intensity of thoughtful and imaginative boyhood. A dozen of years of sea service,—and especially at the stirring period of his employment in it,—afforded more ample space for the development of other than poetical faculties.

In later years, when in London, he passed the greater part of his time at the house of his cousin, Mr. Andrew Holman, surgeon, John Street, America Square; and soon after the publication of his Voyage Round the World, took lodgings in Crutched Friars, in order to be near that ever cordial and valued relation, to whom, I believe, he entrusted the entire management of his affairs, and appointed one of his executors to arrange the last disposition of his worldly objects, including a very natural longing for fame beyond the grave.

I was aware that a literary friend of mine had assisted in the compilation of his works, and seeing them through the press; but I did not know that he had directed his manuscripts and other materials to be confided to him with the expectancy of posthumous re-publication, with a biographical memoir of the author. I presume that the legatee found no encouragement in the trade for fulfilling this hope or promise; so that probably it has gone to rest for ever, even for partial realization. The trust could not have been reposed in abler hands; and our regret for the result must be miti-

gated by the belief that the desire could not be practically accomplished.

And so the busiest spin out their existence, with something left to be done by others, which is not or cannot be done. The traveller who had traversed the globe, under circumstances of unexampled difficulty, solaces the evenings of his life-days, when not otherwise engaged, with the vicissitudes of backgammon, in his cousin's home. At this game he was surprisingly expert, and it afforded him untiring amusement. If ever he left a blot here, it was the only one that could be taken up throughout his whole excellent character; and we may close the board with the reflection that a worthier name does not grace the list of daring adventure and literary enterprise!



WILLIAM HUSKISSON.

THE melancholy death of the Right Honourable William Huskisson caused a profound sensation on the public mind when the appalling catastrophe took place, and thirty years have not obliterated the impression, while they have added a new element to the reflections it created. The peremptory decision of the Duke of Wellington to consider Mr. Huskisson's letter as a positive resignation of office, and to admit of no explanation whatever, proceeded from an inner part of the illustrious and iron Duke's nature, which future history may more clearly trace: it is enough for me to suggest that, in his later political career, his Grace never cordially liked Mr. Canning nor any of his friends. They were in the way of something in the distance, perhaps not yet formally recognized in that far-sighted mind, nor contemplated as within the province of immediate action. I have no doubt it produced the estrangement which was accidentally connected with the fate of the unfortunate gentleman; for it was in a formally courteous movement towards the Duke that he became unaware of the rapid approach of the train, and fell before the deadly wheel.

Huskisson's training was somewhat remarkable, and afforded him an early acquaintance with strange and stirring scenes. The overthrow of the social system in France, and the unbridled license given to the violent passions of men, found him a young student of medicine at Paris, where he was educated under an uncle, Dr. Gem. Like many a youth in the focus of that terrible convulsion, and, indeed,

like multitudes, mature as well as premature, all over Europe, he was borne away on the tide of revolutionary promise, at least (it is said) "assisted" at the destruction of the Bastille, and gave early indications of his financial aptitudes by delivering a speech at one of the reform societies (the Quatre Vingt Neuf), recommending measures to avoid the issue of worthless assignats. With this, I believe, his interest in the vision of universal beatitude ceased; for the sanguinary events which ensued soon sobered his aspirations, and made him a wiser, and, consequently, a better man. His distinguished talents introduced him into the employment of the English ambassador, Lord Gower, as secretary, at the age of twenty-two; and from that period, 1792, to his return to his native land, his course was onward and upward. Henry Dundas was not slow in discovering his sterling merits, nor William Pitt in availing himself of them; and the confidential friendship of George Canning furnished a still stronger proof of the estimation in which his capacity for important business and his character as a man were held by the foremost among his contemporaries. Thus he raised himself from a private station to the rank of Secretary of State. The ordeal through which he had securely passed was trying; but it served to refine the gold, whilst it enriched the mine. Rich as it was, he was a hard worker in bringing its treasures to light, and my comparison will not be inaptly sustained if I refer to his labours on the bullion question in evidence of its applicability. Of our colonial system he was also a signal improver, and in Parliament (latterly representing great commercial interests) he became an authority looked up to on every side. In debate he was memorable for the "great facts" he was accustomed to announce, for substantial reasoning, and for arguments put both with plain common sense and pithy logical precision, which it was extremely embarrassing to encounter and yet more difficult to controvert.

I have dwelt much on his public life, in order to sketch

the contrast which his private life thus displayed. Here all was ease, suavity, and simplicity. The politician, the financier, the official and laborious statesman, had disappeared. Rather grave than lively, his conversation was very entertaining, from the variety of his intelligence and the pleasant manner of communicating it. There seemed to be no subject upon which he was not soundly informed; and his readiness to impart his knowledge was a virtue and a beauty, rarely met with in persons engaged in similar pursuits or endowed with similar attainments. He was frank. In advising with him on matters which concerned my guidance (the relations which led to such interviews are of no consequence), he would speak thus: "The truth is so-and-so—the affair, or affairs, may be complicated by so-and-so, or misrepresented, but I put you in possession of the real state of the case to the best of my knowledge; employ it at your own discretion, and my only reserve is, not to be made (as it would be inconvenient in my position and afford you no strength) personally responsible by being quoted as your informant." I never found an error when acting on these judicious counsels. Events proved the authenticity of the circumstances, and the fund of intelligence which supplied their data prevented any mistaken application of their bearing on the matters at issue.

But one of the most attractive features in Mr. Huskisson's private and personal intercourse was the calm sedateness which seemed to mark every word, look, and motion. Contrasting with the Parisian opening of his career in storm and anarchy, with the stirring duties of his progress in after-years, and with the still more laborious occupations and heavy responsibilities of his later time, it was perfectly refreshing to participate in the philosophic calm of his natural quietude, whether imparting information of deep interest or enjoying the ever pleasant relief of social and intellectual communion. In parties of this description, he shone indeed without intense brilliancy, but he did shine

with a light so clear, largely diffused, and agreeable, as to leave (if I may use the term) photographs as characteristic, forcible, and lasting, as the strongest impression from more dazzling sources.

As a gentleman he was truly amiable; as a financial statesman he was without a superior in the age to which he belonged; and, to complete the portrait, he had a mind so fraught with various intelligence and information as to be at all times one of the most unaffected, delightful, and instructive of companions.

His death was a sad one, and was a loss to his country. The fated spot is commemorated by a statue, erected by a subscription among his friends and admirers of Liverpool, which important place he succeeded his constant friend, George Canning, in fitly representing. The cordial alliance of these two eminent men was of essential value to both in public life, and shed an indescribable charm over their personal association.

ADDENDA.

Most of the biographical notices I have met with of Mr. Huskisson have represented him as of mean origin, and one who had risen from utter obscurity; but, on the contrary, he sprang from the roof-tree of a landed gentleman of old family, and was educated in the most complete manner under his mother's uncle, Dr. Gem, who ranked high as a physician in Paris, and was the friend and philosophical associate of Benjamin Franklin. So far from the adventures of poverty, he was heir to an entailed estate, and only gave up other promising pursuits to devote himself to politics under the auspices of noble and distinguished statesmen connected with the embassy to France. Whether he assisted

at the taking of the Bastille or not matters little, or that he made a speech at the Quatre Vingt Neuf (not the Jacobin) Club, so early was he financial, against the issue of worthless assignats. Hardly had he settled in his native country before his abilities were appreciated by Henry Dundas. He was employed in matters requiring great industry and talent, and he succeeded by the sheer force of superior intellect to the eminent position in which he shone as every way worthy of the public confidence reposed in him. His friendship with Canning was in itself a great national benefit; and to meet them together was to taste the rare happiness of witnessing greatness and simplicity combined in a way which excited your astonishment at the possible union of such glorious endowments without a mark of superiority. As he lived, so did Mr. Huskisson die. Appalling was his death, and the sufferings he endured, but as his dying breath expressed it, he expired "at peace with all mankind." He was a dreadful sacrifice to the inauguration of the mighty railroad system; at every fatal catastrophe that arrives my mind reverts to the memory of its first victim—William Huskisson.

JOSEPH JEKYLL.

THERE are certain persons who are made, as it were, representative types of a class, and thus attain celebrity to an extent which could hardly be within the reach of mere intrinsic talent. They are frequently not even first in their own line, but are by circumstances elevated to the supreme rank, and kept there by voluntary homage and complaisant usage. Once inaugurated, their fellow Paladins are among the foremost to support their title, and illustrate it by sacrifices and self-denials which involve an amount of tribute not more extraordinary in the mass than difficult to be accounted for in individual cases. Few monarchs are recipients of such spontaneous contributions. So it is, however, with the king wit, royal office-bearer of the day; and the grand llama has no more devoted worshippers than the priests of his court, who minister the very incense of which his essence is composed. The person whose being I am now about to recall was this type of the wit or jester, the sayer of smart things and writer of clever epigrams, to whom it was the fashion to ascribe not only what he did himself, but nearly all the flying bon-mots, jeux d'esprit, repartees, puns, and witticisms of the day.. And, as I have suggested, there is always such a one—such a head of the herd. Not to go back into classic antiquity, I may refer to the famous Mr. Joseph Miller (of whom it is difficult to affirm that he ever uttered a syllable of what has been fathered upon him), to Swift, or Foote, or George Buchanan, to Tom Brown, or

Tom Erskine (inferior to his brother Henry of like North-Athenian fame), to the yet greater Tom, Tom Hood, musical Tom Cooke, unctuous Sidney Smith, ever-ready Theodore Hook, stinging Douglas Jerrold, elegant Sam Rogers—all bright meteors in the facetious sphere I have indicated; though perhaps not reigning quite singly, so as to constitute distinct eras of Millerian, Footian, Smithian, Hookian, or Sam-Rogerian dynasties.

Joseph Jekyll, the Joseph Miller of my sketch, for example, was contemporaneous with Tom Erskine; both called to the bar in the same year, 1778; both having that prolific law field for the exercise of their faculty, and both living to extreme old age, as if to demonstrate that pleasantry is not hurtful to health. Even satire, it may be credited, is not so painful or injurious to the dispenser as to the receiver. But these were less satirists than good-humoured pets of good fortune.

When Erskine stood for Portsmouth (his first parliament), Jekyll observed, and the story is rather weak for such distinguished interlocutors, "You have been long a wanderer: I hope you will now stick to the *Point*" (where boats land at Portsmouth). — "Yes," replied Erskine, "I have my eye on the *Pole*, where you know *the pointers* are."

I would venture a "Common Hard" remark, that neither astronomy nor humour will be very brilliantly illumed by this colloquy, but it served as a pleasantry at the moment. But one reflection will strike, if not haunt the mind, on reviewing the list, and lending a retrospective thought to the lives and fortunes of these courted, feared, caressed, hated, flattered, and abused fountains of the jokes so triumphant and trumpeted in their fleeting span: "Where be their gibes now, their gambols, their songs, their flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? . . . quite chop-fallen." Alas! poor Yoricks.

The lingering look behind is not encouraging; nay, it would be most painful to indulge in it, since

"Every year
Some flowers decay, some thorns appear;"

but such considerations belong to graver subjects.

Mr. Jekyll, who was descended from a Sir Joseph, Master of the Rolls, knighted by George I., rose as high as his deserts, literary, legal, political, or humorous, could entitle him. His pen was busy in the "Morning Chronicle" and the "Evening Statesman," and I fancy the "Galliad" was his production. If so, I might justly apply to him the couplet of Rousseau :—

"Raison sans sel est fade nourriture;
Sel sans raison n'est solide pâture."

Elevated to the pasquinade throne, Jekyll had no vocation to be a lion's provider; but, on the contrary, all the lions upon town performed the customary services in his favour, and he had the reputation of all, insomuch that it is not easy, at this distance of time, to point out what really emanated from, and what was ascribed to him. This may not be worth while, for, in truth, epigrammatic celebrity often rests on very slender foundations, and at the best is of a very transitory nature; but, as a popular blaze while it lasts, and producing certain effects on society, it is not undeserving of sage notice and consideration. Among the attributes to Jekyll, when in full possession of the station in chief to which he had been lifted by his contemporary jokers, I remember he was quoted as the original of the Romanist and Protestant dialogue. *Rom.* "Where was your religion before Luther?" *Prot.* (in answer by another question) "Did you wash your face this morning?" *Rom.* "Yes." *Prot.* "And where was your face before it was washed?" To which, as Sancho Panza says, "there is no

reply;" but I doubt the ascription either to Jekyll, or the date. He was more likely to be at home on the new button for the naval uniform :—

"For the navy a button now staggers the town;
To the anchor is soon to be added the crown;
Keep Percival Premier—I speak without rancour—
The crown, be assured, will soon come to an anchor."

Or, more assuredly, the lines on his brother lawyer Cockle, a bulky, fat, rubicund serjeant-at-law, pleading with much energy :—

"The serjeant speaks, his face on fire,
And all the court may rue it;
His purple garments come from *Tyre*,
His arguments go to *it*."

It was of this same rosy serjeant that a better anecdote was told, when badgering a simple countryman witness in a fishery case. "Do you like fish?" asked the browbeating but almost baffled counsel—"do you like fish?" "E-es, zur," answered Simplicity, "I loiks fish, but I donna loik Cockle sauce wi't!"

To return, however, to the man himself. In several parliaments he represented Calne, that nursing-mother of so many famous Whigs, elegant orators in the House, and distinguished politicians in the State. At a time when party ran high, Jekyll was appointed Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales—a promotion due rather to his convivial talent than his forensic abilities; for he was exceedingly lively in conversation; full of anecdotes of the bench and bar, often characteristic and generally entertaining. A somewhat Voltaire-like countenance, and a flexible person and agreeable voice, did not detract from these qualifications; and so he wrought his way upward, and was received with welcome in the circle to which he belonged. But, to own the truth, he never got forward as a lawyer, and was at

last shelved (from Solicitor-General to the Duchy of Cornwall) as a Master in Chancery, without having by practice acquired any knowledge of equity—being neither the first nor the last Master who never had been a scholar in that school of equation and court of balance between precedent and right, law and justice. Well, it followed according to the common fashion. The Master out of his chambers, where he had not much to do, continued to be as sparkling as if he had not been dignified, and his witticisms and manners as acceptable as ever. It was a pleasant life for a pleasant man. Yet I have usually gone from his company without being able to recollect any striking remark or significant effect, but simply satisfied that the time spent had been passed in a very amusing way. He was doubtless a strenuous party man, but he had little or nothing to give up to party, that was meant for mankind.

One moral of this slight sketch in my miniature contribution to the national portrait gallery is, to show how short-lived this sort of fame is—the same now as fifty years ago—only that the town talk has a more abundant and rapid succession of matters to divert it from even nine days' wonders; and what would have been "argument for a week, laughter for a month," to London in other days, can hardly obtain a hearing now amid the universal buzz of the huge metropolis, or, if it does, is forgotten as soon as heard.

A still more striking moral may be drawn, in reflecting on the ephemeral and worthless ends to which Jekyll's wit was applied. To raise an idle laugh or momentary surprise is a poor use of a talent capable of being turned to highest social benefits, in the discomfiture of evil, or the defence and advancement of good.

ADDENDA.

NOTWITHSTANDING what I have said, somewhat in disparagement of the sparkling bubbles that rise and float for a moment on the social stream, far be it from me to affect the Cynic, to despise those pleasantries which cause smiles like ripples, to variegate and play upon the monotonous flow. They serve their turn in seasoning genial enjoyment, and dispersing the dulness of many a stupid hour. But my remarks apply to their failure on preservation and repetition. There is no need of the warning *risum teneatis*, for you cannot raise the laugh again. On the contrary, it generally happens that the effect of the jest depends on accessories, the detail of which would be intolerably tedious, and without which the point must be blunted or lost. Still, in order to illustrate my sketch, and also my argument in a trifling measure, I feel disposed to add a few lines to the brief memoranda of my original notice.

Jeremy, or Jeremiah Bentham, whose very name may suggest antagonism to joke and pun, declared that Lord Lansdowne's hoisting Jekyll into Parliament (for Calne) was altogether a burlesque upon the legislature and constitutional government. Had it been Stuart Mill, Jeremy would not have lamented the deed.

The lines I have quoted on Serjeant Cockle are, I find, generalized in the "Archæologia," and run thus:—

> "The serjeants, see, are a grateful race,
> Their robes and speeches show it:
> Their purple robes do come from Tyre,
> Their arguments go to it."

Of another Serjeant we have another story. Serjeant Pell was a large holder of Spanish bonds which were not paid, (nor, I fancy, have been since that time unto this day), and

there was a great meeting of the parties most concerned, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the subject. The learned Serjeant was haranguing them as Jekyll looked in to see what was doing, and at dinner the wit gave his version of the business. "I heard Pell preaching a sermon this morning at a tavern about Spanish bonds. I think I could have given him a text." Of course the company asked "What text?" "Well," he said, "I think this expression of Saint Paul, 'I would that all men were even as I am except these bonds!'"

I may observe that the Bar is most prolific of favourable opportunities for the display of dry quips or caustic humours. One has only to mix familiarly with a circuit, to be entertained and laden with the superabundance of fun, often practical as well as verbal, that is pelted into his brain. Any long-experienced barrister, learned in this particular branch of Law, could annex a volume of specimens to my meagre page, which I will end with only one other morsel of this sort. A very little pleader was trying with all his height to attract the attention of the Bench, which Jekyll noticing to be in vain, observed "*de minimis non curat lex.*"

He married a daughter of Sir Hans Sloane, on whose death his house was bought by a tailor, who had acquired great wealth in his business. Mrs. Jekyll was much mortified by this degradation of the family mansion, and next morning, after the news, said she had had no sleep for thinking of it. "Well," said her husband, "I am very sorry, Snip has Snap your Snorum!" [I may need to explain that this alludes to a round game at cards, in which the players overcome each other in the succession of its name Snip, Snap, Snorum.]

That Jekyll could be petulant as well as jocular, I am well assured by an anecdote told me, with no flattering comment upon it, by a fellow Bencher, who, in some unimportant discussion, heard him say to Baron Maseres (an able mathematician and inoffensive man) "That's a lie;" "which,"

added my informant, "gave me so much offence, that I could never listen afterwards to any of his efforts of faded wit or pungent jokes." I may admit that this is very severe, but it illustrates the judicious maxim that popular wits should be careful against transgressing the proper limits of their entertaining faculty; and guard their lively tongue or pen from any utterance that can be disliked or censured among their clever things which are so long remembered. *Errando disco* is their ticket for an agreeable life. Courted and prized by the world at large; it is a pity they should ever create an enemy, or leave behind them a discordant note on the cheerful tenour of their way. Their fame, like that of actors on the stage, is wofully evanescent; and I am afraid to confess how closely it resembles the mimic theatre in its foundation upon insecure and slippery ground!

But I will not so gravely close my Recollection of a Man who was much heard of in his day, and of whom published Biography speaks as one whose "bon-mots often convulsed the Bar with laughter;" and whose "ever-sparkling wit delighted all who came within his convivial sphere." Confessing once more how difficult, nay impossible, it seems to be to revive these piquant strokes, which told well enough on their transient hour, and make them live again for a new generation, under new circumstances, and with new ideas, I must be further repentant, and say if it could be done it would not be worth while. Like needles in pottles of hay, they are little worth seeking out and endeavouring to preserve. Even such the parody attributed to Master Jekyll:—

"All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When Castlereagh appear'd on board;
Oh, where shall I my Curtis find?
Tell me, ye gallant sailors, tell me true,
If my fat William sails among your crew?
William, who, high upon the poop,
Rock'd * * * "

Of the witticisms ascribed to him, I am by no means sure of the following.

Captain ——, R.N. and M.P., and strong in the opposition, was observed to tone down in his attacks upon the administration of the Admiralty. "How can you account for this change?" said some one to Jekyll. "He Flags!" was the reply.

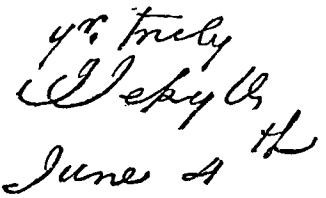
After Lord Erskine was made a Knight of the Thistle, little was heard of him in public for a while; and Jekyll described him as "The Green Man and Still."

Mr. Rogers took a lively interest in the success of the publishing business of the late worthy Mr. Moxon; insomuch that some of his jocular friends chose to impute his patronage to a natural cause. "Nonsense," said our wag, "nothing of the kind could happen—he can only be a Mock Son!"

The story was told that on the marriage of Lord Stowell and the Marchioness of Sligo, their names, according to etiquette, were placed on the door—

MARCHIONESS OF SLIGO.
SIR WILLIAM SCOTT.

Upon which our wit remarked, "I thought he would be obliged to knock under!" Not relishing the Bar laugh at the joke, the story went on to say that when raised to the peerage as Lord Stowell, his Lordship caused the position of the inscribed plates to be altered, upon which Jekyll said, "I expected she would knock him up!"



DR. KITCHENER.

DR. KITCHENER was a character. The march of intellect, as we call it, is treading character out, and it is becoming very rare to meet with a "real" Original. In elder days, when characters were more plentiful, it was epigrammatically said of another, a dramatic and medical humorist—

> "For physic and farces
> His equal there scarce is.
> His farces are physic:
> His physic a farce is."

And so it might be said of Kitchener (only in prose, the words being intractable to verse), for medicating and book-making he had no equal: his medicating was book-making, and his book-making medicating! But his medication was not limited to two or three parts of the system: it was universal. There was no part or portion of the human frame that he did not take under his protection. Yet there were three especially favoured—the eye, the ear, and the stomach; for he was a great optician, a great musician, and a great gastronome. And he was exceedingly good-natured withal. Though occasionally a little petulant, he speedily forgave offence, and refraternized with the offender. For instance, when one of his friends ridiculed his optical science, and told him, in ancient Latin phrase, about needing the aid *Beati Martini* (vulgarly rendered "all my eye and Betty Martin"), he saw and laughed at the joke without using his spectacles. Of his music he never tired; nor did

it ever cross his mind that anybody else could resist being capt in the elysium of his piano (of which more anon). His medical ("Peptic") precepts and gastronomic practices were wonderfully combined, insomuch that it was not always easy to tell, in partaking of what was set before you, whether you might be swallowing a meal or a prescription at his hospitable, or, as the case might be, his hospital board.

Dr. Kitchener published a considerable quantity of miscellaneous literature, displaying the various accomplishments at which I have hinted; as, for example, "The Economy of the Eyes," "Observations on Vocal Music," "The Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life," and "The Cook's Oracle," representing the particular subjects to which I have referred, *i.e.*, the optico-musico-medico-epigastro superabundance of his prolific talent. Seriously speaking, his multifarious endowments were not unworthy of a respectable mark, and his eccentricities were harmless and amusing.

The dinners at which he entertained a few of his intimates (generally six or eight, at most) were by no means so *bizarre* as rumour gave them out. If the oddities were there, there was always a fair counterbalance of the relishable and genuine. The very incongruities gave a zest to the treat. A tureen of soup, indeed, was not liked the better for having its ingredients explained, and the price—perhaps sixpence or sevenpence—recorded (though, after all, it was fairly palatable and nutritious); but, at any rate, it might be followed by a costly cut of a Severn salmon, and there was generally a joint, to save you from experimenting on the made dishes, which, I must own, seemed often to be of dubious quality, and rather dangerous to depend upon for a man with an appetite. The wines partook of the same mixed variety. They were of sundry kinds, and might be classed as good, bad, and indifferent: some especially recommended because they were quite new—fresh from the docks—or tawny from antiquity, or mellowed by

age, or having a peculiar bouquet, or having "eaten up their crust." Fortunate it was at these meetings that the rule was *de gustibus non disputandum:* every one took what he most fancied, and did what he liked. Sometimes there might not be that ready overflowing supply which was more usual in those times than in our more temperate days, and the Doctor was deprived of his horizontal constitutional siesta for one hour after dinner. Sometimes mirthful jests were perpetrated, which might remind us of Peter Pleydell's high jinks, described by Sir Walter Scott. The story of the board hung up in the lobby has often been repeated: "Come at seven: go at eleven;" but it was not George Colman, but another hand, that painted in the little "it" after "go," which so materially altered the purport of the whimsical, and no longer judicious inscription. It was upon that occasion, I remember well, that Dr. Haslam, his most intimate friend, was one of the guests, Charles Kemble another, when, I think, it was Arnold got our host to be seated on his music-stool, and every composition, more admirable than the last, made the guests (whilst they were enjoying themselve *ad libitum*) reluctant to leave. It was then that the practical joke of exhibiting the board with "go it at eleven" was carried out, and the meeting prolonged into the small hours of the morning. At other times the Doctor's intimation of early hours was observed with all due decorum; for it must not be imagined that in yielding one night, such as I have described, to a merry mood for frolic, these feasts were other than temperate and decorous: they were rather distinguished for the "feast of reason," rendered more piquant, perhaps, by the nature of the material feast, and the wit provoked by the unconscious whimsicalities of the Doctor, who was really in earnest with what the world was so ready to take and treat as jest. Let it be also remembered that these were but the occasional relaxations of busy, hard-fagged men.

Dr. Haslam, to whom I have referred as the Doctor's

intimate friend, was a very skilful mad-doctor, and almost as great a humorist as Kitchener himself. When the "Cook's Oracle" was published, it so happened that the editor of a periodical which reviewed new works was in the country, and had left the office of criticising any novelty (in his way !) in the charge of the gentleman referred to, than whom there could not be one found in London more competent for the task. He did perform it in a very entertaining style, but shockingly to disturb the *amour propre* of the author, who rushed in fury to his bosom friend to seek counsel for implacable revenge. Haslam did not venture then to confess the criticism, for the Doctor declared that the injury was of a nature never to be forgiven; and his account of the interview was ludicrous beyond description. In a few months, however, the "Cook's Oracle" was pacified and reconciled to every member of his committee of taste, whose praise of his unrivalled gourmetry at the next meeting was potent enough to heal any wounds.

But, alas! even the "follies of the wise" must come to an end. The end of poor Kitchener's career was a melancholy one. A very agreeable evening party at Mr. Braham's, redolent of charming music, was concluded by the usual *petit souper*, which means a rather luxurious supper. Sir John Stevenson and other musical celebrities were there, and Kitchener was in his glory. He forgot all about his own rule of retiring at eleven, and in the height of his enjoyment was above all delighted with a pet macaw, which would sit on the shoulder of our hostess, and, apparently listening to every fine movement, throw in a discord or a plaudit of its own. The mind when most disturbed or anxious, or even deeply depressed, is apt to fly into an opposite though temporary extreme, to be amused with trifles and play with idle pleasures. None present were aware that the droll attraction of the "foreign fowl" was serving as a screen to conceal a cloud of carking care, and helped to detain the Doctor for two hours or more beyond

the magic eleven. Yet so it was—sad lesson to humanity. We learned afterwards that, owing to domestic circumstances, he had prepared a settlement which would inflict contingencies or restrictions on the inheritance of his son, and that the following day was fixed for his signature. At nine o'clock in the morning he was dead. His departure was unobserved: he was only fifty-two years old.

We could have better spared a better man; yet with all his foibles he was inoffensive and kind-hearted.

ADDENDA.

Dr. William Kitchener in his square-toe cut of habiliments, with his economical epicurism, his recipes for long life (how he stole away from them!), and his other eccentricities, may seem to readers who think two laughs one too many in our serious world to have been sufficiently preserved already in my morsel of literary confection. But I liked the Doctor, and would fain have a few more words with him before we part. It will soon be midnight: let us go it a little at eleven!

"Go it! and how shall we travel? not on horseback, certainly, for the doctor recommended a Cow, which the Goer could ride on his journey and live on her milk. Yoked in carriages the fashion would be much easier, and the South Africans were still the most stupid of savages, to yoke bullocks in their family equipages. Still he held by the equine in some cases, as preferable to the bovine; for as the Spaniard said, "The horse is the best Physician," though he indecorously added, "The best Apothecary is but an Ass."

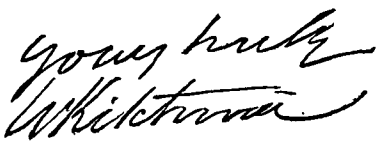
An occasional rendezvous to his Tuesday evening and Committee of Taste was extremely amusing. On this, and on all feeding times, his grand panacea was, "Never affront

the stomach!" Except that the worship of the Universal Pan must be moderate and within bounds, it might have gone with Drunken Barnaby—

> "Edunt, bibunt, ludunt, rident,
> Curæ dignum nihil vident."

His stated allowance, however, for this sort of fun was only two hours, for dining at five (five minutes past punctually) and receiving *conversazione* incomers at seven o'clock, afforded no longer time for enjoyment. Sometimes the committee had not quite agreed in opinion when the clock struck, and stopped to finish a bottle and an argument which were not worth adjourning!

Then for appetite, that never could fail, for if you happened to disapprove of one of his new dishes you were instantly supplied with a zest from a phial, like that in which attar of roses is contained; and if three drops did not cure you, you ought to think of making your will. To invent odd things and give them odd names was his special hobby, and of course that sort of fame which is called notoriety waited upon his harmless and whimsical course—under which, as I have observed, there really lay more of talent and useful information than could have been expected from the outward signs.



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

MY intercourse with Sir Thomas Lawrence was not intimate, but spread over many years, and of that kind which pleasant people call "stretching your legs under the same mahogany." Thence I could form a correct opinion of his mental qualifications and refined manners, of his conversational gifts, of his polished eloquence when called upon to address the public, and of all the circle of endowments which recommended him to the position he occupied as an ornament to society.

We often hear of precocious talent. If ever there was an instance of it, Lawrence was born to the Arts. A renowned artist-friend of mine, whose children were decidedly prone to the infantile "imitative," was so proud of their hopeful propensities that he used to boast "they were born with pencils in their hands;" and it was not safe to contradict him. Be that assertion as it may, it is certain that Lawrence's aptitude for drawing was as near innate as it is possible for philosophy to penetrate, and that it early expanded into cultivation under the auspices of his father. Originally an exciseman, and successively the landlord of the "White Hart," Bristol, where the child-painter first saw the light, and next of the "Black Bear," Devizes, where the boy-painter (uninfluenced by signs of white or black) pursued his calling in tinted crayons, this somewhat singular man finally settled in semi-retirement at Bath. His forte appeared not to lie in the publican line, but he was noted for dramatic readings and recitations; and his son was not

only clever in the same way, but ever cherished a strong predilection for the stage. It may be, as reported, that he tried it in his youth; but, at any rate, as an amateur déclaimer he was very successful.

When but seven years of age the boy had attracted considerable attention, even among the upper classes, by his productions at Devizes, and soon after, at Bath, had the good fortune to be received as a pupil by Mr. Hoare, then at the height of crayon portrait-painting in that aristocratic and fashionable resort. This style of Art has been superseded by oil, and, if aught remained, been extinguished by photography; but during the latter half of last century it was practised with remarkable effect, and many likenesses of distinguished persons of that period bear witness to its capability and extensive employment. To be the pupil of Mr. Hoare was a happy step, for he was a man of exquisite taste, and his works seem to be prototypes of Lawrence's most valued productions. In these the enlightened judge of the various merits and noblest achievements of Art does not recognise the highest grade of power, wonderful handling, or expressive energy; but from Lawrence, as from his master, we obtain the utmost delicacy, elegance, and refinement, so essential to the faithful representation of the beautiful and patrician crowd who sought a brief immortality from his easel. His ladies (if possible without flattery) were captivating; his princes and nobles, gentlemen. But, to return.

At Bath the juvenile half-crown or crown crayons of Devizes had risen to half-guinea and guinea — the main support of his father and family—and he was only thirteen years old when his copy, in the chalk, of the "Transfiguration" of Raphael transported his fame to London. The Society of Arts, by a stretch of its encouragement at that time, specially awarded him its great silver palette, gilt, and no less a sum than five guineas! He received the honour and fortune at a meeting of the Society, where

Valentine Green, the celebrated engraver, presided; and he has been described to me as truly a beautiful, ingenuous, and blushing lad, whose looks and behaviour made an extraordinary impression in his favour, and went no small way in promoting the estimation of his talents.

Only five years after this date—viz., in 1787—his first performances, but no fewer than seven, appeared in the Royal Academy's Annual Exhibition; and so great was the success, that one year saw him moving from Leicester Square into Jermyn Street, and painting, as fast as he could, sitters of high rank and fortune, and even royalty, in the person of one of the princesses. Nor was there any pause in this rapid advance: soon after, in Bond Street, and soon again in Russell Square—rising quickly from A.R.A. to the honour of the President's chair, to which he was at once elected as if by acclamation—over-burthened with commissions, and covered with the foremost distinctions bestowed on the profession, courted by the high, and admired by the low, fêted by the rich, and moving everywhere in the most polished society, his career was one of enviable prosperity and gay enjoyment, only enhanced by the labour in which he delighted. The productiveness of that labour was, it is to be regretted, somewhat impaired by an extravagant passion for gems and masterpieces of ancient Art, of which his collection cost many thousand pounds, and led to temporary embarrassment, and his dying comparatively poor. But it is with pleasure I can add that his generosity to living artists was as honourable to his feelings, and, so far as occasion needed, as encroaching upon his purse, as were his outlays for the *chefs-d'œuvre* of old masters and the antique relics of the classic ages. Nor was his benevolent disposition confined to objects belonging, as it were, to his own sphere. His heart was liberal, and his hand

"Open as the day to melting charity."

As all men are ambitious of doing more than they ever

can accomplish, so was Lawrence often tempted, from the restriction of portrait, to essay higher walks of Art; but his efforts were transitory or incomplete, and I am not aware of any triumph over difficulties and the want of time. In his first year he had a "Mad Girl" among his exhibited pictures; at later periods he exercised his powers on Milton reading, and Homer reciting his Poems; but nothing of the immortality of his subjects adhered to his pencil. I think his "Satan" was his greatest success, and it reached no remarkable elevation. The splendid commission from the king, George IV., to proceed to the Continent and paint portraits of the illustrious personages who had recently enacted such stupendous feats on the vast theatre of Europe, was the crowning labour of his fame. It afforded him a glorious field for the display of *all* that his mind could conceive and his capacity organize—*all* that his eye could detect and his skill embody in faithful resemblance. And the opportunity was not lost. Many of the portraits are of a superior order to all preceding examples, and those of "Prince Schwarzenberg," "The Pope," and especially "Cardinal Consalvi," so intellectual and admirably finished as to raise their delineator to a station not far below the topmost range of Reynolds, Vandyck, or Velasquez. I believe the three pictures I have named were remunerated each at £2,000 by the Royal Patron, with whom the artist was an esteemed personal favourite, and upon whose own portrait, for the Athenæum Club, he wrought within thirty hours of his death; so true was he to his motto, *Loyal à la mort.* It was on the floor of his painting-room that he was found dead, and looking calm and placid as in the pleasantest moment of his life.

That life, upon the whole, had been prosperous and pleasant beyond the measure accorded to most men. He was at the head of his profession; the lesser drawbacks to which I have alluded were little more than drops of acid to enhance the flavour of the sweets; and from five-shilling and

half-guinea crayons he had attained to six-hundred-pound whole-lengths (perhaps little more than the head and attitude, to be filled up by Mr. Simpson), three hundred at Coutts's on the first sitting. This was gratifying "business;" and, besides his natural temperament, which inspired kindliness and contentment in the ordinary run of affairs, either as regarded himself or others, he was endowed with many minor qualities which, rightly employed, tend greatly to enhance the enjoyment of life. He tried no tuneless hand upon poetry and music. In the former he was reserved in showing his slight productions even to his closest intimates, and they aimed at nothing above the class of verses written by educated men at ease—Lawrence being only self-educated, and owing his poetic fancies to his intercourse with highly-cultivated society, which brought individuals and incidents within the compass of passion or feeling. In music he was well versed, and an ardent admirer of its fascinations.

But I must now drop the curtain on one who, blest with yet higher attributes of genius and mind, could still be described in the line as

"Pleasantest of pleasant men,"

and who, nevertheless, was not without the serious thoughtfulness and reverential awe which became a moral being looking forward to a future. It is not within my province to dilate on this fact, but I feel myself obliged to state it, because I might otherwise fear that my traits of the trifling and unimportant might convey a false impression of the character I have so lightly sketched.

His death, as I have mentioned, was sudden. On the Saturday he had met a social company at Sir Robert Peel's; became indisposed, and was bled; attended to his usual occupations and went abroad on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; and on the Thursday afternoon was no

more. His death caused a great sensation, and he was much and generally regretted. A public funeral ended his earthly honours; and some time after, his collection of drawings and other precious memorials of the Fine Arts were sold by Mr. Woodburn, and realized probably as much as they cost. They are dispersed all over the world, and in many places can be identified as companions to Lawrence's innumerable portraits. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

ADDENDA.

I WAS at Bromley with Lord Farnborough, and at breakfast, when the news of the President's death was suddenly communicated. The shock was very great. He was on the most intimate terms with both Lord and Lady Farnborough —the former one of the finest judges and most zealous patrons of art in the kingdom—and the latter one of the most accomplished amateur artists. His elegant manners, his many accomplishments, his excellent qualities, and his professional talent were the themes that could not be departed from all that day; and the next, I found the society I met in London full of posthumous praises and regrets. I find among my letters at this period one from the poet Campbell, in which the choice of the successor to Sir Thomas is mooted. He writes, "You must already have heard the melancholy news of the death of the President of the Royal Academy, and by my own feelings I judge of yours, namely, that you must have been stunned and afflicted with the intelligence. A character of Lawrence will no doubt be drawn up by you, in your publication, worthy of the subject. In the mean time, as you are a friend to genius and to merit, will you allow me to recommend to you to notice to the public, as I mean to do myself, a man fit to be regarded by the public as a suc-

cessor to Lawrence in his own art, and let me beg of you in the name of his own merits to recommend our common friend *Pickersgill;*—unless I am egregiously mistaken, Pickersgill stood and stands next to Lawrence as a classical English artist." The writer proceeds to speak truly of Mr. Pickersgill's "modest merits," and his excellent character in private life; but the Royal Academy made another choice, and from among the eligible candidates in their body selected Sir Martin Shee to be their chief. Nor could their preference be impugned. Without insisting upon the highest standing in the native school of arts as an absolute requisite—for the possession of other qualities are essential to the adequate fulfilment of all the duties belonging to the office—the Academy found in Sir M. Shee a man of great literary talent, of eminent reputation in portrait painting, very eloquent, and, in short, as Lawrence was a fine specimen of the English, so was he of the Irish gentleman; and so, perhaps I might now add, is the present President, of the same Scottish rank, and also by birth as well as genius. No doubt, our "tried" Pickersgill was well worthy of the distinction; but I can only have the satisfaction of hailing him yet—at this late hour!—as living respected and honoured, and still able to exercise his pencil without it.

There was one point occurring in our common intercourse on which it was my hap to differ from, indeed to have some sharp dispute with, Sir Thomas. I allude to his extreme dislike to Harlowe. I do not know if any particular cause of offence had been given, but the resentment was strong, and as though engendered by unreasonable prejudice. Harlowe approached too near the throne to be much liked; but, at all events, his strange affectations (casually assumed for the oddest of effects) were not sufficient to account for what I may truly designate as the President's antipathy to the greatly gifted and rising artist, who had studied under him and made him his graceful model in all his earliest productions.

Of Sir Thomas's predilection for the drama and its representatives I have spoken at the outset of his life. His devoted admiration of Mrs. Siddons might be considered the climax of the latter; his frequent performance in private theatricals a proof of his continued attachment to the former. Sheridan declared that Lawrence was the best amateur actor he ever saw. In 1803 he performed in a dramatic fête given by the Marquis of Abercorn, where Sheridan witnessed his *Lord Rakeland* in the "Wedding Day," and *Grainger* in "Who's the Dupe?" The Prince of Wales, too, was present, and pronounced the admired actor to be also "the perfect gentleman." I believe Lord Melbourne was one of the dramatis personæ. Lord Abercorn was an early and staunch friend to the artist. A hundred years ago the most ludicrous tragedy of "Chrononhotonthologos" was produced, and at the Haymarket

> "Supine within his tent, from toils of war,
> The hero gently unfatigued himself;"

whilst the other hero, viz. Aldeborontiphoscofornio strutted and bellowed on the stage; and it was revived and played before Garrick the year preceding his death. No wonder it had a claim on the recognition of Lawrence. At Wynnstay, the noble seat of his friends the Wynns, where amateur acting was carried on for forty years, he took a foremost share and part in getting up and performing in the laughable burlesque. I have heard that his performance was first rate and immensely applauded! Shee wrote a tragedy, and learned from the criticisms which assailed it that it was a much more agreeable thing for a P. R. A. only to play in one. Both have finished their exits and their entrances, and other actors fill the busy scene.—*Vale!*

Trusting that every little particular relating to an artist like Lawrence may possess a sufficient popular interest, I proceed to add a few matters which have come under my

observation since the word "*vale*" was written. Among the patrons of his childhood promise at Devizes were Sir Thomas Falconer and Dr. Falconer, an F. R. S., and of literary good report. He painted both their portraits; and it is worthy of remark, as regards predilections engendered in early years, that the latter, engaged in promoting the great new edition of Milton at that time, used to invite the boy Lawrence to recite selected passages; and that, to the last, Lawrence was fond of reciting these lines. Indeed, I have little doubt that his grand efforts with Milton reading his Poems, and Satan, as subjects for painting, sprang from the inspiration of such pristine impressions on his plastic mind. His recitations, when prevailed upon to give them in later life, were admirable, and even in boyhood they must have been extraordinary. It is also curious that in a youthful portrait of himself in pencil there is a singular resemblance to the portrait of Milton, with his hair parted and hanging down on each side of the face. In reality, Lawrence at first sight struck you as having some likeness to Canning. He had, in certain form and features, but on close comparison it disappeared or became at best a rather effeminate and distant resemblance. The fascinations of female loveliness for his pencil were soon evident. Eve's fairest daughters had no luke-warm worshipper in him. I have now before me the head and bust of a young female or nymph, with downcast eyes (oval, about 5 in. by 3 in.), done at Salisbury, before he appeared in London, and it is a charming drawing, and quite a type of what he might hereafter achieve in such beautiful portraits as that of Lady Blessington. The hair is especially luxuriant and remarkable (as the whole is) for delicacy of handling and finish. Near beside me, too, are specimens of his earliest productions; and among the rest a caricature—loyal of course—*i.e.*, John Bull playing at billiards with a meagre Frenchman, and having by far the best of the game. One of the best pictures of his early day, in coloured chalk, is, I believe, at Oteley, Shropshire, the

seat of Mr. Townshend Mainwaring, the member for Denbigh —whose father it represents. In all, grace, taste, feeling. and touch are delightfully conspicuous.

"And what were they to accomplish! A lady in London can show a letter from the young painter when he had been two years settled in the metropolis, acknowledging an obligation to one of the friends I have mentioned at Devizes, and assuring him of its successful usefulness; for in due time, says the writer, "I shall be President of the Royal Academy."

SIR JAMES MACINTOSH.

AT no period of English history were political tergiversation and corruption carried to a more scandalous pitch than during the last half of the past century. The epoch of the Revolution, with all its political double-dealing, the party intrigues of the first, and even the undisguised venality of the second quarter of the century, had something redeeming in their objects and effrontery, when compared with the utter profligacy and baseness of the latter scheming era. Corrupting, plotting, betraying, defrauding, plundering, selling soul and body to dishonour and bribery, were the concomitants of mock patriotism and dissoluteness, beyond the possibility of decent language to describe. A crisis had arrived. Human patience could endure no farther. Unhappily, in France the reaction destroyed itself in bloodshed and horrors more atrocious and terrible than the evils, however oppressive and grievous, against which the hostility was at its commencement provoked. A few years of demon abominations and desolating fury dispelled the illusion into which the glowing principles and prospects of universal progress had plunged so many speculative and enthusiastic minds; but the time was hardly come for the votaries to confess that if the disease was afflicting, the remedy was murderous.

At this inauspicious epoch, distinguishing himself by his superior talents from his associate ranks, rose Sir James Mackintosh; well educated, intended for the medical profession, but relinquishing it for the study of law, and (for a

season) the law itself leaving, in order to devote himself to a political career. Before the "Edinburgh Review" constellation appeared, he had come to London, and besides contributions to the "Courier" newspaper (to whose proprietor he was nearly related), wrote or assisted in several publications advocating the cause of the French democracy. The crown of this pamphleteering was his celebrated "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," a defence of the Revolution, in which he measured strength with no less formidable an adversary than Edmund Burke. The great ability displayed in this work attracted much attention, and it must be presumed led to some patronage, and a different direction of the powers of the applauded author. He lectured on the British constitution as professor at Lincoln's Inn; he pronounced the famous defence of Peltier for a libel on Buonaparte in the "Ambigu" journal; and was appointed to the Recordership of Bombay. This office was with some difficulty squeezed from the king, who, when assured of the change in Mackintosh's views, yielded with the shrewd remark, "A man may be allowed to change his opinions, never his principles." On his return from India, where he performed good service to literature, he was elected into parliament and joined the Opposition, with Lord Lansdowne and the other leaders with whom he was ever after connected; holding office, however, also under the too brief administration of Mr. Canning, who had forgiven, if he had not forgotten, his painful vote against him on the Lisbon mission question. But politics furnish no lines for my sketches, and I only introduce so much of the public man, in order to serve as a back-ground to the traits of private portraiture.

Mackintosh was an indolent being. On his sofa in Cadogan Place he would repose in loose attire all the forenoon, take his quiet ride round Hyde Park, and then to the House, wherein he spoke seldom; but he made himself a name for ever by his movement for the reform of the

criminal laws, and the admirable eloquence with which he supported it. When we reflect on the prodigal and disgusting waste of life which made almost every week a saturnalia in London, we cannot be too grateful to those who exerted themselves so zealously to free us from those degrading and depraving executions, when a Dr. Dodd and a burglar, and ten or more wretched men and women at one time, would make a morning "holiday" show to excite a brutal mob.

But the most extraordinary endowment of Mackintosh was his prodigious memory. From the deepest reading in his library and most learned researches, to the merest temporary relaxations, even to the last new poem or novel when enjoying his sofa relief, he seemed to forget nothing. The classic and philosophical lessons of his youth, the comprehensive literary attainments of his riper years, and the cream of his later amusements, were all stored as in a museum of enormous extent and endless variety, and could be referred to and brought forth at pleasure. The charm of his conversation was consequently unrivalled; it was like that of no other man I have ever known, or, I should rather say, that no man I have ever known could in this respect compare with him. Quote, for example, a remarkable line or expression in Dante: he would on the instant recall its prototype in a Greek or Roman author, its resemblance in Shakespeare, or Milton, or Schiller, or Racine, or Pope, or some obscure writer at home or abroad, of all ages and in all countries. The exhibition was wonderful. Porson alone, with reference especially to the poets of Greece and the thousand reflections of their thoughts and images, came in that measure into competition with the more general though less profound illustrative powers of Mackintosh. He was strongly formed, and looked like a Scot; and for any other countryman, when he opened his lips, he could not be mistaken. His "History of England" did not sustain his reputation; but his "Discourse on the Law of

Nations and Nature," his political pamphlets, and his numerous contributions to the "Edinburgh Review," fully warrant the elevated station, for penetrating judgment, deep inquiry, and masterly reasoning, which contemporary admiration assigned to him with one accord.

ADDENDA.

I HAVE very little to add to this meagre outline. My acquaintance with Mackintosh led principally to his literary pursuits, and those it was easy to see were paralysed by a constitutional indolence, not animated into action by his residence in Bombay. Thus his "History of England" languished, and

> "Like the story of the bear and fiddle,
> Began but broke off in the middle;"

and his "History of the Revolution," published posthumously, did nothing to elevate his memory, even near to the standard of his earlier and able works. In public speaking his voice was rather harsh and dissonant; and it was only the subtilty of his reasoning, and the force of his argument, which obtained for him the listening ear of the Commons whenever he addressed them. Without such encouragement he would, in all probability, have sat in the House a dumb member; for I recollect a striking passage of his: "Though struggle with calamity strengthens and elevates, the necessity of passive submission to long adversity is rather likely to weaken and subdue it."

One ponders over an opinion like this, and, on the meeting of a new Parliament, may endeavour to apply it to the candidates who may seek to reach an envied place. Who will be able to struggle against the calamity of slights,

so killing in that assembly, and not sink into passive submission, remains to be seen. The working out of the question will exhibit some curious and rather interesting spectacles to amuse if not to instruct the electors who sent, and the country who has accepted, these untried athletes for combat in the popular arena!

Mackintosh.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

Of few of the men whom I have known have I a more pleasing remembrance than of Sir John Malcolm. He rose from middle station by merit, to very high rank; he was distinguished from first to last in his arduous career, by indefatigable devotedness to his difficult duties; he shone as a soldier on many momentous occasions, and as a diplomatist of admirable judgment and consummate address; his works as an author augmented the national value of his military and political services; throughout all he was respected and honoured; when he died, the universal regret was only mitigated by the reflection that he had nobly fulfilled his allotted task, leaving a memory to

"Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

In person, Sir John Malcolm was of such presence as gives the world assurance of a man. In manner, he was frank, open, and cordial. Brave in battle, sage in council, prompt and decisive in action, he was in private life and society one of the most unaffected and agreeable of companions. His good humour was an unceasing fountain, and it was a delight to spend an hour with him, in which he would, in quick transition, pass from instructive lessons of wisdom and experience on the gravest subjects to the playfulness of a child. His was, indeed, a happy constitution, powerful and gentle, manly and unassuming, rich in intellectual endowments, yet sparkling with natural talent.

The sons of a small Scottish laird and farmer, John and Pulteney Malcolm (the gallant admiral to whose brilliant exploits his grateful country bears testimony by a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral) were born at Burnfoot, their father's residence, in a rural and semi-wild district near Langholme on the Border, among men of pleasant Teviotdale, as pacific now as if their ancestors had never listened to the bugle horn, nor heard the fearful war-cry or slogan of the unsparing foray. Yet there is something in blood, something in tradition. The ethnologist may easily trace the ancient spirit of the race in many of their descendants; and it is curious to remark, even in our own time, the number of heroic names that are descended from the turbulent occupants of the debateable land. As mere boys, the brothers were sent forth, like many of their compatriots, to seek their fortune—Pulteney in the navy, and John, at the age of fourteen, to India. As mine are simply light personal sketches, and not biographies,* I will not enter upon any description of his assiduous acquisition of the languages of the East, and especially of the Persian, which brought him early into public notice; nor of his military career, commencing with the siege of Seringapatam, when he was barely of age, and so continuing as to receive the marked approbation of two Governors-General, Lords Cornwallis and Hastings. Ill health brought him home; but twice again he revisited India in important capacities, and twice he was sent as ambassador to Persia, where he overcame great obstacles by his personal influence and tact, and ultimately concluded a mutually beneficial treaty with the Shah. His judgment was eminently successful in dealing with Scindia and Holkar, when the daring Pindarees threatened our empire; and when the danger took a tangible form, his abilities and gallantry bore the conflict through to a

* The Life and Correspondence of Sir John (worthy of the theme) were published by Mr. Kaye, a few years ago.

victorious issue. His last mission was as Governor of Bombay, where he organised many great improvements; and full of triumph in every department of the State, and after more than thirty years spent in incessant labour of the most exhaustive nature, military, civil, political, literary, and legislative, he returned to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* in his native land, where I had intense gratification in renewing my former intimacy with so justly celebrated and esteemed a character.

Like all truly great men, Sir John Malcolm was simple and unaffected—I would add, and straightforward, although there are so many instances of men considered by the world to be very great, who are nevertheless remarkable for cunning reserve and secret machinations. Be this as it may, he was upright, open-hearted, social, friendly, firm without a semblance of obstinacy, and kindly in all private relations, without the least demonstration of over-sensitiveness or display.

I think it was at the time of his second return from India, that he and his brother, both covered with renown, and their fame ringing throughout the realm, journeyed together to see the Burnfoot braes, where their childhood's steps had trodden in "auld lang syne."

> "We twa hae paddled in the burn,
> And pu'ed the gowans fine,
> And mony a sea between us row'd
> Sin' auld lang syne.

The thought, if not the words, of the song was no doubt in their heads and hearts as they posted down the rough road near Langholme. It was a lovely summer afternoon; and it so happened that, on coming in sight of their native home, they observed two of their elder female relatives sitting in front of the door, drowsing in the soft sunshine, and knitting away with true housewife industry. It was too much for the feelings of the excited travellers; the

bridge was a mile off, and so they leaped from the chaise and dashed through the water; accoutred as they were, they plunged in, and were in a few moments hugging their dear aunts, as if it were impossible to love them too much. This was the one touch of nature; after all their toils, dangers, and doings with mankind, it was a single trait, but suggests a charming point for a complete portrait. I recollect the anecdote being laughingly told one day, when Sir John was accidentally wetted in a careless manner. Instead of being annoyed (as most people would have been), he forgot the sousing, turned the story into a joke anent a brother officer, who came back to Edinburgh after twenty years in India, and on mounting to their residence, a *flat*, found his two aunts seated at a game of draughts, just as he had left them at his departure, and to whom his first greeting was, "What! have you not finished that game yet?" Such jocular pleasantries were always ready with Sir John, (as curious anecdotic illustrations were with Sir Walter Scott, quotations from Greek authors and Shakespeare with Porson, remembrances of prodigious reading with Macintosh, and something of a similar kind with Macaulay,) and intermingled with his strong sense and large acquaintance with men and things; such it was that made his conversation so delectable and his society altogether so replete with graceful entertainment and deep interest. There is something inexpressibly pleasing in the familiar relaxations of great authors, poets, statesmen, or other historical celebrities: their bending to our common pastimes, and, in fact, their own real enjoyment of them, their easy compliance with the requirements of the passing hour, their condescending, as it were, to be one of us, raise us up in self-gratification towards their level, and, far from lowering themselves, enhance our feeling and teach us to love as well as to admire them more.

If we now, after the lapse of so many years, refer to his writings, we must not only acknowledge how important

they were at the time, but how valuable they still are for the information they afford, and will be for generations to come. His "Life of Lord Clive," which formed the basis of Macaulay's splendid review in the *Edinburgh*, is a standard biography of an extraordinary man, who dispelled the awful black-clouded crisis like a lightning flash, overthrew every secret conspiracy and powerful aggression, and, by the sheer force of his genius, saved or rather created a mighty empire. In his steps Malcolm trod, and in a field scarcely less important; he saved the Mysore, crushed the most dangerous native combinations, and closed the route to Indian invasion through Persia, which must have entailed a war of greater peril and much longer duration. The population of Malwa, and the organization and government of that singular nation the Sikhs, were first made known to us by his pen; and his sketches of Persia, like his *vivâ voce* descriptions, are picturesque and animated, as if his whole life had been devoted to the cultivation of "polite literature."

Courted by the best society in London, esteemed and respected by all who knew him, decorated and exalted by his sovereign, and honoured by his country, Sir John Malcolm barely reached his grand climacteric when his health gave way; the wear and tear of responsible duties, and the sapping of climate, had exhausted the system of the strong and fine-looking Scotch hero. Only a few weeks before his death I saw him, but alas!—*quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore*—it was a painful interview, and nearly thirty years have since passed without abating my sincere regret. The consolation now, as then, which alone can mitigate the public loss, is found in the reflection that, throughout a long and critical period, he served his country zealously, faithfully, and successfully; that he reaped such reward as was due to his merits; enjoyed a season (too brief, indeed) of sunny repose from his labours; and died in peace and resignation, lamented by his friends and mourned by all.

ADDENDA.

THE above was written five years ago, and I am told that an interesting account of Sir John Malcolm has appeared in a Scotch periodical publication. I have not seen it, and will content myself with appending one of his facetious anecdotes, which he was fond of telling when I happened to be in company, and which linked me somehow in pleasing personalities with him, as did also his furnishing me with "Notes on the Pindarees," as material for a review in the *Quarterly*. The story was of an English traveller benighted on the wilds of Liddesdale, in a stormy winter night. Bewildered and exhausted, he rode about, till at last, in the very agony of despair, he espied a light and found it to proceed from a cottage window in a mean straggling village. After much rapping and shouting, the window was opened, and an old crone looking out inquired who knocked and what was wanted.

"I am a poor worn-out traveller who have lost my way and am almost dying. If there be any Christians here, for Heaven's sake open and take me in!"

"Na, na," said the old wife, more than suspicious of a visitor at that unseasonable Border hour—"Na, gang you're gaits, we are a' Jardines here; if ye want Christians they're a' to be found sax miles across the moor at ———. Ye can try them!"

And down went the window, and out went the light. The fact was that at the other village the residents nearly all bore the clan-name of Christian, while our traveller had unfortunately fallen upon one peopled by the clan Jardine, which was leagued with the Elliots and Armstrongs.

In alluding to the London festival in honour of The Shepherd (*sub voce*) I might have expatiated upon a meeting which partook so much of a national and literary character as only to be comparable with the previous commemoration

of Burns, in aid of his monument, presided over by the Earl of Aberdeen. Independently of the excellent Scottish charity, which calls together its patriotic benefactors upon its annual Saint Andrew's day, it was suggested so long ago as by "Johnson's Boswell," enforced at this banquet, and often repeated, before and since, how desirable it was to find suitable occasions for the assemblage of similar gatherings, by which every kindly and generous feeling would be cultivated, and objects the dearest to humanity and love of country be brought into view and promoted by cordial co-operation.

The recollection of Sir John Malcolm's admirable administration of the duties of the Chair, gives great force to this opinion. He was in his element—"up to his work," as one saying has it, or "master of the situation," as another wise aphorism puts it; and the spirited and discriminating manner in which he alternately excited and tempered the enthusiasm of the hour afforded a genial specimen of the talents which had raised his fame so high as an author, a soldier, and a diplomatist. Even now, it may not be unacceptable that I should recall a few of the peculiar incidents which occurred at such a meeting above thirty years ago, and ask my readers to rest a thought upon them and the men who were their actors, and endeavour to reconstruct the scene with the men who adorn the present day. I am no *laudator temporis acti*—the comparison lies in the difference of times and circumstances, and not in the measure of individual capacities either in intellectual endowments, arms, or literature. Only a generation has passed onward. The galaxy of 'thirty-two has given place to the galaxy of 'sixty-six. The youth of that festival are now past their prime, and the middle-aged are now nearly all gone. The human wave has swept by, and I mitigate my natural regrets with the hope that I may, with childish affection, snatch a few bonny shells from it to shine upon the sands of Time.

The memory of Burns was given. His two sons were present, returned from the East with independence and reputation, and the eldest returned thanks; and it was not a little remarkable that their own fortunate start in life resulted from a similar meeting (see p. 7).

The English toast-master having first invoked silence for Mr. Shepherd, "the" Shepherd, mounted on a chair, acknowledged his toast with rare good sense and *naïveté*, as towards the close of the sitting he mingled bowls of punch (in Burns's treasured bowl, from the sanctum of Mr. Archibald Hastie), and served out to neighbouring applicants with a liberal ladle.

Lockhart answered for Sir Walter Scott, and (alas!) his happy return; and told that Burns had met Scott only once, when he was seventeen years old, and yet had observed something (probably connected with his boyish search for ballad lore) which caused him to predict a future distinction for his name.

The brave admiral, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, was combined with the Navy, and his conduct in the difficulty at St. Helena justly referred to as earning the praise of his prisoner, Napoleon, and the applause of the world.

Lord Porchester (Carnarvon) and Sotheby replied for the Poets of England, Lord Mahon (Stanhope) for the Historians, with a refresher out of Hogg's bowl.

The gallant and accomplished Sir George Murray was brought forward with the Army, and illustrated a most graceful speech with many apt quotations of Scottish song. He mentioned that Burns had been welcomed at his father's house, and confirmed the statement of the chair, that his sister was the Poet's Phemy than whom

> "A bonnier lass
> The braes of Yarrow never saw."

Lord Brougham was given as a Scotchman born, and son of a Scottish mother, a relative of the historian Robertson; and English and Scottish law called up Sir John Stuart, our

present admirable Vice-Chancellor, and Peter Robertson (of infinite humour), afterwards a grave and judicious Lord of Session. John Galt, too, had to bear the brunt of compliment for his most characteristic local tales; but, in short, the Chairman played his part so well that throughout the proceedings of this miscellaneous muster nothing seemed to be neglected, nobody forgotten. The *laus a laudato* fell forcibly from his lips, and if there had been the Irish element in Moore among the company he might have ended the *fête* with

"Doth not meeting like this make amends"

for hundreds of crosses, vexations, and sorrows?

Writing of poets, I may mention the beauty of Lady Malcolm as a theme (I believe) for the inspiration of some of the most charming productions of Praed. Lyrists must have their Phemy Murrays; and a fairer than Lady Malcolm the parks of London never saw.

MARTIN, OF GALWAY.

WERE all my sketches meant to be grave, assuredly I would not have chosen Dick Martin for one of my subjects. Yet he was a notable man, and one likely to be much mistaken in the general estimate made of him; for his sterling qualities were so embossed with wild humour and fun, that it was no easy matter to form a correct judgment upon his real character. Nor am I about to undertake that task, though some lights must be thrown casually upon my theme, as I call to mind a few of the eccentricities which covered the actual life of this strange phenomenon. Genuine Irish drollery predominating in the composition, it cropped out most luxuriantly in his sayings and doings, and begat the absorbing opinion of his being a sheer madcap, a blundering blade without rational aim, conduct, or capacity. This was, however, a great mistake. No madness had ever more method in it.

Dick was an impersonation of Lever's "Larry M'Hale:"—

"Oh, Larry M'Hale, he had little to fear,
And never could want when the crops didn't fail;
He'd a house and demesne, and eight hundred a year,
And the heart for to spend it, had Larry M'Hale!

"It's little he cared for the judge or recorder,
His house was as big and as strong as a jail;
With a cruel four-pounder, he kept all in great order,
He'd murder the country, would Larry M'Hale.

"He'd a blunderbuss too, and horse-pistols a pair—"

If we correct this portrait by reading many thousands of

rental for the £800, and adding duelling pistols of the most accurate finish to the inventory of the armour, we shall have a very striking resemblance to the Galwegian hero. And I may here pause to remark how largely such characteristics as are celebrated in this song, not only indicate, but tend to form, the character of a people. Ballad lore has ever and truly been considered in this light. Where you hear little but warlike and patriotic effusions, you justly conclude that the country is proud, and prone to battle. Where hymns, psalmody, and sacred music are much cultivated, you safely infer a religious population. Where amatory lyrics and equivocal inuendo abound, you may rest assured of a sensuous race, addicted to heedless and vicious enjoyments. And so it is throughout. The delight in war is nourished by the feeling displayed in combative strains; thoughtfulness by the evidence of sacred outpourings; and vice by the alluring sentiment of love lyrics and romance. Cause and effect react on each other. The ballad embodies the ruling passion of the mature, and engenders similar propensities in the imitative young. In the human being, as in the animal world, the offspring "takes after its kind."

Now, if we apply this reasoning to Ireland, we must see how deleterious and subversive of law and order too great a proportion of her popular poetry long continued to be, though happily much purified at the present day. When revelry, folly, and recklessness form universal themes of witty applause and beguiling literature, and excesses of every kind are celebrated as national boasts, it is a bad sign of national *morale*, from the peer to the peasant. If the landed gentleman can rejoice in the praise of caring nothing for judge and recorder, it is the most natural and certain consequence that the cottier will think less harm of taking wild justice into his own hands, even to the extent of agrarian murder. If the squireen brags of squandering his property in drunken frolics, can we wonder that the Irishman of lower degree, "in all his glory," should rush to Donnybrook Fair "to spend half-

a-crown, meet a friend, and, for love, 'knock him down, with his sprig of shillelah," or bludgeon! And this spirit ran riot throughout the land before, and culminated in the era of Dick Martin. All around him were slowly emerging from savagery; and excess, as the order of the day and night, was an inevitable result. The worst of it was the everlasting brag of the foibles and vices with which society was inflamed, thus perpetuating them from generation to generation. Among these, whisky is the liquor of life, and the bard thus chants its panegyric:—

"Why do I love you so,
When in all our encounters you lay me low?
More stupid and senseless I every day grow—
Tatter'd and torn you've left my coat,
Yet I pardon you all, my sparkling doat!
If you'd cheer me again."

And the curse of intemperance had many a laureate, delighting to applaud bestial revelry!

If from drunkenness we pass to outrage and riot, we have still the same stimulating pæan. A most favourite air through all ranks runs—

"We'll break windows, we'll break doors,
The watch knock down by threes and fours,
Then let the doctors work their cures,
And tinker up their bruises.
We'll beat the bailiffs out of fun,
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run;
We are the boys no man dares dun,
If he regards a whole skin."

The laudation of lawlessness and violence is contagious; it is but natural for the population to catch and hug the disorder:—

"Beating, bellowing, dancing, drinking,
Sporting, swearing, never thinking;
Living short but merry lives;
Going where the devil drives."

Let it be noted that we are not speaking of the ignorant degraded labouring classes, but of wealthy educated Irishmen, at a time when the influence of civilization was almost unfelt in the land.

But why pursue the ungrateful task? It is not my object, in this episode, to disparage Ireland—far from it,—but to exhibit the period of Martin of Galway, which had its full influence on him, as on all his compatriots, and could be demonstrated as the origin and fertile source of many of the evils that deformed the social system. In different ways, as I have noticed, the lesson is apt for every country,—Show me your common ballad literature and I will tell you what you are. What can be expected from the examples set and sung, where every sentiment is an encouragement to wrong-doing; where false names are given to every error, and false appearances are imposed to veil, if not to gild, every crime; where abduction is chanted as a proof of passionate love; where the neat lad (or rather boy, for all Irish desperadoes are "boys" in these verses, and seem to continue so till they are old men) parades his bravery in brawls, and his pluck in faction fights; where the most worthless extravagance is hailed as noble generosity; and where the burial of the dead is profaned by licentious wakes, and even the dreadful execution of criminals is rendered more appalling by demonstrations of braggart mockery or callous indifference? So miserable and depraving a *beau ideal* must tend to wretchedness and guilt; and such was far too long and too widely placed for admiration before an extremely sensitive people. In justice let me add that the Irish are equally brave and indomitable in a good cause, equally affectionate in domestic life, equally truthful and independent where lying and begging have not been begotten and cherished by oppression, poverty, and mischievous example, in lieu of judicious education; and that, especially with reference to the topics on which I have dilated, the virtue of female character in Ireland stands, probably, highest on the roll of the British

empire; and that obscene, or even indecorous song, is scarcely known in the Emerald Isle, whilst other portions of the realm could furnish an incalculable number of such debasing compositions.

And now this piece of pen-and-ink sketching of the background brings me to my portrait. Richard Martin was born under such circumstances, reared amid such scenes, and, with a mind endowed with great natural vivacity, nurtured into the being he was in his maturer years, by influences which must ever possess great weight in the formation of character. He was accordingly, as may be said, an Irishman all over, and by no means an unworthy type of the Hibernian race. To his humanity and persevering efforts we owe the law for the repression and punishment of cruelty to animals. It needed the courage and spirit of an Irishman of the right stamp to overcome the obstacles that were opposed to this excellent measure. Arguments were not wanting, but ridicule was at once more annoying and hardly less potential. It was in one of his speeches in the House of Commons upon the subject, that the orator was interrupted by ironical cheers; but he went on to the end without stop or notice, and when he had finished, stepped quietly across the floor towards the quarter whence the noise had proceeded, and with infinite mildness of manner presumed to ask who it was that cried "Hare, hare!" To an Irish gentleman, and one famous, too, for his skill in the duello, it was no trifle to volunteer a reply to such a question, and the derisive "Hear, hear!" was unacknowledged—only a member on a back seat pointed slily down to a City representative sitting on the bench below him, and Martin's wrath was instantly appeased. "Oh," he exclaimed, "was it only an alderman?" and, turning on his heel, walked back to his place.

At that time duelling was everywhere a disgrace to civilisation, and in Ireland it had become almost a sport to murder men in the "field of honour." Martin had not been out of fashion.

I remember meeting him in a field of another kind—a dinner-party given by an official (an Under-Secretary) to two or three cabinet ministers, and to which the member for Galway, and I, the member for nowhere, but somehow connected with the "cruelty to animals" matter, happened to be invited. We were both rather punctual, and consequently met before dinner-time, and had the reception-room to ourselves for a chat upon the state of "the Bill in the House," and other topics of the day—among the rest, a fatal duel which had just "come off," as the phrase went; and my companion congratulated himself on having been more fortunate in his little pieces of business—in proof of which he opened his frilled shirt, and unbuttoning his white vest, showed me the scars of several pistol-shots, not very pleasant to receive or look at, but nevertheless insufficient to deprive the legislature of the useful M. P. whose benevolence has established a name never to be forgotten, so long as a right and humane usage of the brute creation is enforced and cultivated as it ought to be by mankind. Yet the custom of single combat for any slight offence, or no offence at all (happily put down at last), had so familiarised him to the practice, that he appeared to value human life at a lower estimate than the life of a dog or an ass; and the imminent risk in a duel did not excite any feeling in him so strong as the sight or idea of barbarous treatment of a four-footed soulless creature a mere beast of burden. It is curious how we get hardened and blinded by habit. Dick Martin might have a genuine regard for bipeds as well as quadrupeds; but it was his special vocation to protect and preserve the latter, and to care surprisingly little for the former, who he thought might take care of themselves.

I have narrated one of his parliamentary escapades; another was yet more laughable. A leading morning journal incurred his ire by a report of his speech, and he waited upon the editor for an explanation. The editor stated that it was written by one of the most intelligent and

accurate reporters upon his staff, and he could hardly imagine any, far less any deliberate, intention to misrepresent the honourable gentleman. To this excuse the complainant only replied by pulling a copy of the paper out of his pocket, and indignantly pointing to the obnoxious passage, exclaiming, "Sir, did I ever spake in Italics?" The effect was so ludicrous, that both parties burst into a fit of laughter, and the affair was compromised without rancour or bloodshed.*

I am not aware whether my next anecdote is equally true and original; but, as the Italians say, "Se non é vero è ben trovato,"—"If not the truth, it is very like it." With it I shall conclude the facetiæ thrown into this sketch, in order to diversify it from the more serious lineaments of the series, and yet, I trust, not inconsistently with my main object, to convey instruction by example, even when I may mingle amusement and jocularity with the concomitant precepts suggested by my various subjects. In my previous quotation from the reckless ballad of "Larry M'Hale," it is recorded that he feared neither judge nor recorder; and if any other man could safely defy these dispensers of the law, that man was Dick Martin. Possessed of an enormous territory, and a feudal castle in the wilds of Galway, he was unapproachable by legal process in his domicile, and when abroad, his parliamentary privileges secured his person from disturbance, as his dangerous courage did from offensive importunity or threat. He was eccentric in having vast debts, which he only measured hypothetically, and without correct calculation, against a vast domain and untold resources. His numerous tenantry were devoted to him, for he was liberal and congenial; and they could conceive nothing more worshipful, more exalted, or to be preserved more faithfully from inroad or insult. It may

* Mr. Byrne, also a worthy Irishman, proprietor and editor of "The Morning Post."

readily be conceived that to penetrate to the keep of such a chief, and through the crowd of his followers in such a camp, was not a job to be undertaken lightly or without peril. But the ministers of the law are exceedingly peremptory and daring, and on one occasion a process-server (unwarned by the previous Irish example of a fellow underling, compelled not only to swallow the parchment he carried, but to digest the seal attached to it) ventured to wend his way with a process to Connemara. He managed to get within hail of the fortress, but was speedily terrified into a hurried retreat, or, as he described it, a run for his life.*

* Whilst the popular serial, "The Sunday at Home," is devoted by the Religious Tract Society to the inculcation of religious principles and conduct, "The Leisure Hour," its twin-brother, is addressed to the conveyance of moral instruction, through the pleasant medium of attractive reading, and leading, as it were, to the higher purpose. To my mind the plan is exceedingly judicious. I like the endeavour to realize the poet—

"Allure to brighter worlds and point the way,"

and have cheerfully tried my skill to contribute to the good work. But *est modus in rebus*; publications of this definite class require the wise and guarded inspection of a competent editor, to protect them from even slight mistakes not in perfect harmony with their general tone and bearing. Thus it naturally befel that the literal story of the process-server could not with propriety appear from my manuscript. It is very short and ludicrous.

The gallant bearer of the writ made his approaches as gradually and circumspectly as he could to the giant's castle. But the alarm preceded him, and he met with a reception which proved that the long arm of the law did not, at any rate, extend so far as Connemara. As it was absolutely necessary in order to renew the proceedings that he should make oath to every circumstance that took place and every word that passed, he was produced in court, and, *inter alia*, swore accordingly: That he, the said Richard Martin, observing him at so many yards' distance, with several of his retainers prowling round as if they would tear him to pieces, stepped out upon the terrace of his castle aforesaid, armed with a loaded blunderbuss or

With all his eccentricities, Dick Martin was gifted with an abundant fund of sound common sense. His observation was acute, and his conversation agreeable, polite, and entertaining. Father Mathew has contributed something to rescue the country from the prevailing sin of drunkenness—the Encumbered Estate Act, to liberate a numerous class of the lower population from the crush of pauper landlords and unfeeling middlemen—emigration, to leave room for industry to exercise its energies and prosper—the influx of capital, to provide employment and promote improvement, with regular pay. There is a great change since the famed Richard Martin was gathered to his ancestors. Would it were more complete! He was nearly, if not quite, the last of his species—a remarkable, an extravagant, a strange, but not what is commonly called a bad man. His enormous property of thirty miles from his door to the boundary, has passed into the hands of those who have the means, and, I am told, are earnestly engaged in turning their stewardship to beneficent account. Should they (as they might do without being ashamed) erect a conspicuous monument to his memory, I would advise them to engrave the legend, "He was the most determined enemy to cruelty to animals, and the best friend of dumb creation that ever lived."

Agreeably to the spirit of his country and period, the Lord of Connemara, who borrowed between three and four hundred thousand pounds upon his estate, now reported to be worth double that sum, lived up to the height of its reckless profusion. Alas! sad was the end of all. His only daughter, the last of his distinguished race, was reduced to

other fearful piece of artillery or firearms, and pointing at him, the pursuer, did swear by ——— that if he dared to advance one farther step, he would blow his soul to ———, "all which this deponent verily believes he would have done!"

He luckily made good his retreat, and got away without being roughly handled, for which he had, after all, to thank Mr. Martin's humanity.

absolute beggary, and, if my memory does not fail me, died the most piteous death that could befall a woman and a wife, untended and unassisted, on board a miserable small vessel, in which she was taking her passage to another hemisphere. The fate of the house is a romance too long to dwell on now, and Richard Martin's name serves only to point a moral on reckless living, or to adorn a sensation tale of "the vicissitudes of families."

I regret that I have not been able to find an autograph of *R. Martin*. He never challenged me. If he had, I might never have written this! But I cannot look about me without seeing his hand everywhere, and recognizing not only the vast amount of miseries from which he has rescued the animal world, but the vicious degradation of humanity in the reckless or savage usage of the brute creation. I fancied there might be an example of his signature among the archives of the merciful Society, founded on his most righteous principle, and wrote to the secretary (if so) to solicit a tracing; but, an author, I presume, not being an animal, or at least deserving of sympathy, I have received no answer; and my old friend has lost a tribute I wished to pay to his memory, and gratify the lovers of these characteristic traits.

ARCHDEACON NARES.

MAN casts a retrospect over his past life; and however incessantly its concerns may have pressed, and however busily he may have devoted himself to them, he will find himself but one of the multitude who, if occupied with earthly pursuits alone, have to exclaim, *omnia vanitas!* The precious time has been wasted—this world's works and plans must be broken off unfinished! The ardent sacrificer to literary labours, and projector of literary designs, affords a very striking example of this truth. None more so. Excepting, perhaps, the one in a thousand, productions of sterling value for future ages, the most popular successes last for a generation at most. The book-drudge, who never emerges from the bondage of compilation; the poet, well gifted with all but genius; the scholar of good education and general talent; the temporary essayist and illustrator of passing circumstances; the sensation novelist, scantily acquainted with society, and ignorant of the springs of human action; the acrobats of the periodical press, whose clever aim it is—individually or in cliques—to keep themselves continually before the public; all have their little day, and pass away, to be heard of no more. We look around for the permanent, almost in vain. But our sight is blinded by the enormous profusion of what is termed light literature, which fills the air, and drifts away from our transient glance into the misty void; or, we attempt to lift the heavier products of the press,-most of which fall from over-laden hands, prone to a kindred soil, and are speedily

trodden into the quagmire of oblivion. Some of such things might be more noticeable and a little longer lived in former times, when the supply was not so superabundant, nor the rapidity of sequence so bewildering; but as it is, we can hardly snatch the minutes, to enable us to observe the bubbles as they rise, or the froth that disappears before it can be stared at; and as for the grosser ventures (as above remarked), most of them sink down at once, down fathoms beneath ken, before even sheer curiosity can examine them.

My friend Archdeacon Nares, belonging to the preceding generation, might also have belonged to one of these classes, and most of his literary toil has perished; but he fortunately compiled a dictionary, the interest and merits of which will transmit his name with honour to a late posterity. In this "Glossary" he approved himself a diligent inquirer and accomplished scholar, and its recent new edition, edited by J. O. Halliwell and T. Wright, is an invaluable treasure of critical literature and research, and a copious guide to the due understanding of the elder schools of "English authors, particularly of Shakespeare and his contemporaries." Upon this pedestal his statue will stand, while the images of many who have followed in his steps, in other respects, shall have faded like the visions of the night. He contributed a good deal to theological discussion, and was eminent as a critic. In the former he was temperate, though firm in his opinions, and moderate in his language; and that is all I need indicate in this place: for the latter he was astute and discriminating, honest in stating his grounds for praise or censure and impartial in his judgments. In conjunction with Mr. Beloe, he commenced the "British Critic" in 1793, and was long its principal editor; and it may be recorded for the benefit of living reviewers, that when he relinquished his task, he wrote, "I am heartily glad to be rid of a work always responsible and never thanked." The art of true criticism is, indeed, both laborious and difficult. Few come up to the standard laid down by Plumer Ward (another of the marked

men I have known): "As the judge in law pronounces sentence with dignity, and can never be personal without lowering his character, so the judge of authors can never call names without forfeiting his judicial function." It were well if this were more thought of, and the public might escape much of the crude nonsense, ambitious verbiage, and partial flattery or unjust abuse (as the case may be, chosen for either vehicle), with which it is gulled or bored from so many sources of silly or prejudiced opinion. And, *apropos* to the word as explained in Nares' "Glossary," we learn that "*critick* means a piece of criticism, now called a *critique*. Also the art of criticism itself. The alteration of this word took place very lately. Dryden wrote it critick; Pope adopted the new orthography, but preserved the old accent, which I believe was the practice of his time—

> 'But you with pleasure own your errors past,
> And make each day a *critique* on the last.' "

In his Elements of Orthoepy, the author has treated this and other cognate topics more fully, and set the useful literary example which Dean Trench so ably followed and enlarged upon.

In early life, after leaving Oxford with distinction, Mr. Nares was engaged as tutor in the eminent Welsh family of the Wynns, with the chiefs and scions of which he maintained intimate and friendly relations to the end of his life. Still earlier, in his boyhood and adolescent years, he had been brought up among the intellectual associates of his father, the learned and celebrated musical doctor, whose genius recommended him to the highest positions in his profession, including royal patronage, as organist and composer to his Majesty George III.; and from the habits and manners hence acquired in his youth, there resulted a most agreeable impersonation of what we moderns designate as "of the old school"—a little formal, without formality; a

little reserved, though freely outspoken; docile, yet firm; amiably tolerant, ever polite and courteous, and captivating in conversation and daily intercourse; pouring the elements of comprehensive learning into charmed and listening ears, without the slightest affectation or display. Twelve years spent as librarian in the manuscript department of the British Museum helped to heap up the measure of a career which was completely literary, and set him high among his compeers as an ornament to the class. His scholarship was evinced in the various lines to which he turned his attention and devoted his pen. As a clergyman, his piety was sincere and unostentatious, and as a critic his views were penetrating and astute; but his main strength lay in classical literature and philology. Upon the latter especially he was a great and leading authority; and his public works show his mastery of the subject in several of its most perplexing branches. Above all, his taste was nicely refined. In the arts, as in the qualities of literary style, composition, and effect, his opinions were entitled to the utmost deference; and, in personal contact with him, his delicacy, amounting to fastidiousness, was often amusing. Whilst throwing his clear light upon the obsolete language and customs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it was curious to see him examining the data, and shrinking, as it were, with inborn modesty from every vulgar phrase or indecorous allusion. There was an innate purity about him, which forbade his too close investigation of any point from which he was at once repelled by its obvious coarseness or indecency. He reformed, whatever it was that the inquiry referred to, altogether; and his very miscellaneous writings do not present a single trait of thoughtless license in drawing a faithful picture of the literature of the Elizabethan age. This literature was much and often blotted by the utterance of licentiousness—not repugnant to the manners and feelings of the period, though "intolerable and not to be endured" in our happily more circumspect and modest age.

In short, he was a gentleman in every sense of the word, and the cynosure of a wide circle of admiring and attached friends. Indeed, he was most estimable in all social relations. Simply attentive, or lively and intelligent, or grave and instructive, as occasion required, he was a companion of multiform attractions. In company with such men as the learned Bishop Burgess, Dr. Gray bishop of Bristol, Douce, Isaac d'Israeli, Baber, Macintosh, and others of like high stamp, he shone among the foremost. Thus he wore away thirty-six years in harness; was one of the founders of the Royal Society of Literature; and, preserved in health of body and peace of mind till near the end, he departed, in the year 1829, aged seventy-five, deeply deplored by every human being who had enjoyed the privilege to know and commune with him on any terms of personal intimacy.

ADDENDA.

An estimable gentleman, whom learning did not spoil in the least for the business and courtesies of ordinary life, is the character I have attempted to draw of Archdeacon Nares; and in regard to such, it is certain there is not much to be dwelt upon and elaborated into a full-length picture with every lineament distinctly made out. His ministration in the pulpit and his literary works (which filled a marked contemporary area) were his life and likeness.

Among them his Elements of Orthoepy obtained considerable public attention, but it is more within my province to notice the curious fact that, though educated in so different a school and ordained for so different a career, he, like Sir Thomas Lawrence, evinced a strong liking for the drama, For the amateur stage at Wynnstay, he wrote prologues,

epilogues, and I believe slight pieces, many years before the President of the Royal Academy acted there; and one of his minor published productions was "Remarks on the favourite Ballet of Cupid and Psyche, with some account of the Pantomime of the Ancients."

But the leaning of mind in this direction was more clearly demonstrated in his principal performance the Glossary, of which it is not too much to state that it is "the best and most useful work we possess for explaining and illustrating the obsolete language, and the customs and manners of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and is quite indispensable to the readers of the literature of the Elizabethan period." * But it is, besides, exceedingly amusing: a sort of Dictionary you take up to consult, and can hardly help continuing to read. I copy one of its definitions. "Nare, s. A nose; from *nares*, the nostrils, Latin. A word never much in use, nor at all except in a jocular way of affectation.

> 'For yet no *nare* was tainted,
> Nor thumb nor finger to the step acquainted.'
> B. Jons. *Epig.*, 134, p. 288, Wh.

> 'There is a Machiavelian plot,
> Though every *nare* olfact it not.'
> *Hudibr.* I. i. 742.

It is fortunate for me that the word was never common, as it would have exposed my name to many bad puns.

> Between the mouth and eyes the expanded nare
> Doth carnal with spiritual things compare.'
> Owen's *Epigrams*, 1677."

I should remark that this last quotation, is one of the many additions made by the able Editors to the recent Edition.

In the office of Editor of the British Critic for many

* New edition, 2 vols., 8vo. Edited by J. O. Halliwell and T. Wright. J. R. Smith.

years, he prefaced every volume with a *résumé* of the antecedent period, and I take the opportunity for recalling the fact to memory, and pointing out a store of matter for use in any research towards producing a complete history of the literature of the country during that era.

For the rest, as people say, I conclude with an epigram on himself, though it has already been printed from my manuscript.

"Time has not thinned my flowing hair,
Nor laid my aged temples bare;
But he has played the barber's part,
And powdered me with wondrous art,
Meaning, no doubt, to let me see,
He thinks to make more dust of me;
But let him know that on a day,
God will re-animate this clay,
And life unchangeable will give,
When Time himself shall cease to live!"

JAMES PERRY.

THE "Morning Chronicle" has gone the way of all periodicals, at least of all those of my young days, except the "Gentleman's Magazine," which, from its ancient fortalice of St. John's Gate, still sends forth regularly its fresh and nutritive pabulum for the children of letters. Yet wonderfully is the press changed since the daring Sylvanus Urban, *gent*, first looked out of his window in Charter House-square, on publishing day, in the hope of catching a customer.* How changed the tone, functions, pretensions, powers, comprehension, and influence of the press! The little candle that cast its useful rays on darkling corners has become a universal illumination, in which good deeds shine and dark deeds are dragged to light all over the world; and there can be no denial of the general good results to human kind.

In the grand progress towards this condition of things, James Perry and the "Chronicle" played a conspicuous part. The "Chronicle" was the daily organ of the great Whig party, and he was its owner and editor. And I remark that editors of popular and influential journals in those days were also as different as their publications from the same class of persons at the present time. There were not so many of them, and popular attention was concentrated on the few "noticeable men." The principals were more seen by the busy and political world in the needful, active intercourse that belonged to their occupation. The

* A fact.

spirit and object of the editor were also dissimilar to those which are now most signally proclaimed. They bid less for the voices of the multitude in a commercial sense, as a source of circulation and profit, than they laboured to win them to their own opinion for the service of the party whose policy they upheld. It is a matter of course that, to be successful, the newspaper must always please the people, and, as a fitting adjunct, assert its own disinterestedness and independence. But in elder times this was not so ostensibly done, and it seemed more as if the design were to rally the country around a particular standard than (whilst prompting and guiding all the while) to exhort the public to judge for itself. The greatest journal of our own day, "The Times," professes to be only the mouth-piece and exponent of public opinion.

The former was the state of the press when James Perry flourished—one of the warmest partizans, one of the most zealous agents, and one of the most efficient instruments of the powerful party to which he swore allegiance—the party of Charles Fox and Tierney, Sheridan, Ponsonby, and Whitbread.

My sketches have no vocation for politics, and I only refer to them to speak of the ardent character which they impressed upon the era, and the man whose lineaments I merely touch. As a politician, he was what is understood by the epithet "red-hot," and yet, in demeanour, one of the coolest personages you would encounter in society. Extremely short-sighted, he would go about peeping as if he could see nothing, but like a Paul Pry (the original for whom was, singularly enough, one of his useful jackals), seeing and observing everything suitable to the promotion of his purpose, with the vision of a lynx and the appropriativeness of a lion.

Mr. Perry lived on terms of close personal intimacy with the leaders of his party—a condition replete with peculiar advantages to the station he occupied; and during a considerable time

this association was very retentive and exclusive. Happily, the system of secret scheming and intrigue has been much modified by the advance of general intelligence; and men and measures are now better understood, and motives and designs more clearly apprehended than in the stormy times to which I refer. And an admirable consequence has ensued. It is one of the highest merits and greatest beauties of our constitutional government that the rivalry for power, even say for office, does not degenerate into personal animosities, nor is allowed to poison the social intercourse of life. The exceptions are few. Throughout the better classes in this country, the competition of the forum is, as Canning finely said, "as if a brother would a brother dare;" and the same absence of hostile feeling is the grand mark of civilizing power at our public meetings, and in our clubs, coffee-houses, and private assemblages.

Mr. Perry, whilst yet young, left his native Aberdeen with a fair stock of its learning. I believe he tried the stage, and did not succeed. He, however, soon made his way to London, and engaged industriously in the service of the press. He not only wrote in several of the weekly journals, but edited the "European Magazine," and contributed to other large publications. But it was not till he had the "Chronicle" that he occupied his own proper sphere, and ably filled a post of much national importance, during a most momentous epoch in the history of nations. Whether he was on the right side or the wrong, it is not my province to assert; but I can truly say he was most hearty on the side he took, and fought all its fights with the vehemence of a hero. He was indeed sincere in his opinions, and indefatigable in his exertions to establish them. A handsome fortune recompensed these labours; but still he worked on not less diligently, though with able associates (such as his successor, John Black), till assailed by fatal illness, about the sixty-fifth year of his age.

Long before this, however (1821), the furor of political

conflict had subsided into a calm, not to be resuscitated in yet wilder strife for ten years. Perry was one of the most willing to enjoy it. For, plain and homely in his appearance (though, like all the editors of those more formal days, he was always well dressed), he was a person of considerable taste and discernment. Productions of art and books were objects of warm pursuit to him; and there were not many who surpassed his taste in the one, or his judgment in the other. His conversation was accordingly of a very agreeable and instructive nature; and his pictures and library were admirably set off in his mansion, which was enriched by their treasures and enlivened by the genial hospitalities with which he adorned it. Anecdotes of Men he had Known were profuse and interesting; his acquaintance with what might be called secret history was authentic and valuable. One could not help wondering what had become of all the hate and rancour of party contention. Had it all died out? No matter: it had no shelter here, and the Whig and Tory ate and drank together, and talked kindly, and felt each that the other possessed some good qualities—that other for whom, not long before, he would have declared hanging, drawing, and quartering too merciful a fate.

James Perry was an excellent example of this commendable tone;* and it is a happy thing for the country that it is now, as I have observed, so generally accepted and acted upon. The newspapers no longer rage at each other and call bad names. People would not read the squabbles of editors. The less we see or know of them, the more likely are their writings to be oracular; and with regard to the singular-plural themselves—

> "Where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise."

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* When yielding to gentle Tory influences at his hospitable board, it raised a laugh to remind him that he was no longer a Whig, but only a Perriwig.

Apart from all political considerations and editorial questioning, the memorable feature in Perry's literary career was his improvement, it might be said his invention, of the newspaper staff for parliamentary reporting. Originally, the wisdom of the Legislature was promulgated from memory by a single organ like Woodfall; or literary men were employed, as the great Samuel Johnson was, upon stolen notes, to write fictitious speeches. Private reports and accidental recollections, at all times, within a period of two centuries, preserved some specimens; but the whole history was fragmentary and irregular. But as the functions of the Commons were more and more developed, it became evident that it would be advisable to adopt a system for the better promulgation of their sayings and doings; and Mr. Perry was among the foremost to suggest and carry into execution the plan which is now acted upon on a much larger scale. At first, four or five gentlemen were amply sufficient for the purpose, and Perry sent only one (a curious character he was) to the House of Peers, to bring away as much as his memory could retain. In the other house the occupation was severe and fatiguing; and, looking back to journals of the period, I am astonished to see the accuracy and amount of the labour produced, when thrown upon so few hands, and performed under so many hindrances and difficulties which no longer exist. I will not say that with modern facilities, and more numerous agencies, we may not have a superabundance of the extremely heterogeneous article; but whatever are the consequences, it may be allowed that the volumes of parliamentary reporting now given to the public, at any rate displace the vast quantity of rubbish which fills the papers between the sessions; and for these and other benefits the people are largely indebted to the intelligence and ability of James Perry.

ADDENDA.

In perusing this brief sketch, I must ask the reader to consider the character of the period, especially its earlier portion, to which it belongs. Gambling and drunkenness were notoriously too common in what was called high life, and infected the upper circles, graduating below that hollow name, to a monstrous pitch. Patriotism was a lurid light amid the flames of this profligacy; and, strange to say, such was the loose morality of the times, seemed to blaze in congenial unison with the pernicious glare of the baleful sphere. Whatever we may be now, we may be thankful for many improvements in manners. Such a circumstance as the sale in execution of the library of a leader in Parliament, and unpurchasable friend of the people, would not be deemed a rare joke; or such an association as that of Wilkes and Liberty a mere farce. This is a key too much, and ought always to be remembered when we are discussing the merits or demerits of the half-century preceding that which has so recently closed upon ourselves. To state the truth, the political demigod or demagogue reformers of that epoch were not Quakers!

In politics, Perry was one of the staunchest of the popular band; but he was not (errors excepted) one with any set in revel and dissipation. With strong natural sense, a fair share of acquired knowledge, and gifted withal with keen tact, prudent and plausible, into which he conveyed heartiness and warmth of feeling; few men were ever more serviceable to the party to which they adhered. He was rather vain than proud; and not a whit the worse for being a little of a coxcomb in dress, and a *bon vivant* in the social circle. Towards the close of his life, when he used to receive visitors in his excellent library at home, he might be something like the Marquis Marialva, in "Gil Blas." Like him he affected the Scholar, and was not always safe. On

the death of Porson, he observed that *Epithalamia* were thrown into his coffin; and the next day made the awkward correction, for *Epithalamia* read *Epecedia!* Save me from my friends. It was in this style the "Edinburgh Review" served their useful confederate, and remarked that "a little over-weening pretension sometimes interfered with the conduct of the paper" ("Chronicle").—"Edinburgh Review," 1823.

Upon such critical sentence, I offer no opinion. How far the "Morning Chronicle" pleased the "Edinburgh Review" is no business of mine; but I will say for the editor of the former, that if he failed to suit the tastes, or coincide with the interests of the latter, he displayed very successful ability in another branch of his editorial functions. The editor of an influential, and especially if a party journal, has great opportunities for promoting the views of young and aspiring men who may be training in his employment. To such Mr. Perry was a true friend. But for this the reporters on his paper would, most probably, never have risen to the eminence they did! But Mr. Serjeant Spankie returned from a high and lucrative official station in India to become a Member of the British Parliament, and "plain Jock Campbell" to be Lord High Chancellor of England! Both were Scotchmen; and I would not rob nationality of any of its odours.

Mr. Perry presents his compliments to the Editor

PINNOCK AND MAUNDER.

WILLIAM PINNOCK and Samuel Maunder do not rank with the high and notable personages, with some of whom it has been my lot to associate in portions of my life; nor with the great poets, authors, artists, and men eminent in sciences, whom I have also had the fortunate opportunities to meet and to know sufficiently for these slight personal sketches. Yet were they individuals who, raising themselves from a humbler sphere, came to initiate, or newly systematize a species of popular literature which exerted a wide and beneficial national influence, especially upon the lower and middle classes of the people, and showed the way to the extension and improvement of similar works, now so variously and voluminously addressed to the present generation of readers. I believe I may state without fear of contradiction, that from the Council on Education to the innumerable host of publications devoted to general intelligence and instruction (diffusion of knowledge, as it is phrased), there are none who do not owe a deep debt of gratitude to Pinnock and Maunder for organizing, where they did not originate, plans for the attainment of these most desirable objects. No doubt we had or have, our Watts, Goldsmiths, Blairs, Mavors, Murrays, Mangnalls, Enfields, and others, whose productions contributed much towards promoting the education of the *many* in their time; but they were rather insulated in their valuable efforts, and it was not till the period was probably riper for the wished-for progress, and Pinnock and Maunder startled us with

their Catechisms and condensed Histories, that the aim was brought to bear upon the millions, now better prepared and more ready and apt for the reception of information.

Before entering into particulars, however, I beg leave to offer a few remarks on the action and reaction which has created so vast a difference between the date when Pinnock's school-books were first thrown broadcast over the land, and the (at any rate not self-confessedly "ignorant") present. About fifty years ago, after one of the most dreadful political convulsions and consequent series of desolating wars that ever outraged humanity, peace was regained, and the civilized world restored to a condition of comparative tranquillity. It was a propitious epoch. The fearful contest had occupied all minds, and the relief from anxieties and terrors was marvellous. The tragedy was over; torrents of blood had ceased to flow; stratagems and plots no longer perplexed and haunted every imagination; the stage was clear, and the performers who soonest stepped forth to occupy it, no matter in what new line, were sure of an attentive and encouraging audience. Luckily for William Pinnock, and for the public, he came forward strong and powerful, because right-minded, ingenious, able, and inventive, in the great educational business. His success was immediate and extraordinary—effecting at once, as it were, by a single stroke, what has since required years of labour and perseverance to accomplish. With him the industry followed the remarkable hit—with his successors, the industry has been obliged to be employed previously to achieving the goal. To work and work up, to speculate on novel devices, to invent new ways, to plan attractive roads, to reclaim waste grounds, to attract attention, to provoke curiosity, to flatter prejudices, to enlist opinions, are all shapes of the multitudinous issues from the press which either generate or pretend to generate "useful knowledge." Few are diffident enough to confess to simple amusement as their object; the wisest abstain from the pedagogue dog-

matism which would cram teaching down reluctant throats, and perhaps the most serviceable of all are those who have the talent to produce, and the skill to mingle, the light with the grave and the interesting with the instructive. A very small number are mischievous and demoralizing; but it is a gratifying fact to affirm, that the preponderance rests with the well-disposed and truly patriotic. The press bears an awful responsibility, and it would, no doubt, be difficult to excuse or justify some of the errors and offences of which it is guilty; but taken altogether, as conducted at the present day, it must be a high gratification to its busy workers to be able to assert that (with very few exceptions) it cultivates intelligence, rests on sound principles of morality, and labours, on the whole, energetically and successfully to promote the amelioration and happiness of mankind.

The prodigious power and influence of the press, date much of their growth and increase from the period to which I have referred. One feature in the change is especially remarkable. It has metamorphosed literature into the condition of a trade, or, let us say, the rank of a profession. It is no longer a case of stragglers, volunteers, insulated knights of the pen, or original thinkers, extemporized for peculiar occasions. There is now a great and constant market for the commodity in all its shapes; and the demand has not failed to bring out the supply. We must also observe that the "articles" vary in value, from a mere doubtful balance to a very high amount; that the profits are considerable, and that influence and authority are within the reach of talent and ambition; and we need not be surprised to find so numerous a body now enrolled on the lists, and dependent for subsistence on literary services. In this form "the profession of literature is new." Men are bred to it. They are regimented in it. They are employed and paid in it by mercantile dealers, who obtain and dispose of the produce. Brainwork comes within the grasp of capital, and is treated much in the same manner as hand-

work. We are all well acquainted with immense manufactories, imposing wholesale warehouses, and smart multifarious retail shops; the competition is strenuous, the prices capricious, the sales enormous, and from the ancient hack to the modern popular writer, the range is one of great extent, great variety, and great difference in emolument and character. A few amateurs and independent candidates are still occasionally seen; but the practice has become more regular, and a writer for the press has arrived at a publicly recognised status.

But to return from this digression. A generation has passed away since William Pinnock came before the public. A few may still survive who yet remember the sensation created by his publications when they were first issued to the public. Half the schoolmasters in England adopted them—they were at once what is called a prodigious success.

William Pinnock was a very original character. He commenced his literary career in a small way as a schoolmaster, in Hampshire—I think at Alton—near which another remarkable man, William Cobbett, was also produced. It was in this occupation that the design of the Catechisms was suggested to his mind; and he was not long in carrying the experiment into effect. Provincial success, as usual, pointed to London as the grand theatre whereon to push this promising adventure, and in conjunction with his brother-in-law and executive literary coadjutor, Mr. Maunder, a publishing house was established in the metropolis. For two or three years the partners were publishers of the "Literary Gazette," which served to extend their connections; being then, like their own concern, started as a novel trial of popular taste, to ascertain how far the frequent issue of a periodical embracing the latest miscellaneous intelligence of literature, science, and fine arts, might hope for general support. This experiment, like their own, was pre-eminently successful, and the example it set, and the course it opened, has also been very advan-

tageously followed out, both as regards the public and the imitators of the original pattern—with or without amendments. Meanwhile the Catechisms multiplied, and fully answered their purpose. They did not aim at too much. They were concise; and they possessed the real excellence which ought to belong to every work of tuition: they began at the beginning, and did not take it for granted that the learner was already acquainted with so much it was unnecessary to teach. They multiplied, and embraced many and very various subjects. From the teaching for the Peasant's Cottage, to the teaching from the Herald's College, there was no remissness in the flow of the instructive stream; and issues and re-issues enrich the catalogues of eminent publishers to this day. Education for the people has now become a great national question. Whatever differences of opinion there may be on other parts of the question, I am free to express my opinion, that under any system, the productions of Pinnock and Maunder may be most beneficially employed. Soon, condensed Histories were superadded to the Catechisms, and, for that time, I may state they were carefully edited. At least I can vouch for one, Goldsmith's "England," which, at the request of Pinnock and Maunder, I examined critically, and could not detect any appreciable number of doubtful points or serious errors. *Ex uno disce omnes.* I believe equal pains were bestowed upon the rest, and their reception was extraordinary. If I am not mistaken, the profit upon the volume I have mentioned amounted to above £2,000 in one year!

The ball of fortune was at his feet; but William Pinnock was imprudent, and he kicked it away. If ever the spirit of speculation was incarnated in a human body, it filled every vein and pulse in his frame. With the old poet, Wither (and "wither" would have been a too appropriate forewarning shadow), he might repeat

> "That from every thing I saw,
> I could some invention draw;"

and so he never ceased to attempt something new—something out of the common way. With a large income, and very moderate expenditure, it would seem fabulous to tell by what absurdities this otherwise extremely clever man got rid of his very considerable emoluments, and plunged himself into difficulties. One instance may serve. He took it into his head to fancy that an immense sum might be realized by a monopoly of the wood for veneering. An elaborate calculation of the furniture in which it was used, and especially pianofortes, followed the idea, and afforded the most satisfactory conclusions. The next step was a visit to all the principal repositories of the article, and even to vessels in the river and docks, and the purchase of all that could be got. But the furniture making and the pianoforte building went on the same as ever, and there was no demand for Pinnock's veneer at advanced prices; so, as he could not sell it at a profit, he betook himself to the manufacture of the musical instruments to work it up, and he lost, as he confessed, a mint of money upon the egregious speculation. It was by this and similar outbreaks that a most productive and increasing business was dissipated and lost. The close was melancholy. Driven wild by his failures, poor Pinnock witnessed the sale of his copyrights—the mere wreck of which enriched several great creditor houses, and yields valuable returns to this day—and sank into a low estate, ever busy with something, but having lost the power of doing anything. Project after project vanished; yet he was withal a well-meaning and honest man, apparently ruined by an excitable temperament which it would puzzle the wisest physiologist to explain.

After his death, Mr. Maunder, who sustained him to the last, though his sound sense and prudence could not control his aberrations, struck into a laborious and useful career for himself. Fortunately he entered into relations with a house which had the power to afford his abilities full scope to find their own reward in the product, and to render an im-

measurable service to the country by that wide dissemination which their eminent position in the trade, and long established hereditary influence, could command for anything truly deserving of public acceptance. It was truly a fortunate event that Maunder came into association with the Messrs. Longmans.

From the humbler Catechisms, Maunder found his upward way to the higher region of the Treasuries. I forget the order of their publication, but can refer to Geography, History, Natural History, Science, Literature, Biography—and, I believe the most widely circulated of them, though all had very extensive circulation, the "Treasury of Knowledge, and Library of Reference"—no doubt a very captivating title, but fairly sustained by its merits—has had a sale, as I have ascertained, of upwards of two hundred thousand copies.

I perceive new editions of these various works frequently advertised, with such improvements and additions as the onward course of time must render necessary; but this can in no measure limit the eulogy I am justified in bestowing upon the subject of this notice, as a distinguished benefactor of the youth of his country, and an exemplary contributor to the promotion of intellectual culture among all classes in the British empire.

He thus describes the object of his books:—"The pressing calls of business or of duty deprive many of the means of pursuing literature or science in any better way than by desultory reading, aided by books of reference; and he who claims the parentage of this volume is not one who disdains the humbler efforts of the intellect, or despises the rudest stepping-stones to learning, being convinced that every advance, however trifling, which the mind makes towards attaining perfection, increases the rational enjoyments of life." The conscientiousness and impartiality with which Maunder has treated every department of his various toil, are not the least remarkable nor the least

laudable of the results, and are most conspicuous where the greatest individual judgment was required. I can call to mind no instance of more even-handed justice; and this is an element which, when joined with his indefatigible pains-taking and diligent research, his absence of ambition, and contentment with accuracy and solidity of information, has conferred upon his productions the celebrity and acceptation they so thoroughly deserve. He has honourably earned, in the humble literary path he trod, the lasting reputation of a standard author. I speak of him thus warmly, because he was an honourable and worthy man in every relation of life.

I do not, however, desire to conclude this sketch with the dry particulars of books, or the grave reflections suggested by the remembrance of days that are gone. I will turn for a few moments to one of the Treasuries which required the utmost consideration, viz., "The Biographical Treasury." No department of literature requires greater judgment and candour, and in my opinion Maunder was candidly imbued with the right spirit for this work. He was aware that after all observation and inquiry—from intimacy to accessory report—we could know but little of our fellow men, except what was learned from the outside of things; that thoughts, secret motives, aims, accidents, temptations, impulses—the hinges on which all that was said or done in reality turned—were hidden in recesses impenetrable to the most acute investigator of circumstances; and yet, without this knowledge to shape the decision, there was nothing but guess, and some judicial or philosophic balancing, to determine a comparatively accurate judgment of character, and that the real origin of human destinies might probably have entirely escaped the purview of the biographer. The feeling of this great truth seems to have inspired the modesty so significant in Maunder's estimates, and I simply take occasion to indicate it as a suggestion to every writer or compiler who may follow in his footsteps, to beware of the dictatorial tone,

which can only make truth more unwelcome and error more pernicious.

For the nonce, I have assumed the place of the biographer's biographer; and I must offer an excuse: let it be drawn out of two stories, by way of relief to my sententiousness. There was once upon a time an eagle brought down by an arrow, looking on which he saw that the shaft had sped to its mark by the aid of a feather plucked from his own wing. He was thus despoiled in death by means of what he had supplied in life, and left to "dull oblivion and a name forgot." In Eastern tale (among a mass of riches, whence many Western marvels, drolls, and legends, are derived), there is a humorous story of the Goroo Noodle class, in which it is told of twelve sagacious brothers, that having, in travelling, crossed a rapid river, it occurred to them to reckon their number, in order to ascertain if all had passed in safety. So one after another counted, and every one omitting to count himself, it clearly appeared, and was unanimously carried, that one brother had either been left behind or drowned in the passage. To make sure of either fact, they agreed to recross the stormy stream, and—but my example need not go farther. The whole illustration is only to point the remark, that so far as I have been able to consult the latest productions of this class, I cannot find either the name of William Pinnock nor that of Samuel Maunder among those who have most efficiently contributed to our national literature, and above all, to establish the system of popular education. Yet it seems to me that both are eminently deserving of that distinction; and it is a melancholy satisfaction to me to endeavour to rectify the omission in the pages of "The Leisure Hour."

ADDENDA.

THE generally needful paring down of contributions to periodicals of limited size, led to the omission of a few remarks intended for this paper, which I yet desire to lay before my readers—for the most important questions affecting the public press, and the right understanding of the best means to promote a sound system of National Education are involved in the history of Pinnock and Maunder. The way they showed, the success that attended their exertions, and the effects they produced, offer grounds to be studied attentively by those who will look back for examples to light them on their way forward, for the best solution of the great problems which now justly claim the utmost consideration for our happy guidance as a prosperous nation. Pinnock and Maunder issued twelve volumes of Catechisms, eight of Histories, and twenty-two of Grammars and other educational works; and they were all ably done and consistent. Literature, as I have observed, was not then the profession it is now; nor were the same great talents regularly employed upon it—the produce of which we every day witness in such abundance in our newspapers and other periodical publications. But upon the existing state of things what I would enforce is the expediency, if the general mind could only come to it, of ridding ourselves or getting out of the engrossing atmosphere of the utterly frivolous and unsubstantial thin air with which we are encompassed; and escaping from the noise and clamour which fills too large a portion of the press, into the wholesome region of rational recreation and genuine literature. The former make up by activity for what they want in desert. They fill earth and air with their shouts, cries, and choruses. From the gifted and clever to the noisy and shallow the medium, as it were, of natural

intelligence, the world so rings with their pretensions that little else can be heard. The result is an over-ruling effect upon the public mind, wrought by this strangely mixed element—in effect important beyond measure and insignificant below expression. Of what belongs to the right and excellent it is impossible to speak in terms too laudatory; of what is frivolous and superficial, it would not be easy to employ language adequately contemptuous to suggest appropriate censure. But we must take the lot altogether and sift it how we can. To the able, wise, and good we are indebted for more than can be estimated; to the impertinent, senseless, and charlatan number, we can only endeavour to shut our ears and let their empty sounds pass by, as they rapidly do, into thin and vacant space, or evaporate amid the shaking and noise of the railroad. *Faciunt nœ intelligento, ut nihil*—intelligent, they can teach nothing, who have learnt nothing; they can scarcely invest us with much knowledge, who, themselves, are destitute of even moderate understanding. When the lame lead the blind, says the adage, both must fall in the ditch; and it might be well if Cowper's clerical advice to bishops were extended to the laity, and the world witnessed fewer literature-spinners engaged in debilitating follies—writers who "could not teach, and would not learn." To this view I may add the horde who

> "Like Thelwell, lecture as they go;"

and overspread the land with most miscellaneous and desultory dishes of trashy information, of which the nearest truth may be said, if they do little or no good they can do little or no harm. So, rest them with their contributions to progress, the march of intellect, and the diffusion of useful intelligence!

But to come to my stand-point, as our parrot phraseology now has it, in every scrap of popular argumentation—my point is that the seed from which our present growth has

sprung, was sown, as nearly as may be, half a century ago, and may be specifically traced, in a remarkable degree, to the efforts of William Pinnock.

"To teach the young idea how to shoot—
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast."

RICHARD PORSON.

OF Porson my recollection is saddening; for I only knew him in the last years of his life, and, I am sorry to add, sometimes under circumstances of which there could be no good reason to boast. I was beginning to seek my information about society, and the ways of life among all sorts of men, and in a curious variety of places. The object of my studies was men and manners—not, like Porson's, classics and Greek; and yet it was odd to find why and where we occasionally met.

In London, in those days, there was less formality than there is now; and the learned Professor was prone to enjoy its festive hours, and recreate in the rather chance medley of its mixed population. In him the strong and the weak, the great and the small, were strangely combined. His whole career, if I may use the term, was accidental and capricious, precarious and erratic. The son of a parish clerk, his boyhood promise procured his being sent to Eton, and thence to Cambridge, at both which famed seats of education he excited much admiration by his talent, and some opposition from his professed opinions and habits. Refusing to subscribe the "Articles"—for he was nearly, if not quite, what is called a Rationalist—he necessarily renounced his fellowship, and the Church as a profession, and, devoting himself entirely to literature, was elected Greek Professor, and filled the chair with the highest distinction, as the most profound scholar and critic of his age and country. His editions of the Greek dramatists have exhausted their

themes; and his philological and other critical essays will last as long as the languages—monuments of his extraordinary acumen and stupendous intellectual powers. Well might the author of the "Poet's Tale" refer to him in words which predicted his failure in life.

> "Porson in Grecian lore you reckon great—
> Will Porson e'er be Minister of State?"

Alas! no; nor aught else half so great as his marvellous gifts might have enabled him to be. The following is all that can be said in mitigation of his besetting frailty. In the prime of life he married a sister of Perry, of the "Morning Chronicle," and lost her within six months of their union—an affliction which deeply affected the tenor of his after life. The beginning to steep sorrow in oblivion is a terrible mistake, and almost invariably leads to consequences that never can be retraced. Such, I believe, was the source of this eminent man's sad fall.

> "If any pain or care remain,
> Let's drown it in the bowl,"

was a common Anacreontic in the majority of festive companies at the close of the last century, and the Bacchanalian jollity which prevailed over many classes, did not require to be prompted by grief, or limited by want of temptations. Of such temptations I shall endeavour, as my wont is in these memoranda, to afford some idea, by the description of a *scena*, in which the Greek Professor took part, and which will at the same time serve to illustrate the too prevalent social features of the period.

After a dinner given by Tom Hill to a select party—nearly all, like himself, book-men and book-collectors—toasts, as was frequently the case, were the order of the afternoon; and they were agreed to be accompanied by suitable quotations from Shakspeare. Hill, on opening the

series of toasts, gave "Mrs. Siddons"—"like Niobe, all tears." John Kemble gave "Richard Brinsley Sheridan."

"We shall not look upon his like again."

Jennings (a strange character, whose life was a comedy), whose turn came next, asked Kemble to assist him. "Ay, there's the rub," whispered John; but the virtuoso, with more than his usual felicity, looking at his neighbour (who had just then offered an apology in the newspapers,* commencing "I, John Phillip Kemble," etc.), gave "J. P. Kemble"—"ay, there's the rub." Others I cannot remember. There were Morris, of the Museum, Raine, brother to the Master of the Charterhouse, Dr. Haworth, of St. Bartholomew's; and last came the Professor, who at the call woke up, and gave "Gilbert Wakefield"—"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?" To do justice to the effect of this happy sally, I may inform readers not "up" to the controversial literature of that day, that Wakefield, also a learned Grecian, had in his "Sylva Critica" commented upon Hecuba (Euripides)—a commentary which Porson passed over without notice when writing on the same subject. Hence, within twenty-four hours, Wakefield published his diatribe, and reproached him with the title, "*in usum tyronum*," when there exist difficulties of the gravest nature; a criticism which the Professor had partly anticipated, yet warmly resented. Hence the retort.

At Cambridge, as I have hinted, Porson was generally in hot water with the dignitaries of his College, Trinity. Mansell, afterwards Master, and Bishop of Bristol, was his abhorrence; and he used to relate a story of matchless hypocrisy, attached to Dean Backhouse (who annoyed him on every occasion), which created a great stir in the university, calling for inquiries and expulsion. I have some lines by Porson on this subject. They are immodest and

* For an indiscretion towards Miss De-Campe, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kemble.

offensive—aberrations inspired by the genius of the looser times of English poetry, and not that of his immortal classics, Æschylus and Sophocles.

The place where I saw most of Porson was the residence of Mr. Wilson, a very ingenious and respectable watch-maker in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street. He was a compatriot of mine from a lovely land (far different from the purlieus of Saint Bride), and an idolater of the illustrious Professor. Their association, to the very verge to which he could safely and decorously accompany the latter, was extremely intimate, and still within the limits of becoming mirth; it was no ordinary enjoyment to spend hours in Wilson's cosy parlour, and listen to a flow of gaiety and intelligence unsurpassed by the most humorous, unequalled by the most learned. It was indeed a treat to hear him pour out his stores of anecdote, his racy remarks on passing events, and his marvellous, almost incredible, abundance of literary illustrations of antiquity and past times, drawn as it seemed, from every channel into which the mind of man could dive. His reading was prodigious, and so was his memory. In his boyhood it had been cultivated without the aid of pens and paper, or even pencils and slates; and the result resembled what we now see proclaimed as a novelty in rival schools; where the wonders advertised, from exercise in the same system, are enough to stagger Mr. Biddle, should his faculty have enlarged with his years, and his calculations beat Babbage's machine. Be that as it may, Porson's natural mnemonics produced an extraordinary retentiveness of memory. It appeared as if he had read thousands of volumes, and not forgotten a single line—in many cases, a single word; and the way in which he was ever bringing quotations into juxtaposition, and to bear upon any subject that happened to arise for discussion, was hardly to be imagined, and about as hardly to be credited without being verified by personal experience. Sir James Mackintosh (as I have stated) alone approached him, per-

haps, in this respect; but his acquirements were not so universal, nor his resources so vast. With all this, his conversation was lively and entertaining, and no one could retire from his society without increased admiration of the versatility of his mind and the depth of his learning.

The beauty of his handwriting was a peculiarity not unworthy of notice. Dealing with languages, this was an essential advantage to his manuscripts and their accurate transformation into type. I never saw it surpassed; and his annotations, to be looked at in the British Museum, are well deserving of the attention of the caligrapher. Clear penmanship in authors is as valuable in its sphere as distinct speaking is to the orator; and, as the schoolmaster is abroad, I would advise him to copy a lesson from Porson, and send his pupils up more confidently for Government examinations.

On the foundation of the City Library, and its location in the Old Jewry, the Professor was elected Librarian, with a liberal salary and comfortable apartments. But, pitiable to state, his intemperate and irregular habits had become more and more inveterate; and his sub-librarians had to endure some distressing circumstances in their endeavours to keep him in propriety and respect. They were excellent and kind men, too, and could appreciate the good qualities and astonishing ability of their superior. Mr. Ilbery, afterwards a well-read bookseller, and Mr. Upcott, the celebrated collector of literary treasures, filled these offices; and I have often heard of the pain they suffered in the imposed *quasi* guardianship and care of the wreck of their chief, when—but I will drop the curtain on his infirmities. Too many have dissipated the rich endowments of nature; too many have abused the gifts which God has bestowed upon them.

"If such a man there be,
Who would not weep if Atticus were he!"

In September, 1808, and only in his forty-ninth year, he

fell down in the street, and epilepsy was found to be the cause of his death. His life affords a pregnant example and lesson to every literary aspirant and learned student; and from his tomb they may, with trembling, hear the voice and 'guard their course.

ADDENDA.

My subject offers little temptation to farther pursuit. The youthful prodigy who, at nine years of age mastered the cube root through the exertions of memory, fulfilled only in a peculiar and qualified manner the splendid destiny he might have achieved. Yet to make himself the foremost scholar of the age was no unworthy triumph!

From a severe illness at Eton, his constitution was enfeebled; but notwithstanding this, his disposition was warm, and his manifestation of it, not only in poetical effusions but in conduct, whilst yet a Cantab undergraduate, kept him pretty much in hot water, as I have related, with the dignitaries of Trinity. Of his warfare with Mansell and Backhouse, I may venture to tell that on one occasion, upon a suspicion or pretence that the Dean had secreted his washerwoman's daughter, a riotous and unseemly raid was led into his very sanctum, and according to Porson's version of the story, the Suspected extricated himself so cleverly from the dilemma, that "if ever a Dean did deserve a Bishopric for his hypocrisy, Backhouse was the man!" Disappointed in his trap, Porson avenged himself in one of those poetical compositions, so brilliant with talent that we must the more regret they could never bear the light—on this occasion I may barely allude to the lines, commencing with a charge of intemperance against "Meredith, our senior fellow," and followed by a furious attack as to

> "How our dean with pious care,
> Taught young women psalms and prayer."

I am afraid a paraphrase on Pope's sufficiently "indelicate" Abelard and Eloisa, too potently sustained the wanton spirit of the Cambridge onslaught.

I have reason to believe that Porson was many a time and oft prone to commit himself to versification, when stimulated by curious subjects or circumstances. Beloe in "The Sexagenarian," quotes poetry on the popular play of Pizarro, as his production and handed about, like other pieces from his pen, for private entertainment. The description of the performance is humorous enough for an antetype for Ingoldsby. I copy three of the verses not generally known—

"Then the priestess and virgins, in robes white and flowing,
Walked solemnly in, like a sow and her farrow,
And politely informed the whole house they were going
To entreat Heaven's curses on noble Pizarro.

Rolla made a fine speech with such logic and grammar,
As must sure raise the envy of Counsellor Garrow;
It would sell for five pounds (were it brought to the hammer),
For it raised all Peru against valiant Pizarro.

Four acts are tol lol, but the fifth's my delight,
Where history's traced with the pen of a Varro,
And Elvira in black, and Alonzo in white,
Put an end to the piece by killing Pizarro."

The Devil's Walk has often been erroneously ascribed to Porson: a Sonnet to Nothing is (given in the National Portrait Gallery) worthy of his pen.

"Mysterious Nothing! how shall I define
Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness?
Nor form nor colour, sound nor size, are thine;
Nor words nor figures can thy void express.
But though we cannot thee to ought compare,
To thee a thousand things may likened be
And though thou art with nobody, no where,
Yet half mankind devote themselves to thee.

How many books thy history contain!
How many heads thy mighty plans pursue!
What labouring hands thy fortune only gain!
What busy men thy only doings do!
To thee, the great, the proud, the giddy bend,
And, like my sonnet, all in Nothing end."

Of his wonderful memory many instances have been recorded, such for example as his remembering how often a certain word occurred in Thucydides, and in what passages; but truly his powers in this respect were incredible. He seemed to be capable of repeating a hundred authors, grave or comical, learned or frivolous, by heart—it might be Sophocles or Shakspeare, or The Tailors, a burlesque, or Tom and Jerry! Still the drama was uppermost. At Eton, he covertly wrote "Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire" for the prohibited Long Chamber, and was one of the most gravely compromised participators in all the forbidden sports of the school. And of these in after years it was his delight to talk. He used to expatiate on their frolics and transgression of rules, with similar or even greater unction, than was his wont when Cambridge was the theme. In listening, one might detect how large a share he took on "his own hook," and how abundantly ready he was to help his companions. No wonder he was highly prized by them, as he was admired by the more mature lovers of learning; and when he fell into embarrassed circumstances, a subscription raised among them was invested in securities, as a provision against the precariousness of literary labour. What a man of business he must have been—how well able to take care of himself—many months after his death, his executors discovered several hundred pounds of this friendly tribute, lying disregarded in the Government fund where it was deposited.

R. Porson

THE EARL OF RIPON.

ASSIDUOUS application, a deep veneration for truth, and a high character for integrity, will frequently pave the way to supreme advancement, without the presence of commanding talents or pre-eminent ability. To be good and trusted, to be well informed and respected, are safer positions to enjoy, than to be specious and doubted, or brilliant and admired, and often, under propitious concurrent circumstances, when taken at the flood, lead on to fortune. Among the Men I have Known, one has recently passed away, to whose memory I do not think justice has been done, but, on the contrary, disparagement has forgotten the charitable motto, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum." I may, in this instance, even supersede the last word by "vĕrum," and of the dead say nothing but what is true.

The late Lord Ripon was not, indeed, to be compared with "the Pilot that weathered the storm," nor with the statesman lyrist who uttered that strain, but he was gifted with many of the most precious qualities that adorn humanity. Though of a gentle nature, he was upright and inflexible in principle; his probity was immaculate; the sole object of his ambition was the welfare of his country, and his life's devotion to her service was earnest and patriotic. The functions of several of the highest and most laborious offices of the State he fulfilled with indefatigable zeal; and if party politics strove to depreciate his views, as too sanguine at the time, it cannot be denied that he lived to see his anticipations of "prosperity" more than realized. His inadequacy,

when exalted to the topmost pinnacle of government in tempestuous political times, chiefly arose from a want of confidence in himself. The stupendous responsibility of the helm at a critical and troubled epoch, overwhelmed his modest estimate of his own powers; a want of sufficient energy resulted from a want of sufficient self-reliance, and the conscientious Minister retired from the post he believed he could not occupy with advantage to the best interest of the empire. This might be called cowardice; I think it was patriotism. Our brief, reluctant premier was of the kindliest feelings, unassuming nature, and amiable manners. On one social occasion the delightful persiflage of a Lord Chancellor (who may be guessed by the sequel), laid down so gravely upon a trifling question in conversation, what the powers of his high office enabled him directly to order and do, and what he could only accomplish by roundabout or negative measures, that he fairly imposed upon and raised a laugh at the expense of his too credulous compeer. The good humour with which he took the jest was heightened by the victim immediately relating a story equally ludicrous, as against the obtuseness of his legal perceptions, but sheathing a sharp point which told upon the sophistry and verbiage of the greatest sages and expounders of law.* A playful exhibition of our own want of ready apprehension, or ignorance, is a happy shield to protect us from the attacks of others, and will blunt the shaft, if it does not return it. "I was interested," he said, "in a Chancery suit, and went one day to hear it argued. The Lord Chancellor L—— allowed me a seat beside him on the bench, and Mr. Bell having spoken at some length, was followed by Mr. Hart, who was just concluding when I was summoned to the House of Commons, where a debate was expected. On leaving, I observed to the Chancellor, 'Well, I don't know how the case may be decided; but, in my opinion, Mr. Hart has so

* See Addenda for a sketch of this "encounter of keen wits."

completely answered Mr. Bell, that he has not a leg to stand upon.' His lordship smiled his good-bye significantly, and whispered, 'I am sorry I cannot agree with you, for—they are both on the same side!'"

Many men of far inferior parts entertain a much higher conceit of themselves than did the late most estimable and kind-hearted Earl of Ripon. His lordship was wont to take great delight in the juvenile studies of his son, Lord Goderich, the present earl, who, strange to say, in his very early years was devoted to mathematics as a relaxation. I know not if the pursuit has grown with his growth; but some of his boyish exercises, shown to me, were quite marvellous, and would have been very remarkable at twice his age. Born to wealth, power, and a peerage, he has probably exchanged for politics and public life, what nature seemed to intend for adhesion to Euclid and Newton.*

An excellent speech recently made by his lordship, on laying the foundation-stone of the Huddersfied Mechanics' Institute, evinced an honourable sense of his duty as a public man, to promote the welfare of the working classes.—*Editor.*

ADDENDA.

Into the sketch of Coleridge (see p. 121) I have introduced a description of a dinner which brought him out in an extraordinary fashion; and to balance the account a little, on his behalf and the behalf of his comrades on that mirthful occasion, I am tempted to relate the particulars of another dinner party where there was also a good deal of sport and humour, though Lord Ripon, a Minister of the Crown, the Lord Chancellor, and other dignified personages were the actors. To be sure they did not carry the fun so far, but yet it was excellent drolling; and it was pleasant to witness men in the most responsible stations and with the most heavily worked minds of the age, lending themselves to such relaxations, with all the readiness of big boys! It was at Sir Henry Ellis's, the near relative of Lady Ripon, a high official in the Exchequer office, and who had been our plenipotentiary on a mission to the court of Persia. From that country he had brought a sample of the Sophy's famous Shiraz wine,* and upon great days one bottle was produced, but no more. No matter what the call, it was as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that a single bottle was the utmost measure of the host's hospitality. It so happened that Lord Brougham sat on his right hand and Lord Ripon on his left, and as the course of the wine is also established, according to equally invariable law and custom, to circulate like the sun, it fell out that the last of it had to arrive at the seat occupied by the Lord Chancellor. In handing it round the whim occurred to Colonel Craddock (afterwards Caradoc, the ancient name restored, Lord Howden), a delightful companion next to whom I had the good fortune

* The Zeher-e-khoosh—delightful poison.—*See Malcolm's "Persia"* for the laughable legend on the name.

to be placed at the bottom of the table, that it would be a capital joke to get the flask emptied before it reached Lord Brougham, and thus squeeze a second bottle out of the Plenipo. The word was whispered and the trick succeeded —at least when the bottle got to his lordship there was nothing in it. Well, what was to be done? Sir Henry could not commit perjury, and he had many times sworn to the condition. It was legally suggested that the Lord Chancellor could, of his own authority, order another bottle to be brought up; and that succedaneum, I believe, would have been winked at by our host. But not so was the opinion of the Chief of laws and equity. The jest offered an excellent opportunity to him and he availed himself of it, to the infinite amusement of the company. To tell of his axioms and arguments is out of the question, but they concluded with the dictum that a Lord Chancellor's functions were not peremptory—that he could not carry a point positively but must get at it by negatives, and in fine that he had not the power to order another bottle of Shiraz from the cellar, but he could order the cellar door to be locked and nothing suffered to be brought out without his permission.

How Lord Ripon extricated himself from the laugh at his credulity in the Chancellor's imposition, I have already told; but the whole episode belonged to that class of social enjoyments which baffles even *vivâ voce* re-enaction.

> "It was merry in the hall,
> And beards wagged all,"

in the midst of such pleasantries, and Lord Ripon confessed that he believed he never could have been fitted to be Lord Chancellor, which his father's coachman had predicted for him in his boyhood (appealing to Ellis for corroboration), but had succeeded in getting up to be (though only) Chancellor of the Exchequer.

How charming it is to enjoy, how difficult to convey any idea of a scene like this—even after adjourning to the

drawing-room and coffee, Lord Brougham was in the most jocose and playful mood, and midnight almost surprised us by arriving so soon to break up such a party.

Lady Ripon was of a timid nature and very susceptible of alarm; from the time of the mob assault upon the residence of her husband "Prosperity Robinson," so called in angry derision; but who lived (and, I may repeat, contributed as a statesman) to see his cheerful auspices more than realized. When violent political language was indulged in, her ladyship was filled with anxiety, which was extended to all around. Her fears were so excited, indeed, that it was alleged the precautions she took to insure the Minister's personal safety, sometimes interfered with the discharge of his imperative functions.

Of this condition of agitation I remember a ludicrously amusing instance. Having to wait upon Lord R. in Whitehall Gardens, I met Mr. Plumer Ward descending as I ascended the stairs. He seemed somewhat confused, and on my being shown into the drawing-room I discovered the cause—the lady of the mansion close by the bell-pull, with her infant child drawn close to her, and pale and trembling with affright. Whether Mr. Ward had said so in conversational jest or not, I cannot tell, but he had described some severe attacks of neuralgia, which affected his head so strangely that nothing could relieve the distressing symptoms so effectually as (with the assistance of his servant) to be set upon it, like the tumbler at a fair and kept in that position till the pain left him. The poor lady got terrified at what she at once took for a paroxysm of insanity and hurried to the spot where she could give an immediate alarm, for "God help me," she explained, "if he had been seized with one of his wild fits here, how could I and my dear child ever have contrived to set him on his head?"

Happily there was no occasion; and the boy was spared to be the able and eminent Minister of the Crown we hail at the present day as the Earl de Grey and Ripon. Of his

father's friendship I had always reason to be proud. He once suggested and patronized an ambition of mine which was smothered in the birth, but did not in the least affect the esteem with which I ever regarded him as one of the best hearted of men, and of great capacity for public affairs, only impaired by his misdoubting the powers he actually possessed.

DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.

I QUESTION if our Native School of Art can ever produce another David Roberts. Not that I think as great painters may not arise as ever have been before, but that new circumstances have occurred which must very materially affect the cultivation of the art, and especially that branch of it in which he so pre-eminently distinguished himself. It was not an unamusing pleasantry, at the time when photography was introduced, to say it was a "Foe to Graphic Art;" and, if it were so indeed, it must be acknowledged most hostile to the style which excels in the representation of splendid architecture. The modern discovery and device of sunlimning, no doubt falls far short of the human hand in the idealized delineation of the "face divine," inasmuch as mere features rarely convey expression; nor can the camera-lucida display the shades, the tints, the numberless natural beauties of landscape when unimproved by the touch of artistic feeling; but such themes as a Peter Neefs, a Canaletti, and a Roberts generally selected for the illustration of their masterly pencils, where grandeur or grace of form is of more account than variety or harmony of colour, come better within the adequate range of the sensitive plate and the focal lens. It is on this account that I apprehend there will be less encouragement in this peculiar line than in times past, and, consequently, less chance of supreme excellence. Yet, so long as colour and breadth of execution, as well as minute fidelity, claim high merit in the imitative arts, it may be

anticipated there will be found accomplished labourers in the field.

I knew David Roberts for many years, and cherished a friendly regard and sincere esteem for him. When his sudden death was announced, there mingled with my sorrow for the event a regret that, should I endeavour to record my estimate of his exemplary character, I must fall short of its genuine standard, from my intimacy being limited to the period of his assured success and popular career. By happy accident, however, I learned where the information I desiderated could be acquired; and if my readers feel as deep an interest in the communication as I have done, I hope they will not like it the less that I adopt it in the homely Scottish vernacular (so suited to the theme) which it employs. My authority is a lady of birth and station. In gratitude for her kindness I ought, perhaps, to pay compliments; but the spirit which breathes through her narrative, as she depicts the noble perseverance, independence, and benevolence of her subject, reveals her own character and asks no eulogy.

"The parents of David Roberts were both pious people, and worthy and industrious. His father was a shoemaker and cobbler, and his mother a frugal, orderly, and kindly-disposed person, held in good repute by all the well-doing families around the locality where they lived—Stockbridge, near Edinburgh—a place at that time certainly not remarkable for anything but its poverty and immorality. In this atmosphere David and his sister were born and reared, but, happily uninfluenced by its contagion, were both obedient and dutiful children to their parents. "I," continues my kind informant, "became acquainted with them in my walks among the poor in their neighbourhood, and soon discovered that they lived in a very different manner from the most of those about them. I was glad to employ the cobbler as needs might occur, and the boy David came from time to time to our house with shoes or boots, and was always brought up to me

and rewarded. He regularly attended the village school, where he earned the name of a 'good boy,' and never associated with idle or bad companions. Always ready and willing to assist his parents in any way, it soon became quite clear, however, that he could never be apprenticed to his father, or take to the waxed thread and awl. He could not have been more than ten years old when his genius began to unfold itself, and proofs of its intensity were not slow in development. One fine summer afternoon his mother, knowing that if she walked to Preston Pans she could get sufficient salt for one shilling to last her for a whole year, took her poke (sack), and Davy with her to carry it home.* This burden he bore cheerfully on their return, till they reached Arthur's Seat, and the sun was setting in the horizon. The sight was too much for the inspired artist. He threw down the bag of salt and exclaimed, 'Oh, mother, dinna be angry, but I canna gang past; I must study this beautiful scene!' And so the old mother had to leave him to his contemplations, and take the *poke* upon her own back. One day I called to see Mrs. Roberts, and found the gude wife in a little bit of discontent with some mishap that had befallen her. 'Weel, mem,' she said, 'you're real welcome; but just look what your favourite Davy has done for me. I fought on to whitewash my bonnie room, and it was just dry yestreen. I left him in the house to keep the door, and when I came back—just look, now!—he had got a stick and burnt the end on't; and see sic nonsense over a' my bonnie wa'.' I glanced at the wall, and was startled and astonished at the genius there displayed. There were elevations of mountains, of castles, and trees, and other objects of very extraordinary conception and execution. I was absolutely amazed, but turned to the defeated whitewasher, whose countenance was filled with dismay, and

* I need hardly remark that the interest of this sketch is increased, to my mind, by its incidental traits of Scottish habits and manners at the date to which it refers.

begged her not to scold the boy. 'Something will come out of this, and we must take care to watch his progress.' Perhaps he could not have been more than fourteen years of age at this time.

"I was absent from Edinburgh for a long period, and on my return went to see how David was getting on. I was then told what misery they had suffered in my absence, for that Davy had gone out one day as usual, and they expected him home to dinner, when, instead of himself, a boy handed in a letter from him, to inform them he was 'off to London!' He was to work his passage up in a Leith smack, with very little in his pocket for further expenses. He also stated that he would not fear of his getting employment, for the manager of the Edinburgh theatre had given him a letter to the Drury Lane manager, and they should soon hear from him where to send their forgiveness, and his sister would write it for them. That first letter speedily arrived, and was brought for me to read. He told them the manager had given him a scene to paint, and had been so pleased with it that he had promised him constant work, by which he should be able to keep himself, and have money besides to send to them. He also requested that his sister should be put to learn a trade, which was done, and she became a capital dressmaker."

The reader will not be displeased if I here interrupt the narrative, to mention that this sister was well married, but too soon returned to her parents as a widow, without children, and was, as my informant expresses it, "a blessed daughter to them to the day of their death."

"David, meanwhile, advanced step by step, gathered together a little money, and came down to Edinburgh to see his family. He extended the visit to me, and a most cordial meeting we had. He repeated to me what he had been telling at home that he must travel to improve himself. He accordingly took leave of them, and, with his portfolio and a change of linen, off he started. He studied for some

time in Rome, and then proceeded to Spain; through which country he walked, sketching every old castle and every point of interest that struck his fancy. He wore the Spanish dress, and soon acquired enough of the language to make himself understood. Thus he remained abroad several years, till, stored with artistic wealth, he finally returned to settle in London.

"Here he at once attracted the attention of his brother artists and the literary men interested in their pursuits, and found patrons competent in judgment and fortune to lift him on his way. Again, in improved circumstances, he visited the humble abode of his worthy parents and sister, and removed them to a comfortable house in Castle Street, providing an ample sufficiency for their support.

"His next expedition, to Palestine, is familiar to the public; but few are aware that in every possible place on his route he wrote long and interesting letters to his good aged mother, giving an account of his travels, and the remarkable things which came under his observation. These she always carried about with her, because he referred her to chapter and verse in the New Testament, where she could read of the places and scenes he had sketched, to illustrate the work on the Holy Land in which he was engaged. During his absence, Castle Street was abundantly supplied, from a friend commissioned in London, with chests of tea, boxes of oranges and other fruit, or whatever his parents could fancy; and immediately on his return he hurried down, with filial love and piety, to assure himself that all was as well as he could hope or desire. Though only a few days in Edinburgh, he arranged that his water-colour drawings should be exhibited in Princes Street, just as he had taken them in Palestine; and they naturally created a great popular sensation, and drew crowds to the view. I thought it was a pity that the devout old mother should lose the sight of what must be so gratifying to her, and, as she was now too feeble to walk so far, took her and

her daughter in a carriage to the 'show.' As no one could induce her to change her style of dress, the little close black bonnet on the top of her head, and the little old-fashioned cloak round her shoulders, made her 'noticeable' in the throng; and, as she was unable to stand long enough to enjoy the full examination of the sacred spots, I procured a chair, in which she was moved about, to the manifest amusement of many of the spectators, who were struck with the quaint little figure, and its peculiar manners. One intimate friend of my own came up and asked me, 'Who in the world is that odd-looking little old wifey you are caring for so much?' I answered, 'The mother of Mr. Roberts.' The intelligence flew through the room, and our little old wifey became the object of immense consideration. At this time the aged father was quite paralyzed; he never came downstairs after their removal to their new abode, which I never fancied they liked quite as well as their former humble dwelling. He lingered some time, and when he passed away his good son David hastened from London to attend his remains to the grave, and gave him a most respectable and well-attended funeral. His mother lived some years after; and it was a pleasure to listen to her constant chant in praise of the noble child who had done so much for his thankful parents—thankful to him, and thankful to heaven, for so great a mercy.

"Believing that such anecdotes as these must be acceptable, as they relate to an eminent man, and to afford to every class of society a fine lesson for imitation in the domestic virtues, I offer no apology for prolonging my narrative through a later period. I must, however, begin inauspiciously.

"David Roberts was not happy in marriage with a beautiful girl, the daughter of a farmer in Argyleshire. They separated, and she returned, well provided for, to her family, leaving him an only daughter, the pride and delight of his latter years. When I and my sister visited the

metropolis in 1845, we shortly found our way to his address in Fitzroy Street, and were ushered into his studio before he was aware of our being in town. His reception passes any description I can give of it, and we afterwards dined with a small select party at his house. We were seated on his right and left, and when the servants had quitted the room he caused us almost to shed tears of shame by rising and saying: 'My friends, fill a bumper. I call upon you to share my feelings of joy and gratification, for this is the proudest day of my life, when I see at my table the friends who have been so good to me always, and who have been such precious friends to my aged parents and widowed sister—who did so much for them, and cheered the evening of their days.' His feelings quite gave way for a few moments; and I mention this not from vanity, but to show what a man David Roberts was.

"As another trait of his character, I should state that, on the stone over his parents' remains, in the Calton Hill burial-ground (the design for which he himself drew for the sculptor), he records that his father had been a shoemaker in Stockbridge—to me a touching instance of admirable humbleness of mind, unimpaired by the seductions of prosperity and flatteries of fame.

"On his last visit to Scotland he wished to trace some poor relations who, he had discovered from some of his mother's letters, lived at St. Andrews. He told me of his errand, and went there. They were not to be heard of at their former address, and he inquired at the post-office, where, luckily, the name was known; and he was informed of an aged couple who resided in a small house near at hand, to which he got a boy to guide him. Upon entering he found the objects of his search sitting close to the fire. They stared at their strange visitor, and exclaimed, 'Wha be ye, and what d'ye want?' He replied by asking them if they had any near relations, and was answered, 'Nane but a laddie, Davy Roberts; but he's nae acquaintance wi' hiz.'

David told them he was the 'laddie,' and had never known of them till very lately; that he must hasten back to his work in London; and, taking a ten-pound bank-note from his pocket-book, presented it to the astonished pair. The old man gazed at it and exclaimed to his wife, 'Keep me! the Lord·hae a care o' hiz! It's ten pounds! it will keep hiz in a' we want; and, what is mair, it will gie hiz a decent burial!' 'No, no,' said their benefactor; 'you must use it, and get every comfort, and I will lodge more at the bank in your name; and just draw it out as you need it. Good-bye!'"

With these extracts I close my manuscript references. To my appreciation they well deserve more attention, perhaps, than their lowly and familiar nature might seem to seek; for they reveal the characteristics of an individual who may be set before the world as an excellent representative type of the Scottish man. I look upon him as a model fit for the study and improvement of every class of his countrymen. With love of the dear native land, there is the yet more potent and devoted affection for parents—especially for the mother. Here, indeed, the common patriotic and domestic affections were tinged by genius; and we the more admire the peculiar forms in which they sometimes ministered their offices, just as we picture to ourselves the youthful Scot, traversing broad Spain like a romantic minstrel, and compare him with the steady and sedate Royal Academician of our later time. We have many biographies of the early lives of great foreign, chiefly Italian, artists, and follow with curious interest the minute details of incident which seemed to mark them for a splendid future. Surely the salt-poke of Davy Roberts is a story not to be forgotten in the annals of the Fine Arts. The narrative of my correspondent says nothing of his being brought up as a house-painter, probably because he was so employed when the writer was absent from Edinburgh. He served his apprenticeship to Mr. Beugo, a house-painter and decorator.

Any practice in that trade would be congenial with his disposition, and something of colouring and handling the brush, coarse as it was, would not be thrown away upon the burnt-stick delineator of battlements and forests. There was, at any rate, breadth in the sweep not inapplicable to scene-painting, and in all his productions the artist showed that he possessed this power when he chose to exhibit it, either upon grand architectural subjects, or in conjunction with the finest touches of Neefs-like art.

In his personal, as in his professional life, there was the same rare combination of laudable principles. His feelings were all kindly and affectionate, his benevolence was judicious and liberal. I believe his charitable acts were more numerous than was apprehended; for he never spoke of them, and they were done in secret, as the visit to St. Andrews, in the uncommon search for poor relations. Plain, outspoken, and unpretending in manners, he always displayed the intelligence of an originally sound understanding, and the information of one who had travelled far and wide, seen much of the business of life, and enjoyed the advantages of constant intercourse with the best of social circles. Of his unreserve, or plain speaking, a correspondent in a Scotch newspaper (*Kelso Mail*) relates the following specimen :—

"At one of Her Majesty's private visits to the Royal Academy Exhibition, it was David's lot to attend upon her. In reply to some royal observations he quite forgot the obsequious sycophancy belonging to court etiquette, and gave his opinion freely upon a matter which referred to the royal children and their portraits. The train of courtiers were horrified, and other Royal Academicians stood aghast; but the Queen was amused, and the next day gave her volunteer adviser a commission to paint a picture connected (if I remember rightly) with the subject of their conversation."

Before concluding I shall simply allude to the other Scottish traits with which my friend was endowed, and which,

united with those I have specified, tended to render his career as an artist as elevated as his relations as a man were enviable. These attributes were prudence, perseverance, industry and integrity, all which were his in a paramount degree.

Of the multitude, variety, and excellence of his productions, it is not for a sketch of this kind to treat. His exhibited works have long been acknowledged the foremost in the style to which they belong; but the artist's eye and hand were not confined to cathedral or other architectural and cognate subjects. I one day chanced to take a learned Asiatic traveller in England to a place (the Garrick Club) where a gift-picture by Roberts was hung. It represented a desert scene in Palestine, and my companion, with an involuntary start, exclaimed, "Ah! who painted that? How he must have seen and studied the camel! none else could give its very tread and motion."

And I expect that wonderful proofs of this skill—far out of his usual line—various and masterly, will appear when a selection from his portfolios comes to be published. I understand that Mrs. Bicknell, his justly-beloved daughter, has, with the sanction of his executors, her husband, and Mr. Joseph Arden, confided her father's correspondence, notes of travel, and diaries, to the charge of Mr. Colnaghi, with a view to publication.

He died at his house, 7,. Fitzroy-street, on the 25th of November, 1864, at the age of sixty-eight. He was buried on the 2nd of December, at Norwood Cemetery, in a private manner, as was his wish. The date of his birth (at Stockbridge, Edinburgh) was October 24th, 1796.

ADDENDA.

My sketch of David Roberts was written so recently that I cannot return to tax my memory farther as yet, though

what I have done is nearly all the produce of another mind, and not of mine. My intimacy with him was much cultivated in social, as well as friendly meetings at the Garrick Club, of which he was a member for thirty years, whilst his associate R.A., Clarkson Stanfield, and I, were among the founders only four years before. It is worthy of remark how on all occasions that called for public notice the names of these two eminent artists happened to be linked together. It looked almost like their being in partnership; and so they were, but it was only in the firmest ties of the warmest friendship. They started in life nearly together—in the opening prime of life; over the age of majority they worked together in the painting of dramatic scenery; a few years more saw them candidates for station in the Royal Academy, and the last of their course has been run with the bravest perseverance and most unblemished honour till, crowned with success and fame, one has reached the end of all his labours, and the other remains, I fear, more rudely touched by the hand of Time than the wide circle of those who admire and esteem him would desire. I had retired from the Garrick shortly before the death of David Roberts; and Stanfield, unable to bear the resort where his loss would ever be intensely brought home to him, withdrew immediately after the sad event.

While climbing the hill (though near the top) Roberts had another attached friend and liberal patron in Lord Monson, whose premature death (1841) he deeply regretted. His lordship was a most accomplished amateur artist, a charming draughtsman, and possessed of the finest taste. He was adorning Gatton with the choicest productions of native art when cut off at the age of thirty-three. Roberts' "Jerusalem," painted for him at the suggestion of Wilkie, was a fine feature in his accumulating collection.

When David sailed for Egypt and the Holy Land, it was in my power to give him letters of introduction to a friend of some influence in Alexandria, which, I rejoiced to learn,

were of service. As a recognition, he brought home a mummy, under comic pretence that it was for me, but which was unrolled at his own residence by our worthy intimate, Mr. Pettigrew, with much ostentation and ceremony. It was made rather festive, for aught funereal. My *fiancée* proved to be an illustrious princess and priest's daughter, called Mena or Nona something—I have forgotten the name—but her favours, strips of linen rags torn from the wrappings, were munificently distributed, and the numerous company departed without shedding a tear.

Given a decent length of time beyond the grave, and with us all the mummy might serve for a moral lesson.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

REMINISCENCES of the late poet and banker have recently been published; but they tell us little about him, except that he kept a sort of note memorandum of what happened to be said by certain distinguished men when in his company. The record is very scanty, and much of it so curt and fragmentary as to have no applicable meaning, and the bard of "Memory" himself has no figure on the cartoon. What I remember of him possesses little of "the pleasures of memory," and may perhaps be as little interesting; but he filled for many years a singular space in the public eye, and a few touches may include him in my miniature gallery of "Men I have Known."

Rogers was reputed a wit, and did say some good things; but many of the best were said by others, and fathered upon him (as the use is), especially when there was any bitterness in the joke, which was his characteristic. His going to Holland House by the Hammersmith stage-coach (in days when cabs and omnibuses were unknown), and asking the loitering driver what he called it, is not one of his worst: being answered, "The Regulator," he observed that it was a very proper name, as all the rest *go by it.* Luttrell and Rogers were intimate friends and rival wits, and disliked each other accordingly. I have used the word friend, but it did not appear that the nonogenarian (whatever he might have enjoyed half a century before) had any friends. I never saw about him any but acquaintances or toadies. Had he out-lived them? No; he was not of a nature to have friends. He was born with the silver spoon

in his mouth, and had never needed a friend in his long, easy journey through life. The posthumous laudation lavished upon him by his political cronies was purely of the *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* kind. He never received that coin when alive; for, if the truth be told, his liberality and generosity were small specks which could not bear blazon, and he was radically ill tempered. Now, nobody can love a cantankerous person, even though placed in such fortunate circumstances as not to be always offensive. His whole career was too sunny. There were neither clouds nor showers to nourish the sensitive plants which adorn humanity—nothing but showy sunflowers. No lovely dew-dipped blossoms; no sweet buddings of refreshing scent; no soft green tufts sending up grateful incense, as when varying seasons produce their beneficial influence, and the breezes and the rains (ay, the storms) from heaven serve but to root and expand the spirit's growth.

Few men who have had nothing but an even tenor of their way, are duly touched with feeling for the distresses of their fellow creatures, a touch of which they have never experienced. In the absence of any higher motive to benevolence, there was not even a trace of *bonhomie* about Rogers. Sarcasm and satire were his social weapons. Kindness and geniality do not crop out in any account of him that I have seen; and this negative describes the individual of whom I did not care to know much. The constant little bickering competitions between him and Luttrell were very entertaining to some minds. They met once, and did not squabble. It was in the Crystal Palace, into which they were both wheeled in chairs, when no longer able to walk! *

* This meeting reminds me of the story told of Lord North and Colonel Barré meeting at Tunbridge Wells Spa, when both were blind with age. "Ah, Colonel," said the witty ex-Premier, "you used to abuse me much in the House, and I retorted; but now we should be very glad to see each other."

Taste, or in another word, refinement, like avarice or gluttony, tends essentially to selfishness; and in Rogers I marked a signal type of the class, with a very small modicum of the redeeming feeling which occasionally qualifies it. I have known men of the most refined taste who were also distinguished by the sweetest of human sympathies. In these, however, taste was only a lesser component part of the being, not a ruling and engrossing passion—if passion it can be called, which is so abstractly passionless.

In his writings, as in his daily life, Mr. Rogers was fastidious. In correcting the press, only Campbell could equal him for anxiety to polish. On one occasion I chanced to see a sheet of one of his poems ("Italy," I think) as it was passing through the printer's hands, and pointed out some very slight errors. The reader told him of this hypercriticism (for it was nothing more), and he cancelled the whole of the impression, and introduced the required alterations at the expense of above £100. In other respects he would not be guilty of anything like extravagance. On the contrary, there was a curious spice of the miser-economy in his nature. He was fond of going to evening parties, at homes, conversaziones, or however called by fashion; and instead of being attended by his carriage, as a wealthy man, he would walk home with his umbrella. It was upon an occasion of this kind that he met with the accident which crippled him during his later years, and no doubt hastened his death. Yet, when his bank was robbed, he did not show the least regret for his loss, only an intense desire to discover the plunderers.

His almost open breakfast parties, of three or four artists or literary men who had the *entrée*, were pleasant enough, from the news and gossip gathered into them; and his dinners, wisely limited in the number of the guests, abounding in luxuries, usually graced by distinguished individuals, and sometimes by most interesting groups, must be classed among those high social enjoyments which few have the

means to command, and fewer still know how to accomplish and appreciate.

His personal appearance was extraordinary, or rather, his countenance was unique. His skull and facial expression bore so striking a likeness to the skeleton pictures which we sometimes see of Death, that the facetious Sydney Smith (at one of the dressed evening parties I have spoken of) entitled him the "Death-dandy!" and it was told (probably with truth) that the same satirical wag inscribed upon the capital portrait in his breakfast room, "Painted in his life-time."

Withal, Rogers possessed refined and elegant tastes; and his cultivation of poetry exalted his mind above its inherent worldliness, as far as was possible in one devoid of the nobler influences which transform and elevate humanity.

ADDENDA.

Upon the reperusal of this Character, and a knowledge of other circumstances communicated to me, I feel bound to acknowledge that I appear to have pressed rather severely upon Mr. Rogers. He was very irritable and not very amiable, but it may be too much to say that he had not "any friends." I am inclined to believe that he had at least one, and an independent one, in the Rev. Alexander Dyce, our pre-eminent Critic and Commentator, who, by the way completed W. Gifford's edition of Shirley, after his death—a task which I presume there was hardly another literary man in existence competent to undertake and so ably complete. Should, hereafter, any satisfactory memoirs of Rogers ever come to light, I might (if spared), and the public should look to the same eminent authority for the desirable work. For Rogers has left something for futurity,

of higher quality and lasting claim than the rhyme allowed.

> "May Rogers, who may well delight,
> In giving artists occupation,
> Be occupied himself, and write
> Another book for illustration."

His great anxiety to be correct in his compositions I have noticed; and the same feeling seems to have operated in making him jealous of competition. He certainly did not like Campbell much, nor to hear the Pleasures of Hope too much praised.

The Pleasures of Hope and the Pleasures of Memory, were not always in accord; but a good-humoured *Mem.* of Mr. Rogers, in 1847, says "Campbell was once very angry with me—so angry, that we hardly spoke for three years. It was not my fault; it was because Sir James Macintosh reported what I had said one evening, among ourselves—simply and nothing more than this: No man, I said, does much good, who makes literature a profession. If he be engaged in business during the day, literary occupation will be a luxury, otherwise a burden. I was my father's clerk when I wrote my poem, labouring from nine or ten to four or five o'clock in the office. After office hours, poetry and composition were a delightful resource. Why does not our friend Campbell adopt the same plan? Better scribble, were it only names—for eight hours of the day, than make literature a trade. This, as I said, was repeated to Campbell, who, thinking it implied degradation to literature, was offended. But it is practically true; Charles Lamb, who promised to do good things after receiving his *congé* from the desk, never did anything."

It is a remarkable coincidence that Dr. William Beattie, the author of several works (chiefly illustrated), displaying great taste and talent, should have attended as their friend and physician, and closed the dying eyes of both these Poets.

Hope and Memory were no more opposites. They were alike there.

When Rogers' bank was robbed, Edward Forbes drew a charming design for a monument of the banker. He was recumbent in all the force of humorous caricature, and bank paper was flying up like sparks from a firework—the quotation was

"The trembling notes ascend the sky."

In memory how strangely do such different recollections spring from their recesses and crowd up together. Life is a Jest: I thought so once, and——&c.

If Mr. Rogers was not blest with the best of tempers, he had, notwithstanding, a kind heart. His poetical tribute to Byron, at Bologna, in his "Italy" is a very fine example of the best of feelings for a friend.

It may be curious to note the different lights in which an opulent banker is presented to view. In the society in which he mixes, there is no member more easy, more amiable, more estimable, more respected. But go and visit him on business in his back room or den, and you encounter another being. If also wealthy, you may get through with a dull formality, and perhaps a shake by the hand on parting. But if there be a difficulty or a want,—the pleasant companion is no more! Cold, cautious, defiant—you may transact the affair or not, but you feel relieved when you get away unscathed from the interview. A banker in his sanctum, is more like an attorney in his office—seldom an agreeable person; but indeed the very name of attorney is so generally an aversion, that many of the profession usually shirk it, and call themselves solicitors. I have known many excellent men among them, for all that.

Yours sincerely
S. Rogers.

SIR JAMES CLARK ROSS.

THE deep interest I felt in the Arctic expeditions has been evidenced in the several reminiscences I have devoted to their eminent commanders, two of whom, Franklin and Crozier, perished in the cause, leaving me to mourn the loss of friends I valued sincerely, and from whom I had parted, at the outset of their voyages, when they were full of energy and hope. They feared no "thick-ribbed ice:" it was all sunshine in their horizon of the morning, and they looked to a calm and bright evening of life, when they should be happily restored to their homes, to enjoy every private endearment and public honour, made only more delightful by the dangers through which they had passed. *Eheu! Deo aliter visum.* But their names live in the pages of history, and in a higher record, for they were good as well as brave men.

With James Clark Ross I had the good fortune to enjoy a longer and more intimate friendship than with any other of his gallant associates. I saw him sail on all his perilous adventures, and I witnessed and welcomed his auspicious returns, crowned with results of the deepest interest to the intellectual world. He had been where never prow of ship had ploughed the sea or dared the iceberg before; he had devised access to the unfathomable caves of ocean; he had enlightened almost every material science by practical experiment and important exploration; and geography, navigation, magnetism, natural history, meteorology, all received illustration from his devoted labours. In his

sphere he was as distinguished a benefactor to humanity as the widely extended compass of his duties rendered possible, the pattern of a naval officer and the model of a social man. Highly as I admired and esteemed his compeers in these great enterprises, I could not but regard him as "the noblest Roman of them all."

In early boyhood he entered the Royal Navy, and, considering the limited nature of his opportunities, must have been gifted with rare talents to master those acquirements which marked him as no ordinary character before he was twenty years of age, and accumulated so perpetually as to render him extraordinary and famous to the close of his well-spent life. The result is not the less memorable, inasmuch as he was brought up, not educated, under the command of his uncle Sir John Ross, also of North Polar celebrity, and who had acted bravely in the service, but who was not the most likely person to direct junior footsteps in the paths that lead to distinction through the arduous toils of mental cultivation. *Requiescat in pace.* By his own resolute perseverance the young James Ross advanced far into the intricate regions of science, and was taught, like his illustrious friend General Edward Sabine, to solve those problems which are throwing so wonderful a light upon the motive elements of our globe and the true condition of our earth and of the universe. The two were comrades in Sir John Franklin's voyage to the Arctic Seas in 1818-19, and I may safely state that their companionship was productive of much of the fruits which have since so greatly benefited the intellectual world. In magnetism alone the researches of these scientific brothers have developed laws on which all future experiments must rest, and the solution of all further problems be based. And what a place to start from. It was as if the finger of Providence had pointed it out. It was on one of his missions from the ship which reflected nearly all the value and honour upon the voyage, that James Ross ascertained the great fact which was a main object of

all their exertions. Guided by scientific skill, and insensible to the appalling fatigue and privations of the way, he conducted his gallant party to that point where they saw the needle deflected downwards right into the bosom of the earth. Playful as was the record mirthfully "sung out" on the occasion, it was sufficient to fix an immortal name on—

> "Sir James Clark Ross, the first whose sole
> Stood on the North Magnetic Pole!"

I am free to state that upon his energy, enterprise, and intelligence, his uncle, Sir John Ross, chiefly built the edifice of his own exaltation; but James Clark had enough and to spare for the use of relative, associate, or competitor. His voyages under the command of the kindred spirit, the gallant Sir Edward Parry, fully trained him for the separate responsibility he, in after years, so largely undertook and so bravely answered. From first to last his conduct was truly noble. I shall not, however, do more than offer a few brief traits relating to these expeditions, seeing that their most important results have been laid before the world in the valuable volumes which have appeared from his pen.

It may be remarked of our intrepid polar explorers, that in all they said in print and all they have been in the habit of saying, *vivâ voce*, when forced into conversation about their travel, they have been very remarkable for their manly, unassuming spirit. I have never heard one of them hint at aught the least heroic in their wonderful exploits, nor even give a touch of pathos to the details of their desperate endurance of killing vicissitudes. It seemed always to be "orders obeyed," and "duty done," and that was the be-all and the end-all of their story. By chance, perhaps, some small anecdote might transpire, and serve as a key to innumerable hardships and privations. Thus I remember being out one day in Buckinghamshire, shooting with Ross and his friend and surgeon the estimable Mr. Beverley. In beating a copse we accidentally started a fox. A gun was

up. "Ah, don't fire! there are few enough hereabouts for the hunt;" and so reynard scampered unscathed away; and something like the following was elicited from the conversation of the two old messmates. They had been out from the ships longer than their provision lasted, and were ravenously hungry on their march to get back. There was no edible nor living creature to shoot, but luckily they found a dead fox, which, however, was only partially preserved by the ice from putridity. But fox-meat, though "high," served better than no meat; a fire was made, and one of the party, assuming to be the best cook, took upon himself the task of preparing dinner. The fumes rose gratefully to the nostrils of the two officers, and at last the roasted vermin was set before them. But oh, the Barmecide feast, or Sancho Panza dinner, whose savoury odours had so excited appetite! The extemporized cook of that day had neglected to remove the gall, and the dish was so bitter bad that even a hungry dog could not have eaten of it. It was a sore disappointment, but only one of a thousand to which our hardy sailors were exposed during these persevering attempts to explore the north-west passage and the frozen Arctic Seas. I almost fancied my companions were sorry not to take their revenge by a shot at the fox that was allowed to escape. But they were sportsmen enough to deny the impeachment.

The description of a more serious and perilous condition I gathered from snatches of conversation led by a few inquiries on my part. On the occasion referred to the ship got jammed into drifting ice—without power of motion or possibility of escape—and was borne hither and thither at the mercy of the treacherous element. They knew not where they might be driven—it seemed as if to some farther desolate, ice-locked bourne whence no traveller could hope to return, impervious to human effort, fatal to human existence. Every officer and man was sensible of this impending, and apparently inevitable fate. Still, their calm bearing appeared as if it were a forestalling of the silence of the grave. On the meeting

of every morning, when all eyes were turned to examine for signs of destruction or deliverance, not the slightest expression of despondency could be traced on a single countenance, nor a whisper of fear be heard from any lip. They looked on each other as if death could be read on every comrade's face, whilst the "taking note" of this awful presage was unaccompanied by any consciousness of their common danger. All was darkly portentous; but there was no despair—not even a passing evidence of apprehension of the destined result to which they seemed to be helplessly hurrying on. Fervent and pious were the prayers, but they were dumb. Sailors are said to be superstitious, and their lives, spent in watching indications and looking to events, may lead to this feeling; but a large number of sailors are also religious, truly religious. Their rescue from perils, their salvation from imminent destruction, their almost miraculous and constant preservation, teach them to believe in and rely upon that Providence that cares for their sustenance and safety. And, above all, men who have been exposed to the privations and dangers of these severely trying services soon learn to know how little help they possess in themselves, and how entirely they are in the keeping of a Divine, omniscient, and omnipotent Power. Upon this they fix a reliance more sublime than can even be imagined by the thousands, however thoughtful, who pass their days hardly exposed to a risk, and can form no idea of that consistent sense of impending fate which stirs up the depth and sincerity of providential faith and trust in the sailor's inmost soul.

In confirmation of these remarks I appeal to all who have read the narratives of the Arctic exploring expeditions, if the true Christian tone of these books is not as strikingly conspicuous as the heroic performance of merely professional duties?

Such was the condition of that subdued circle, whose admirable bearing language could but poorly describe.

What men could do they did; but their world of ice went driving on—whither? None could tell, but evidently to a miserable death. But the merciful Providence was with them there. Suddenly and unconsciously as they had been left in the inexorable ice, so suddenly and unconsciously were they relieved from their dreadful situation. Almost without a warning, the solid field broke up, and split, and separated in every direction. There was a sea for the ship to move in; and no time was lost in the cutting away of every obstacle, and extricating her from her prison. Hope sprang up once more, and smiling visions of home replaced the dismal dream of death beyond the ken of humankind.

Before I bring to a close my recollections of my friend, I should notice, in connection with his public career, that, in his expedition in search of his old and loved comrade Franklin, he reached that point at which all (the all who perished in that fatal attempt) might have been saved. The time and place agreed, but, alas! it was otherwise ordained. Unhappily the wanderers took another line, towards the northern continent of America, and the mournful result we all now know. Had they directed their steps to where Ross was shaping his difficult course and exploring every accessible shore, there they would have found succour in abundance, and the means of a joyful return to their native land. The remembrance of this possibility often brought a pang of regret to the mind of their defeated deliverer. It was one of these painful Ifs which, on looking back, poor mortals find often recurring to distress them. Oh, *if* some good angel could have whispered to Franklin and Crozier that their anxious old messmate was near enough to rescue them! Had they only been aware whither to turn, how happy would the meeting have been! But the knowledge was hidden; the *if* was a mere after-breathing of fond aspiration: the calamitous destiny of our lamented countrymen it was not in human hands to modify or avert.

The antarctic expedition of Ross and Crozier was full of

new interest. Captain Cook had reached the latitude of 71° 5′, and the undaunted Captain James Weddell,* in the merchant service, had penetrated above two hundred miles farther south, 74° 15′, in 1823-4; whilst for Ross it was reserved to explore far and wide still more southern regions of open sea and ice and unknown lands. Of Weddell's daring voyage in the years 1822-3-4, he entertained a very high opinion, and in his own well-provided voyage, amid dangers even greater than in the Arctic circle, learnt to appreciate the dangers of the ice and the true British sailor's spirit which had navigated his two pigmy boats through all the perils and terrors of that extraordinary navigation. How much more of that vast antarctic ocean the indefatigable efforts of Ross, and his perseverance to the last possible limit, revealed to the world, may be found in the able volume which he published on his return. It only remains for me here to note of it that, among other discoveries of a more valuable and useful kind, he discovered that the famous American, Commodore Wilkes, had made out land and attached to it the flag of the United States where no land existed. Having sailed over this pretended continent, Captain Ross took the trouble to expose the vain-glorious boaster, and he was publicly convicted of false pretensions and the assertion of absolute inventions.

Wilkes is said never to have forgiven this exposure, and

* Captain Weddell, who was, at the peace, a Master in the Royal Navy, in 1825 published an account of his mercantile voyage in the brig *Jane*, of 160, and cutter *Beaufoy*, of 65 tons. His mission was in search of the haunts of fur-seals; but his love of bold adventure and geographical research impelled him far beyond the resorts of animal life. At his utmost south there was nothing to be seen but an open sea. His narrative is not only valuable for seamen, but altogether so replete with anecdotes of dangerous incident, and evidence of cool determination and nautical skill, as to rank the name of Weddell high with the Hudsons, Baffins, Frobishers, and other cognate worthies of the olden times.

his embittered feelings towards all Englishmen were evident even so long afterwards as in the insolent affair of the *Trent*, in the recent American internecine war. At first, some excuse might have been offered for Wilkes, on the ground of an axiom I have heard Ross prefer for better purposes. There was some remark made that the Duke of Wellington was obstinate, and never would confess to an error. "And perfectly right too," he observed; "it would never do for military or naval leaders to own to mistakes; when made, they must cover and remedy them as best they can; but to have those under command taught to impeach their judgment and to question their fitness would be to lose that confidence without which they never could accomplish any great design." But this leaves no excuse for the rancour which remained in Wilkes towards the countrymen of the man who had discovered and exposed his false claim as a discoverer.

Firm as the rock was Ross at sea. But I must now view him honoured by his sovereign, applauded by his country, and loved and esteemed by all who knew him. Well was he entitled to reward; nobly had he earned repose. The best and the last awaited him. After a short while I met him with cordial wishes. "I have embarked on my voyage of life," he said; and calm and bright was the prospect. He was a man of very strong affections, a warm and faithful friend, a devoted husband, and a fond father; and, as far as human wisdom could penetrate, the edifice of his bliss was built on solid foundations. She, the crown of his toils, had waited for her wandering sailor—dreading every accident to which he was exposed in his daring career—hoping high against every rumour of disaster, true as the needle to the pole, and constant to the one pledged point of attraction. She relied on a benign Providence to protect the man of her heart and choice through the manifold dangers of his perilous undertakings, and restore him to her for their mutual happiness and supreme reward. Ultimately that happiness was

realized; and I am bound to say that a more perfect state of married felicity could not be imagined. Ah me, that it should prove of so brief a span! At Aston Abbott, in the quiet rural scenery by the vale of Aylesbury, enjoying what they wished of neighbouring society, and entertaining attached friends at home, surely their life was a pleasant one, and, above all, their tastes and habits and opinions were ever in accord; from the slightest to the greatest matters there was nothing but harmony. Three children blessed their union, and if ever an observer could affirm there were two human sympathies concentrated in one, it might have been affirmed of Sir James and Lady Ross, in their pleasant country retreat, endowed with a competency, delighting in the same recreations, charities, pursuits, loving together, and beloved by all around them. I draw this picture with a faithful pencil; there is no over-colouring. It is most sorrowful to retrace the warm features; and yet I seem to dwell upon them till, to my darkening eyes, they appear as a vision, which must have been ideal, or, for this world, too bright to last.

A few swift years, and the icy hand of death robbed the brave seaman of his consort, and left him alone—heart-stricken and desolate. It was sad to witness the despondency that fell upon his indomitable and elastic spirit—his vain efforts to shake it off for the sake of his children—his resort for even temporary relief to some of the scientific pursuits which had so long engaged his energies. He went out to join the Ordnance Survey. He returned to his desolate home, and sickened and died. His powerful, manly frame yielded to the oppression of his too sensitive mind. I have said he was a man of strong affections, and his prostration and death under this one fatal blight proved the truth of my judgment. A weaker soul might have bent to the calamity, but his firm nature was not of the willow, but the oak, and the storm overthrew it. Altogether, in his sphere, in his daring enterprises, and in all his relations of

public and private, philosophical and social life, few names are to be recorded with more honour than that of Sir James Clark Ross.

ADDENDA.

I HAVE said my say in this endeavour at a faithful portrait of a friend to whom I was most cordially attached, and shall simply add two or three extracts from letters, to afford more expression to, or illustrate some of, the features I have drawn.

Of Sir James's feelings after his vain effort to alleviate his sorrows by assisting in the Ordnance Survey, the following is a very simple and touching description :—

"Since I returned from my magnetic tour in October, I have lived the life of a *recluse* [throughout the winter months], which is now more congenial to my feelings than the laborious trifling and heartless intercourse with the world. . . . . But I must make an effort to fulfil these duties." And he speaks of the "happiness of his married life, alas, how rudely *interrupted !*" I have heard and read of broken hearts, but I never witnessed an example tending so nearly to realize the image as the speedy consequent death of my lamented friend.

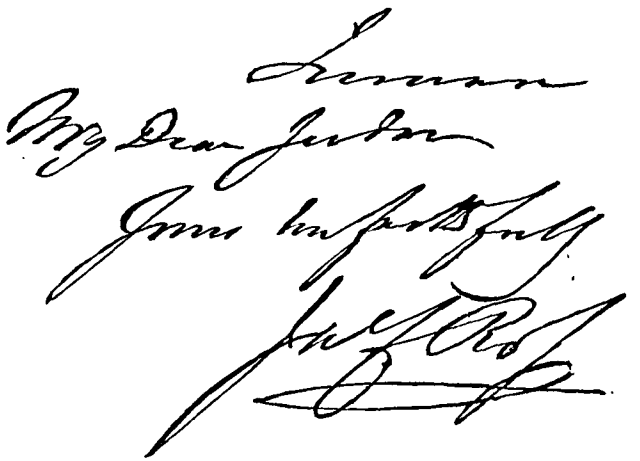
In 1845, Sir James communicated to me the contents of a letter he had received from Captain Crozier, dated 13th of July, Whale Islands, where the fatal expedition embarked its stores, and sent home the transport. The passage had been stormy and tedious, which, unfortunately, aggravated the lateness in sailing, and would (Sir J. thought) prevent much being done in the first season. And he proceeds :—
"An early breaking-up of the ice seems in favour of the

navigators. The whales coming over to the eastward is a bad sign, as it leads to the inference that there is little or no west water for them. Although we may hope that circumstances will become more favourable as the season advances, yet I think it would be well to prepare the public mind for a less successful result (arising from an unfavourable season), and, should it eventually prove all we could wish, it will be so much the more thought of, and, if otherwise, the want of success will not be altogether unexpected. With two such commanders, we know that everything will be done that man can do. The event is in wiser hands than ours." It seems strange to look back twenty years upon the first dark shadow foreseen upon this ill-omened enterprise by the man most competent in every respect to form a judgment upon its prospects. How sad that the prophetic fear should have been so fatally realized.

I might select a good deal of matter relating to Commodore Wilkes's discoveries of a continent stretching far south, and worthy to receive the American flag, could he have *landed*, and erected the stripes and stars; but a few words may suffice: — "Have you," writes my friend, "the fifth volume of Wilkes's Voyage? I should like to see if he makes any further allusion to the land we sailed over, in his Antarctic cruise." And in another letter, a few months later, "Thanks for sending me Enderby's letter; it has revived all the indignation I felt on reading that paragraph of Wilkes's book. He cannot pretend ignorance of Balleny's discoveries, for he has said that the land I sailed over was put on his chart as the discovery of Balleny, which he heard of at Sydney. The said mountains of his have disappeared from his published chart without any notice of the circumstance of our having passed over them!" I will not dilate on other subterfuges pointed out; sufficient for the exposure of a false and contemptible boast is the notice I have copied from the best authority.

Before I close there is one interesting point belonging to

geographical history on which I would offer a few words. Sir J. Ross was the spokesman of a deputation that waited upon Sir Robert M'Clure to do due homage to him for his achievement of the North-west passage. Now it seems evident that the original honour belongs to Sir John Franklin. Ross, I believe, conceded this, after the conclusive evidence brought home by the *Fox;* confirming the account given in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (from the pen, I believe, of Sir John Richardson), and the able *à priori* demonstration of M. de la Roquette, president of the Geographical Society of Paris, published in the archives of that learned body. *Fiat justitia.*



FOUR EPOCHS IN THE LIFE OF SCOTT.

I.

"I QUITE grieve for that poor little fellow with the withered limb," said the aged poet Home, to the child's guardian aunt at Bath; "what a painful sight to his anxious parents, to witness a loved one so suddenly doomed to a life of inertness and mortification." For him (the poet may have thought) no boyhood shouts to join in sports; for him no manly challenge to compete in invigorating exercises; for him no female loveliness heaves a sigh; but sedentary, solitary, his soul sunk into sad sympathy with his misfortune, he must float like a weed upon the sea of life, an object of solicitude to his friends, and of pity to all.

Vain were the thermal baths of the "Aquæ Solis;" vain the nauseous draughts of carbonic acid, nitrogen, sulphates, muriates, oxides, soda, lime, and iron, in the Grand Pump Room. The crutch could not be thrown away, and the four-year-old sufferer crippled on. Yet he did not seem chagrined or melancholy. He looked, otherwise, healthy and heart-whole, and was cheerful, if not merry and lively. The boy, thrown out of communion with his contemporaries, was brought into fellowship with elder associates, in new scenes peculiarly calculated to awaken the intellect of observant and inquisitive childhood; for the writings on the tablets of infancy are of a wonderful nature, and much deeper than is often suspected by "children of a larger growth." As on certain chemical invisible manuscripts the

ink is nevertheless indelible, and warmth, a breath, or a sympathetic solution brings it out with vivid distinctness, so are these early impressions on the mind revived by untraceable connections, by processes obscure in their origin, and inscrutable in their operation. I have myself regained a thought by going to the spot where I remembered it to have occurred, and found it there.

The lame child, deformed, helpless, commiserated, passed a year at Bath. The seeds of the future were sown, where mementoes of ancient Britons, Romans, and Saxons whispered strange matters of the ages of the past. Yet the great German historian, Niebuhr, who saw him some years later, described him, with pity, as a melancholy sight to his parents, "dull in appearance and intellect."

II.

Look at that stalwart horseman; how firmly he sits his ardent steed. In his uniform of a modern yeoman, he looks the feudal warrior of ancient times. In the garb of Old Gaul, he would have been a potent chief or fearless cateran; or rather, in the days (and nights) of Border forays, he would have been as daring an outlaw leader as ever harried a foeman's hold. See him in the charge, see him in the chase, see him at the banquet, his prowess and powers are alike conspicuous. He looks, moves, and feeds like an Homeric hero. What a spacious temple of the mind, what flashing fires in that deep grey eye, what strength and energy in every motion! Why, my friend, that is "the lame laddie," the poor limping object of Bath, of whom the most favourable prognostics were that he was doomed to be a withered forlorn creature all the days of his life, capable only of what could be done in gentle chamber-work, secluded from the bold and independent struggles of the active world. It is true he has been educated for a profession which requires little of lith and limb, and no hardihood except what may consist with that ample brow and keen glance for its

success. The judicious surrender of his more juvenile years to nature, instead of the physicians, and a healthful freedom in bracing country air, have so far overcome his defect as to lessen its inconveniency, and borne him to maturity with the strong-built mould and vigorous activity which have excited your admiration. The rough but wholesome training of his boyhood at the High School of Edinburgh has not been lost upon him. And farther still, his rural life, while recruiting his corporeal stamina, is said to have nurtured his mental faculties. In short, he is suspected of poetry; and it is hinted, in old classical phrase, that "the frame of a Hercules is animated by the spirit of an Apollo." I fancy, however, that this is idle surmise, in consequence of his omnivorous reading, and his failing to distinguish himself professionally; for if a "noticeable" man is not one thing which is expected, people are always apt to set him up for something else, which he may be, or may not. But he is fortunately stout enough now to "battle the watch," as the saying is; and there can be little doubt of his halting on respectably to some official preferment, where superior talent is not required to insure a very comfortable position and quiet enjoyment of society. He will be able to fish, shoot, hunt, feast, to his heart's content, and there's an end.

This, the second-sight prophecy of our second epoch, is not to be more truly fulfilled than the mistaken predictions of the first. The map of the future defies prospective geography. The steerage through life by a conjectural chart must be a voyage all abroad in the calculation of longitudes and latitudes, and only to be corrected by celestial observations, as the course is for ever changed by winds and tides, and under-currents and accidents. Rarely is the purposed port reached, and if it be, how different is the trim of the vessel from that on which we reckoned, and by how many unforeseen tacks, how many drifts towards dangerous shoals, how many disasters on wrecking rocks, how many tossings on the stormy waves of unknown seas, have we been borne

to the accomplishment of our destination! Have we not discovered that there is but one fixed light safely to steer by through this anxious moil—that Light which never faileth, and which shines most brightly on the far shore beyond the dark haven of our mortal course?

III.

Who is the individual to whom I have just paid a morning visit, at a London Hotel? He only arrived last night, and has not yet descended from his sleeping-room. Yet the table is covered with the cards of eminent persons—peers, statesmen, legislators, great lawyers, distinguished physicians, wealthy commoners, authors, artists—all doing homage to this remarkable man. And there lie also many of the prettiest letters, notes, and billets, evidently the flutterings of leading fashion, no doubt to solicit the smile of the mighty "lion" of the day, upon their most sumptuous parties or ambitious fêtes. Is not he spoilt by this whelming flood of prosperity and adulation? No. He is shrewd, and has been sharply schooled in the mysteries of mankind, for years before that tide in the affairs of man, which, as the greatest of all bards tells us, "taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." His experience saves him from any outward sign of overweening pride or display of vanity. He would be more than human were his ambition not gratified in his inmost breast. The toils and perils of ten years' precarious wrestling with his fate have been buried in a period of boundless success and triumph. The acclamations of applauding millions fill his ear, and the laurels of victory load his noble brow. I await his entrance. Always conspicuous for ease and propriety in dress, he is to-day particularly equipped, as if for some great ceremonious occasion. And it is a memorable epoch in his life. The bard whose writings had acquired a wonderful extent of popularity, and will last as long as the English language—the possessor of a secret gold-field, whose diggings yield nuggets of untold

value, and promise a yield of yet richer produce and accumulated fame—he was prepared for an audience of his sovereign; and at that interview the courtly prince (than whom no monarch ever bestowed a favour with more enhancing grace), unasked and spontaneously conferring a title and giving his hand to kiss, said, "I shall always reflect with pleasure on yours, Sir Walter, being the first creation of my reign."

IV.

The dream has been finished, and an awakening is come. It is not the sad foreboding of the first weakly spectacle, the surprise and admiration of the massive second, nor the royal splendour of the honoured third epoch, which now arrests my sorrowful gaze. Reclined upon a common mattress, wrapt in cloaks and furs, pale, and with eyes in which the fire is quenched by fell disease, the emaciated wreck of the strong renowned man is borne in a rocking boat from shipboard to his native shore. There is a faint expression upon his wasted countenance, as if the lines of one of the German poets (Matheson) he used to love were graven there:—

> "I long to see once more, before I die,
> The fields in which I wander'd when a child,
> Where all the happy dreams of opening life
> Around me hover'd."

And the "vital spark of heavenly flame" glimmered till this was done. He was carried to the spot where all his earthly ambition had centred—the summit of his towering hopes, the cradle of his fondest aspirations, the limit gained, the starting-point of a visionary onward race. To reign a chief, to found a lofty family, from the red hand to the jewelled coronet, were the beguiling phantoms within the scope of his dazzled view, the aim of his vast and indefatigable genius. But the cloud had again accumulated, and

passed more sternly and darkly than before over his sunshine. The years of Egyptian abundance had been followed by years of famine; and there was no forewarning Joseph to provide against the calamity. Alas! the actual gold-field, with its mine of wealth, had not sufficed; but an inexhaustible Pactolus, imagined and anticipated beyond, had swallowed up the real, and, like a resistless flood, swept all away in one dismal catastrophe. Vaulting ambition had "overleapt itself and fallen on the other side"—ruinous as that baser passion, Avarice.

> "Next him in dance came Avarice,
> Root of all evil, ground of vice,
> That never could be content."

But it was not here the thirst of gain, or appetite for mere filthy lucre. To become the root of a great and noble tree, seemed no inordinate desire. We have witnessed the Peerage won by less distinguished, though eminent, literature; but had it been achieved in this instance, how melancholy and humiliating would the sight have been! Plunged into poverty; children and grand-children preceding or following him to the grave; the beloved daughter, and last idolized offspring then, and the latest of all (save one fragile blossom) now; the mourning for sons departed; what a picture of desolateness, what a lesson to human-kind!

Poor Sir Walter! hear his own melancholy and hopeless words: "Death has closed the long dark avenue upon loves and friendships; and I look at them as through the grated door of a burial-place filled with monuments of those who were once dear to me, with no insincere wish that it may open for me at no distant period, provided such be the will of God. I shall never see the three-score years and ten, and shall be summed up at a discount. No help for it, and no matter either." Standing before the dreary sepulchre, amidst the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, the visitor may gather

a solemn lesson of "the vanity of human wishes," as he reads the simple epitaph: SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

P.S.—The above is not of a piece with my other sketches. I lived too near, and saw too much of this great author, to be able to see him in his huge and exalted human stature, as he will go down to the latest ages. How should I dare, if I could, say that I might detect a speck on such a splendour, or a foible on so magnificent a mass of intellectual powers. It would be but to say that, mighty as he was, and wonderful his genius, he was but Man. To analyse his long, and arduous, and immortal, and disastrous course will be a task of infinite difficulty; and the materials are fast passing away. But, however performed, it must end in demonstrating that Sir Walter Scott was one of the most glorious sons that ever sprang from the "land of the mountain and the flood."

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

MY next portrait is one which will appear in strange contrast.* Not greater in the difference between the living lustre of the true gem and the flashy sparkle of the tinsel paste. To present at once two personages so opposite may not, however, be unprofitable.

Sheridan, a young Irishman of ardent temperament, was plunged into the most reckless society of London, at an evil and dissolute period. The taint ran riot in the upper classes, and open debauchery was gloried in as the mark or privilege of superior bearing. But vice cannot be, and never is, gentlemanly. It is either stealthy or coarse; and, at the time alluded to, profligate coarseness was its predominating feature. Yet, in candour and justice, we must make some allowance for the difference of manners. I have heard conversations carried on, and songs sung, without offence or notice, by estimable men, in learned and honourable professions, which, if adventured *now* (so material is the change for the better), would procure for the indecorous delinquent, if not instant expulsion from the insulted company, at any rate the assurance that he would never be afforded another opportunity to repeat the transgression against modesty and good manners. It was unfortunate for Richard Brinsley Sheridan, with his lively genius and under his peculiar circumstances, to be thrown into this vortex—to whirl with it round and round, with the dangerous abyss in its very centre, gaping to swallow

* Mountstuart Elphinstone: originally published in the same No.

up the intoxicated victims. Controlling Fashion revelled far too wildly abroad, and morality, decency, and sense, though largely prevalent in other quarters, were shamefully eclipsed by obtrusive licentiousness. It was, however, long after the *furore* of this condition that I became acquainted with Sheridan, suffering, as he did suffer to the end of his life, the malign consequences of early intemperance. He was a wonderfully gifted being. Buoyant in the midst of dire distress, playing with the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune as if they were toys or amusements, no sea-fowl ever floated on the stormy waves, or threw the battering of the tempest more easily from its wings, than did he, apparently, the disappointments of hopes and the wrecks of realities. Ah! if we could see beneath the surface!

> "Strange though it seem, yet with extremest grief
> Is linked mirth; it doth not bring relief;
> That playfulness of sorrow ne'er beguiles;
> It smiles in bitterness—but still it smiles."

Often, I firmly believe, was this the case with Richard Brinsley Sheridan; for his feelings were strong and his mortifications many. He was consequently a subject to be highly elated or sadly desponding; and in the former condition, I believe it was truly told of him that, in a moment of conscious superiority of genius, he exclaimed, "I expect wings to shoot out from my elbows." Grattan apologetically ascribed his faults to the excess of generous virtues; and though it is dangerous to offer such an excuse for errors, it must be owned that in some cases, what are praised by man as laudable qualities do, by the slightest abuse, lapse into the erroneous and sinful. I have seen his large beautiful eyes speak sadly, even while his brilliant tongue was rehearsing the gayest sentiments and the finest wit; and Porson has assured us that "all wit is true reasoning, though he had lived long before he discovered it."

Often I admired the upper portion of a countenance pre-eminently commanding and intellectual, whilst the lower portion was animal and sensual. But the mission of these sketchy outlines is to deal with slight characteristic features, not to attempt elaborate likenesses; and in minor points there were incidental peculiarities as well as whimsical fancies in Sheridan, worthy of notice. For example, this admirable orator and writer could not spell correctly. In his letters, perpetual blunders occurred, and no pains were taken to rectify them. Unlike an official friend of mine, who, in spite of being in the same predicament, ranked high in the second class of Government administrators, and was distinguished for taste, ability, and application to business, he did not disguise his orthography so as to be illegible and the spelling a guess, but set forth his defect at large in his own bold hand. Had competitive examinations existed in those days, his great talent would have been rejected, and his great genius sent back to school. But "live and learn" is a passable proverb. Sheridan once told me in conversation that, as manager of Drury Lane Theatre, he made it a rule to read (I presume glance over) all the manuscripts sent in, and he never yet found one drama so wretchedly bad that he could not pick something good out of it.

It was in his conversation that he made his effects so irresistible. There was a frankness about it, what the French call an *abandon*, which won its way to the hearers' hearts and confidence. And it was not an assumed, but a natural openness. There were no faults excused, no irregularities denied, no errors defended. The confessions were of the true Horatian type.

> "Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti,
> Tempus abire tibi."

And he had enjoyed life, if enjoyment it can be called, in this manner; free of the upper guild, so notorious for the

profusion of accomplishments and indulgence in vices, and ever fevered by an excess of popularity in literature and politics. But gambling, and duelling, and licentiousness, and drunkenness, were orders of the day! The highest aristocracy, the greatest lawyers, the most renowned patriots and ministers of state, got drunk together, and in disorderly speech betrayed state secrets and delivered most obnoxious opinions. Sheridan had not escaped the contagion, but he suffered the most grievous penalty, and he died in poverty and neglect. The catastrophe was like the extinction of a meteor, visible for the moment it brightens the horizon, and is gone almost as soon as seen. So was it with this man of dazzling powers—oh how unprofitably wasted!—of whom at his rising the cynical and depreciating Walpole speaks (1780) as "Sheridan the comic author, son of the Irish actor, and manager of Drury Lane, late member for Stafford, and much attached to Fox, who spoke for the first time, but did not make the figure expected." He had sown the whirlwind, and he reaped the storm.

This is not the place to palliate his frailties: they have not been very indulgently canvassed even by the laughers of the world. All circles in which he moved (political, dramatic, social) lived as if all men and women were merely players; and of such, surely the end must be desolate, for

> "Every year
> Some flowers decay, some thorns appear,"

and the worn-out wreck is borne into blank oblivion. But the topic is painful to dwell upon, and I will leave the moral to the conscientiousness of my readers. The trite old epitaph of the country churchyard will suggest nearly all I could earnestly and persuasively enforce:—

> "What faults you see in him, be sure to shun;
> Look well at home—enough there's to be done."

ADDENDA.

Of Sheridan and his splendid and various talents, exemplified in an extraordinary sphere of public life and social conduct, a volume, full of wonder and instruction, might be written. I approach even the little I have to offer with trepidation; for my humble pictorial object is truth, and when I mingle my colours, I frequently shrink (full of doubt) from difficulties which start up in the task I have undertaken. But at any rate I can speak feelingly of the great compass and diversity of Sheridan's accomplishments —*mos hominum ut nolint eundem pluribus rebus excellere*— so great that, as pithily said by the classic, human vanity is too jealous to admit variety of excellence in single individuals—as in a Sheridan—when they shoot (as I have compared him), like glorious meteors between earth and heaven.

What a portrait to pronounce of intellect is that by Sir Joshua! The head so fine, the expression so brilliant, and the lower portion of the countenance, in the prime of life, without the sensuous encroachment of luxurious indulgence upon later years. And how light-hearted the look. It spoke the man as I actually saw him at the Piazza Coffee House, after the roof had fallen in and crushed his fortunes at the tremendous burning of Drury Lane Theatre—he swallowed a goblet of wine, and declared he had the best right "to take a glass at his own fireside!"

To me Moore's Life of Sheridan is hardly more acceptable than Lord Russell's Life of Moore. Both expose the errors and weaknesses of their subject without the shading which in truth attended them, and without the counterpoise of the good qualities and good deeds which would go far to redeem them, were they thrice as flagrant. There is always a balance difficult to appropriate, but which ought never to be kept out of sight. Even Lord Campbell in his summings

up in his Lives of Chancellors, produces an effect less injurious; for he allows Erskine many favourable endowments before he puts on the black cap and passes sentence; "the fatal web of pecuniary embarrassment had not yet wound round his soul, leading him to discreditable action and degrading habits." *Mutato nomine:* how sadly may this be applied to the man of far superior genius and intellect? The change from the beginning to the end was yet greater—who can prognosticate the end even of an Alexander, "turned to clay," or foresee,—

> "Of that same tree which gave the box
> Now rattling in the hand of Fox,
> Perhaps his coffin shall be made!
> * * * *
> Reynolds shall, like his colours fly:
> And Brown, when mingled with the dust,
> Manure the grounds he once laid out."

His funeral was a public ceremony; and the Bishop of London was one of his pall bearers. As he facetiously (it is said, when moved to the window from his death-bed, called a passing hearse "the coach after all,") so his went on the inevitable way with empty formal honours; but his race—rich in physical and mental endowments—has inherited the right to proud distinction, in the eminent ranks of nobility and literature.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

OF Southey I knew personally less than of any of his brother poets of "The Lake School." He was not often, nor long in town, and latterly, when he did visit London, was much engaged with intimate friends, and courted by society. But he was too worthy of his fame to allow himself to be made a show of; and very few fashionable parties succeeded in obtaining his company. What I saw of him was in private circles, and chiefly at the Rev. Dr. Hughes's in Amen Corner, where he was very intimate, and at home amid congenial intercourse. In conversation he was gentlemanly and unassuming; often with something of an air of abstraction or business, but always communicating from his own vast stores of valuable intelligence, some matter to interest and enrich the minds of his gratified hearers. He, however, joined little in general conversation, or when he met any strangers. Only when two or three congenial companions formed the small circle, was he fluent and lavish of his powers.

In his lifetime Southey bore the brunt of much bitter criticism, and after death his memory has been overladen with reviews, memoirs, and biographies. My humble task is simply to give a few traits, which may help the reader towards forming a just estimate of his character.

How he was born at Bristol, and educated at Westminster, with two years at Oxford, I leave, in all detail, to be dealt with by the biographical regulars. He does not belong to me till long after he has finished his travels in

Spain and Portugal, held some official secretaryship in Ireland, and made himself notorious by the publication of "Wat Tyler," and other startling Jacobin effusions. His fierce democracy having rejected the Church as a profession, he within a few years adopted the hazardous line of Letters, abjured his youthful politics, and became one of the most distinguished champions of Tory principles, and an unwearied supporter of Church and State. And so much had he proved his metal, that in 1813 he was made Poet Laureate, and wrote a Lay on the Marriage of the Princess Charlotte, the then "Hope of England." Alas! the day, when political animosities raged more angrily than now, and it was tauntingly written, "The laurel which the king gives, we are credibly informed, has nothing at all in common with that which is bestowed by the Muses; and the Prince Regent's warrant is absolutely of no authority in the Court of Apollo. If this be the case, it follows that a Poet Laureate has no sort of precedency among poets, whatever may be his place among pages and clerks of the kitchen. When he takes state, therefore, from his office, he really is guilty of as ludicrous a blunder as the worthy American Consul in one of the Hans Towns, who painted the Roman fasces on the panel of his buggy, and insisted on calling his foot-boy and clerk his lictors. He should rest satisfied with the salary and sherry and safe obscurity of his predecessors." I can vouch for the Laureate laughing heartily at this satirical attack. He was not of the excessively irritable nature to be disturbed by small matters: it was only when thoroughly roused by larger provocation, that he entered the field with all his energy, and fought the battle out with unflinching determination. The most memorable proof of this is supplied by his fierce conflict with Lord Byron, in which the combatants spared no offensive contumely or injurious aspersion which their angry feelings could engender and their mastery of words express. Their antipathy to each other seemed to be innate and irrepressible. Lord Byron

challenged the fight in his famous "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," where the "Ballad-monger Southey," rhyming to "so quaint and mouthey," was pursued with bitter satire, and his "Joan of Arc," "Thalaba," "Madoc," and other productions, held up to contemptuous ridicule. He must have been less than a poet who could endure this, and the grosser attacks which followed; and Southey was not the person to submit to it. In the "Vision of Judgment" a furious retort appeared; and the appellation of the Satanic School was fastened upon Byron, Shelley, and their associates and imitators with stinging effect.

From this it will be seen that Southey could entertain very strong resentments, and indeed, I am inclined to think, that though mild and placable enough where there was no great amount of opposition or offence, he was not very likely to forget annoyance, or fail to give the culprit a rub with the rough side of his pen, whenever an opportunity occurred. Francis Jeffrey was one of his aversions, and there was no love lost between them. Altogether, though not what has been called a "good hater," Southey had enough of gall in him to adopt the Scotch thistle for his armorial bearings, and either its appropriate legend, or *Noli me tangere* for his motto.

I must now, however, resume my more pacific remarks, and, looking at Southey and his career as a whole, offer my judgment, that he must be esteemed by posterity the most eminent, especial, and complete Representative Man of the professional literature of his day, or of the nineteenth century. For between forty and fifty years he devoted himself entirely to literature as a profession. There is no one to compare with him in the magnitude and wide scope of his undertakings, and the extent and diversity of his productions. Scott and Bulwer Lytton alone stand on a level with him in the variety of his subjects, and his manner, in verse and prose, of treating them. There is hardly a species of composition in which these three have not dis-

tinguished themselves, from the imposing epic, to the lyric ballad, and from philosophy, history, and biography, to novel, drama, and essay; some, more or less in one branch, than in another; but all displaying genius, verging closely upon the universal.

Systematically did Southey pursue his incessant labours, and with a success which ranked him among the most important writers in contemporary influence, and an author hardly second to the highest as a standard English classic. Still forced to the wheel for subsistence (for he had surrendered, the moment he could live without it, a generous annual gift of £150 from his friend Mr. W. W. Wynn, and did not get his pension of £300 till 1835), still toiling, as I may say, for bread, at serial writing and reviewing, which leaves no name, his ambition prompted him to soar above mere publishers' work, and remuneration from periodicals, and he dashed into the upper regions of imagination, and there maintained a long and arduous struggle for posthumous honour. And here let me remark, that these great efforts were made under very discouraging circumstances. They were all for fame—not for the pocket. Only think of the hours and days of methodical application, mental exertion, and the patient elaboration of skill and polish; and to have the expenditure of so much zeal and energy rewarded with (what shall I repeat?) about thirty pounds for "Madoc," with the refusal of the whole trade to undertake the "Curse of Kehama," and "Thalaba" so unrelishable that the poet was obliged to confess, "If I cannot get five hundred subscribers, 'Kehama' can have no Curse in English, and if I produce 'Thalaba' at my own risk, I must starve!" The truth is, that these lofty attempts either did not suit the times, or were too verbose and vapid in production, to gain public attention; yet they contain many fine passages, which will be cited hereafter, when the faults which repelled popular taste will be fairly scanned. Southey was a party man, and wrote most ably in the cause he espoused.

Political writers trying their strength in other lines, and still more when venturing through the Cyclopædia of Letters, seldom have justice done to them in their own era.

During the many years I have indicated, Southey occupied a large space in the public eye, and the influence of his pen was felt on almost every great question that agitated the people, and involved the interests of the country. Ably did he proclaim, when occasion threatened anarchy, "The loss of liberty is the penalty which has been paid for the abuse of it." And time wrought its moderating process upon his mind. For, though the axiom that men grow hard-hearted as they grow older, may be true, it is only true of the vulgarly worldly, and sordid. In better natures, the soul is attempered to a grateful sense by years, and time strengthens the kindly, and abates the angry feelings. Age does not chill, but concentrates the warmth. It refuses to nourish revengeful passions, and in the contemplation of its own declining state, is prone to extend the hand of brotherhood to mankind, to forget and forgive, to seek and accept the help it needs, and, in return, offer its best endeavours to promote all the happiness within the sphere of its lessening powers. Such is the true philosophy of Age—saying nothing of higher religious guidance—and it is a blessed thing to live to the end in peace and good-will with the world; the storms all over, and the haven of rest in sight, in harmony with all around, and a bright ray of evening sunshine illuminating the voyage. Had reason remained at this crisis with Southey, his spirit, gradually softening more and more into mildness, would, I am persuaded, have displayed a spectacle of this beautiful description; but it was not to be: a deeper shadow obscured the light of his latter days.

Of his own powers, his estimate was as clear and just as in any other instance within my observation. He had a reliant, but not exaggerated conviction of his mental capa-

bility, and he gave to indefatigable labour the credit of all that he accomplished. "My means lie in an inkstand," was his truism, even when expressing his ambition to leave the daily needful provision out for a while, and assert his "consciousness that he laboured for posterity." He was of opinion that his prose was solid—occasionally it was a little prolix—and that, if playful at all, he was mostly so in his effusions in verse. Perhaps this distinction might arise in some measure from an inclination to mystify the world with anonymous productions, and even try conclusions with his friends and associates under assumed and foreign colours. "Espriella's Letters on Spain" afforded a curious example of this kind. The first large edition was exhausted in ten days. The critical press resounded with praise of the illustrious unknown Spanish author. The secret was divulged, and the second edition fell flat and dead on the hands of the publishers! I believe, notwithstanding the merits being still the same, fifty copies were not sold after the home production was confessed. But his fondness for a piece of tricking in this way might be better shown by his imposing his "March to Moscow" on the editor of the *Sun* newspaper as the composition of a Mr. Sayer, an official in the Tower. It made a noise at the time, and years elapsed before the real writer was known. Again and again had

> "The fields been green, and the sky been blue,
> Since the pleasant excursion to Moscow,"

followed by the utter desolation of the disastrous retreat, when the terrible interest of the subject compelled thousands, who would not have read six lines of "Madoc," to listen to Mr. Sayer's homely rhymes as he described the disasters of Napoleon, and told how—

> "They made the place too hot for him,
> For they set fire to Moscow!

"The Russians they stuck close to him,
All on the road from Moscow.
They stuck to them with all their might;
They were on the left, and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night."

Another *jeu d'esprit* was a clever and ludicrous burlesque of Byron's misanthropy, a pretended lay about a "Miss Ann Thrope," for writing which ·

"His paper was sable, and so was his wax,
And his pen was the quill of a crow.
Morbleu! Parbleu!".

But that his muse was not always sportive, and that he could be bitter enough without levity, his lines on his relative, John Southey, who disappointed him of an anticipated bequest, is rather strong proof.

Of his devoted industry in the service of literature, his correspondence, and "The Doctor," a marvellous collection of memoranda, full of curious matter, made during his half-century of authorship, furnish ample proof.* It would have required an age to work these miscellaneous materials into

* I think it is in "The Doctor," that Southey alludes to his being a member of the *Real Academia de la Historia* of Spain, and says it is "a body which has rendered most efficient service to the literature of that country;" and adds, "this gives me some privileges which I should be very glad to profit by, if I could afford a journey to Spain, for I should have better access to the archives and MSS. than any foreigner has ever enjoyed." I quote this passage to account for the American history of Spain being superior to any English work on the subject. Mr. Prescott, as a foreign member of the *Academia*, no doubt had full access to the archives of the kingdom, which I believe no English writer has been entitled to ask, and be in a position to use. Through the recommendation of the eminent Spanish author, M. A. L. de Cordoba, the Earl of Munster and I were elected to the honour, of which (as of Spanish literature generally) so little is known in this country, and I mention it rather as news that we were as unconscious as Southey that our privileges were the same as if we were members of the royal household.

reviews and articles for the periodical press; unappropriated as they are, they are exceedingly pleasant and instructive, display the devouring extent of Mr. Southey's reading, as well as an aptitude for humour, which did not exist, or was not detected in the mass of his publications. But whether his pen was the quill of a crow, of a swan, of a porcupine, or of a goose, assuredly he wielded it daily and diligently, and highly and truly did he appreciate the value of the instrument when he wrote to Lord Brougham, "The time is come in which Governments can no more stand without pens to support them than without bayonets." If it were so thirty years ago, when this was written, what is it now, when the power and influence of the press have so enormously increased?

Yet the press must stop; the toils of the author of "Wat Tyler" and "The Curse of Kehama," the biographer of Wesley and of Nelson, the severe critic and the laudatory laureate, come to the certain finis. And as he approached that period, he performed an act, which has been, to my mind, somewhat misrepresented, and, upon the data laid down, unfairly censured by the filial editor of his "Life and Correspondence." It seems to me that a resentful spirit against the lady who became his second wife led to imputations upon her conduct by no means deserved; and was, in short, an ebullition of anger, founded on partial views, and seriously unjust. And when I recollect that the object of this attack was Katherine Bowles, one of England's most tender and graceful poets, I am the more inclined to give what I have known in the matter publicity.

I refrain, however, from introducing more than one single incident, which happened two days before the marriage. Southey, as was his custom in the afternoon, lay down on a sofa for his siesta, Miss B. sitting quietly by. From this he suddenly started, and terrified his poor bride by wild ravings about their wedding day, and incoherent descriptions of what he had been dreaming. The amazed lady was so painfully

alarmed, that she deemed it her duty to communicate the circumstances to, and seek the advice of, Admiral Sir H. R. Nagle, her neighbour, relative, and friend. There was consequently considerable discussion; but matters had been carried so far that the die was cast, and it was decided to abide the result. On the following Monday, the Admiral gave her away, and nothing in the slightest degree questionable having intervened, the "happy pair," as the newspapers have it, proceeded to the Isle of Wight (as an illustrious prince has since done), to spend their honeymoon. They returned to Keswick by way of London, where his son says that the debility of his mind (I think, from my own recollection, rather exaggerated), excited great commiseration. At Keswick the confusion of his intellect increased, and mental alienation finally dropped the curtain on a twelvemonth's apparently unconscious dream. Certainly not the cause of this melancholy catastrophe, his suffering wife had for three years to endure the hostile censures of his son and two unmarried daughters, and be calumniated for making an "idiot" of the man she had for years almost adored, and whose process towards that sad condition neither began with nor was accelerated by her. And this unvarnished tale was her sole defence. As such I give it to the world. A pension of £200 relieved her from poverty, and she survived her husband ten or twelve years.

An immense and curious library might partly account for the expenditure which left a widow without provision, but Southey's income was never large: the laureateship, I think, was valued at less than a hundred a year; he might generally receive four hundred for four reviews in the "Quarterly," but his contributions to other periodicals brought no considerable additions. Such works as the "Peninsular War" demanded much labour, and I know of no other to approach a tithe of the thousand pounds remuneration for that, and his pension of £300 did not (as I have observed) commence till 1835. So the brain was worn out, and the poet died.

ADDENDA.

A FREE press conscientiously conducted is one of the greatest blessings a country can possess,—unscrupulously conducted, one of the greatest curses. Every party and opinion has an equal right to its organ; and let the organ be but truthful and honest, no permanent evil can result. On the contrary, when Greek meets Greek, and the battle is fairly fought, the victory to the strongest is declared for the public good, and the people see their way through a clearer sky. Remembering this, Mr. Southey must ever be acknowledged one of the ablest, and consequently one of the most valuable combatants of his time; whilst the extent and merit of his non-combative works entitle him to very high rank among the authors of its sterling literature, historians, and poets.

I shall therefore return to him for a little farther notice, though of a character against and about which so much has been written and published it may be out of my power to say anything altogether new. But I would, in the first place, complement that passage in my sketch where I mention the Vision of Judgment having fixed the title of the Satanic School upon Byron and Shelley (see end of third paragraph).

Of the ingredients which provoked Southey to compound the "Hell-broth" for this fraternity, and justify his application of the scalding ignominy to them, the greatest offence lay in the uncontradicted statement that, in the visitors' book at Montantvert, Mont Blanc, and written in Greek characters, there was inscribed "P. Bysshe Shelley, atheist;" and as his travelling companion throughout the Swiss tour, and his sworn "*fidus Achates*" (for he would not profane the name of friend) in regard to all social relations and

opinion was Byron, he, Byron, must be condemned as an accomplice in blasphemy!

But it was not always in the denouncing tone and venomous fury that this warfare was carried on. As in the irony of Miss Ann Thrope, Byron is ridiculed for affectation—

> "And he call'd her his pretty Bulbul!
> But she knew not that in the modern scale,
> A couple of bulls meant a nightingale,
> So full in his face she turn'd her tail;"

and the noble melancholick wooer took nothing by his motion. But the press and private circles were inundated with all sorts of productions in relation to this fierce controversy. My hands were full of them, and it was not easy to keep quite out of the strife. As in the Colenso eruption, arguments, epigrams, satires, ballads, and other kinds of verse, were the talk, scandal, and pest of the day. They are all gone into the limbo to which even the cleverest things produced on similar occasions are doomed so rapidly to sink, and,—

> "Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wrack behind."

Yet, I believe, Southey met Lord Byron not unfrequently, nor unpleasantly, at Holland House. I can just recollect one little piece in which the writer, instead of the "Satanic School," maintains the epithet of the "Shelleycot School;" a few lines of which, as a specimen, I rescue from utter oblivion.

> "I Shelleycot name,
> A school which has lately been blown into fame,
> The plum-pudding Cockneys and Northern Reviews,
> And lads who of letters think less than of stews,
> Like the Shelleycot school,—the Shelleycot school,
> Like, &c., &c.

One may marry a wife, and make love to his slave,
Then felon-like, fly off, and scud o'er the wave;
His God may deny, and his king call a fool,
And still be the foremost in Shelleycot school,
And still, &c.

Canterbury, look up, and pray, York, cock your nose;
You ne'er were assail'd by such terrible foes
As the Shelleycot school."
Cetera desunt.

Of course, the revenge on the other side did not languish for want of hate, and talent to give it painful point. Wat Tyler and its "renegade" author were not spared; and bitter were the references to the time when the judge, before whom the republication of that fiery democratic poem was attempted to be stopped by the writer, decided that he could not forbid the piracy, as it was an immoral work and could claim no protection!* It certainly afforded a vulnerable heel for his adversaries to shoot their arrows at; and, though the leading members of the famous Bristol Pantisocracy, Coleridge and wife, Lovell's widow, and Southey himself and wife, were all sweetly home-colonized under one roof on the Lakes, it seemed only to stimulate greater animosity against all their antecedents—the three sisters, their husbands, and all the band who had destined themselves for the true land of liberty across the Atlantic.

It was as pretty a quarrel as any Sir Lucius O'Trigger could desire; and woe to him who only happened to touch

* These trials are generally amusing, and afford entertainment as well as fees for the jubilant gentry of the bar. In Mawman *v.* Gracie, to restrain him from publishing Cruden's "Concordance," I remember much fun and laughter. Sir A. Pigott defended the work as being as good as new, since 300 corrections in punctuation were made in it, not including colons and semicolons; upon which Lord C—— observed that if he had been employed he would soon have come to a full stop.

the skirts of it. In my occupation I could not escape, for there was no such thing as neutrality, and I was bespattered from both sides. Southey owed me a grudge of ten years for my opinion of his "Vision of [little] Judgment;" and I unluckily did not prize Charles Lamb's "Album Verses" so highly as did his friends, and especially his old college chum. Consequently I was shown up, and Southey even wrote verses in the *Times* (of which paper it was reported he had refused the editorship at £2,000 a year) to make me uneasy. It was whimsical enough that from such a pen, and on such an occasion, the poet should eulogize Elia for that he was (as he truly was) of—

> "Warmth of heart sincere,
> And wit that never gave an ill-thought birth,
> Nor ever in its sport infused a sting—"

and yet, even within the same twenty lines, display so wretched a contrast as to conclude it was a matter of "mirthful memory"—

> "To think when thou wert early in the field,
> How doughtily *small Jeffrey* ran at thee
> A-tilt, and broke a bulrush on thy shield.
> And now a veteran in the lists of fame,
> I ween, old friend! thou art not worse bested,
> When, with a maudlin eye and drunken aim,
> Dulness has thrown a *jerdan* at thy head!"

Well, men are of mixed clay. How many fine sentiments do we find in Southey, both in poetry and prose. It may not strike others as it did me, that there was something of the true ring of manly feeling, perfection of friendship, sense of gratitude, and honourable independence, when, on receiving his pension, he resigned the generous aid so nobly allowed by Mr. Wynn. Thus he writes: "You had been so long my familiar friend, that I felt no more sense of dependence in receiving my means, and at one time my sole

subsistence, from you than if you had been my brother,—it was being done to as I would have done!"

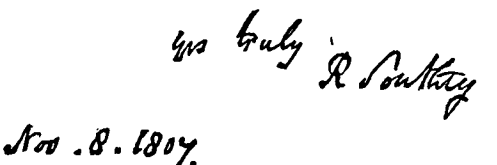
And this brings me back to what I have stated of his second marriage, and of the great injustice, I think, done to the unfortunate lady he made his wife*—both towards her in life as his widow, and to her memory after death, by the course pursued by his family, and their publications of his collected works and biography. I considered it a duty to speak out before time had erased my testimony, and left an unprovoked obloquy upon the fame of one whose gentle nature and poetic enthusiasm created that long cherished admiration for her poetic father which consummated her self-sacrifice. He was among the first to appreciate and cherish her genius, and a genial intercourse between them had existed above twenty years. He had been a widower, too, and that pity which is akin to love had been awakened by the unfortunate condition of his wife for a long while before death released her from her affliction. Under these circumstances, what took place was human nature—not attended by such tragic violence as Shakspere has drawn, but with equal moral fatality—

> "She loved him for the volumes he had writ,
> And he loved her that she did honour them."

The literary world has ever been full of similar attachments, and I am afraid many of them have ended in disappointment and unhappiness. But to return to Katherine Bowles. For a considerable period, the letters I have seen from her wooer were in tone and language like nothing so much as the impatient courtship of a love-sick swain. He

* In her handwriting I find the following:—"Having lived during several years in the closest intimacy with his daughter, and loved him as a father, since he showed me the interest and affection of one."

was sixty-five, and she above fifty years old; and a union of affectionate esteem could have been no sufficient scandal to excite hatred in his former family. Yet it was a grave step, and before she consented to take it, she, more prudential than he was urgent, appointed him a year's probation, at the end of which time, if all held steadfast and the prospect were clear, she agreed to become his wife. To beguile the test, he went abroad, and returned (as his correspondence showed was not to be doubted) the same ardent lover (remember he was a poet) as before. On the eve of accomplishment, however, the course certainly did not run quite so smooth as altogether to avoid disturbance and threaten wreck. Mr. S. went on a visit to her cottage in Hampshire, to await the near approaching day of their marriage, which was fixed for the ensuing Monday. And, here, the preceding Saturday was marked by the extraordinary scene I have faintly described.



JOHN TROTTER.

JOHN TROTTER was one of a class neither numerous nor notedly conspicuous—a class which does not reach the lofty summits of national fame, but is seen, if observed at all, on the ranges which run between them and the level plain. Here, upon these ridges, abide, live, and work the class of men to whom I allude. They are not high enough to be among the most lofty objects, yet not so unmarked as to be confounded with the common surface. We cannot call them public, and they are not private characters. It is only their position that forbids the world from ranking them among its pre-eminent leaders; for in their sphere they possess more influence and produce more beneficial and enduring effects than the majority of those whose names may be sounded from the trump of history. And one among the foremost of these was John Trotter.

Originally endowed with a superior intellect, his whole life was passed in planning improvements, most of them of social usefulness, to promote the greatest happiness for the greatest number, or advance the prosperity of his native country; and his mind teemed with unceasing projects. In pursuit of new undertakings he was an impersonation of thought, activity, and energy united; and, till the trials were completed, in failure or success, nothing could bend him from the resort to every conceivable experiment, in order to test them. If my readers can imagine this busy energy of mind, incessantly applied through many active years, to small things as well as to great, they may form

some slight idea of those multiform labours which could be alike employed in the regulation of a pendulum or the administration of a State department.

I had the good fortune to enjoy a close intimacy with this gifted gentleman; but I should be lost in any attempt to enumerate the various opinions and schemes in which his ardour bore me along with him, in the sanguine days of earlier life. And now, after a long lapse of time, with its lessons of experience and its leisure for reflection, I am the more filled with wonder at his inventiveness, sagacity, and foresight. I have lived to witness several of his singular, sometimes ridiculed, notions universally received and brought into operation, to the great advantage of the community. His philanthropy was as judicious as it was inexhaustible. Ever ready and willing to lend a powerful hand to move the wagon, he was decidedly averse to supply all the exertion himself, whilst others looked idly on. He had the faculty of setting others to work, and inspiring them with part of his enthusiasm.

As I trust that my slight sketches may occasionally point a moral, I find it necessary sometimes to introduce incidental circumstances, as it were back-grounds, so as to exhibit somewhat of the nature of the period, together with the portraiture of the Men. With this view I have to say a few words about the antecedents of the subject of my present sketch.

The Trotters were an old family of stalwart race, resident on a small estate near the Scottish capital. Like so many of their countrymen in a similar position, three younger branches went forth to seek their fortunes in the south, where their superior talents and business ability soon made the way for them to distinguished and responsible stations. Alexander, an invaluable Navy Office reformer, though his proceedings brought a temporary political shade upon his principal, Lord Melville, was the elder brother; and John, who rose to such authority in administering the Ordnance

and Commissariat service, and Coutts, the partner in the famous bank, which bears the name of his godfather, were the two younger scions. Like true Scotchmen they clung to each other; and I have often thought what an excellent lesson might be given to the world by citing the example, even within the circle of Men I have Known, of the power of family harmony and natural affection in conducting to wealth and honour; whilst the reverse, exhibiting the painful contrast of blood relations quarrelling and contending, has invariably led to ruin and disgrace. Even in regard to mere secular affairs and worldly weal, the lines of the pretty hymn for the young will sometimes occur as a pithy precept for maturer age:—

> "Behold how good a thing it is,
> And how becoming well;
> For children, such as brethren are,
> In unity to dwell!"

In this unity the brothers Trotter dwelt, and the result was similar to that in many cases, which every one who has mixed in the active world must have witnessed; for hence, in some measure, may be traced the opulence and elevated ranks to which many brotherhoods have risen within our time—as, for proof, the Malcolms and Napiers, of kindred origin to my subject, the Rothschilds, Lawrences, Cubitts, Pollocks, and, to crown the whole, the Wellesleys.

The difference in manners also, of what I may call the preceding generation, suggests a useful theme for comment; but I will simply relate the pleasant account given me by my friend, of his advent to London, and mode of life with his companion brother. They lodged snugly enough in a second floor in the Strand, near to the spot where Sir Coutts Trotter in after years presided over the great banking establishment. In those days Scottish prevision, more than Scottish thrift, was wont to be displayed in the conveyance of such provender, to such youngsters in the metropolis, as

they could hardly purchase in the common markets. Thus, kippers (dried salmon), mutton hams, butter-firkins, and jars of sweetmeat were not a-wanting to the juvenile housekeeping in the Strand. But the fun to the young gentlemen was, when one or other of their aristocratic friends or relatives dropped in to inquire after their health, and probably invite them to dinner; at times, as they heard the approach [of such visitors on the stairs], their hurry-skurry was prodigious in getting the *débris* of their homely feasts [and northern provisional larder] hidden out of sight [—perhaps, under the bed]. With all they accomplished in after-life, were they ever happier—though they were men of happy dispositions? I question if any of the junior clerks of our time, even under less favourable circumstances, would be content with so humble a domicile or so homely a style.

Charmed as I used to be with these stories of early years, I must emerge from the two pair of stairs into another region. Mr. John Trotter in a Government office was speedily ascertained to be possessed of remarkable administrative capacity, and was accordingly advanced to duties of high and responsible trust, insomuch that he became at last almost the sole and recognised director of a branch of the revenue, of vast extent and vital importance. The public money which he had to expend, and the vigilant superintendence of its application, were fortunately confided to an individual equal to the task—the right man (if ever there was one) in the right place. For method he was unparalleled; and his systematic organization, descending to every minute particular, was marvellous. I will mention an instance. After the lapse of more than twenty years, certain chests which had been sent with Sir Ralph Abercrombie's expedition were returned from Egypt. The Ordnance Office, which had, in the mean time, been constituted into a great separate Government department, knew nothing of them, or who might be their owners, or what to do with them. In this dilemma they applied to

Mr. Trotter, and he, consulting a book that looked like a chaos of unknown signs to any one else, promptly advised them that the property belonged to Government, and that it consisted of so many thousand pairs of shoes and stockings, originally costing so many *L. s. d.*

But this was only a specimen indicative of his methodical exactness in business. His mind was ever conceiving novelties; ever inventing some improvement; ever displaying curious ingenuity in bringing to completeness what philosophical comprehensiveness of even fanciful refinements threw up to the day. It was the compass of the elephant—from the picking up of a pin to the carrying a tower on its back. The range was incredible; but I vouch for it. There were doors that would shut themselves without noise; there were fastenings which rivalled Bramah's locks; there were instruments to put in your pocket to measure the distance you walked; and others to place in your carriage for the like mensuration—both, I believe, since patented, and brought into common use. But in larger affairs he was no less prolific, nor less striking in his ideas and experimental devices. If it was not always in mortal to command success, he, at all events, left nothing undone to deserve it. Thus it was with an elaborate scheme for a national currency, founded on real and other registerable property, which fell to the ground, though supported by an able pamphlet. It was at issue on every point with the doctrines of the gold measure of value alone; and I remember with some amusement now, how strenuously his brother, the banker, and Mr. Huskisson, argued against it, when brought together in a select and social council. Bullion, at last, put him down so far as to relax his efforts for propagating his panacea. I will not attempt, however, to enumerate the variety of objects, great and small, to which he was ever and anon turning his capacious and subtle attention. Motion and energy were his life, and his sanguine temperament never yielded to difficulty or sank beneath defeat. With him, if

a very toy became a pursuit, it speedily acquired the shape of material importance—the trifle solidified—and the results were often so incommensurate with the original suggestion, as to be absolutely astonishing.

Whilst in the direction of the National Stores, and the contracts for many supplies, he had found it necessary to purchase, build, and give a wide extent to premises adjoining his residence in Soho Square, and spreading into adjacent streets. When the Government department was formed, these spacious premises fell back into his hands. To pull them down or remodel them into dwelling-houses was evidently a very losing concern, and to find any use for them was enough to puzzle any ordinary speculator. But John Trotter was as practical as he was far-sighted. The idea of converting his disposable vacant space into a Bazaar, upon an Anglo-oriental plan, occurred to him, and he set his mind to the accomplishment of the design in the best possible manner. Benevolence, if not more than emolument, was at least equal to it in the impulse; and every arrangement that was made, while it harmonised with the remarkable organ of order of which I have spoken, no less forcibly demonstrated that the benefit of others was earnestly contemplated, and the prospect of profitable returns made subservient to that generous object. The rules laid down were stringent and unalterable. The business space for the exhibition and sale of many sorts of goods was suitably laid out. Greater or lesser portions were let at certain daily rents. A watchfulness was instituted, so that no exorbitant charges, falsification of articles, or impositions could be undetected or tolerated. That the things sold should be genuine, and no traffic in raising or lowering prices, according to a trade-estimate by sight, of the buyer, be permitted, were fixed terms in the agreements for place. Hours for opening and closing were punctually enforced; and the requisites of cleanliness, good behaviour, kindliness among themselves, and civility towards

all the rest of the outer world who visited them, were provided for in a way to prevent all mistakes. And above all, the character and conditions of the candidates for admission were scrupulously examined. Any flaw in the former insured discountenance; aught unfortunate in the latter begat sympathy, a ready reception, and, where needful, help to begin what was to many a new course of life. I was privy to many of those transactions, and I cannot describe the blessings conveyed to desolate homes, belonging to persons who had moved in respectable stations, by the charitable efforts of the founders of the Bazaar—for Mr. Trotter had a partner in the toil and trouble, who was worthy of the occasion.

Well, the Soho Bazaar sprang into light and work. It was an entire novelty; and novelty will always attract an English public. But those who came out of mere curiosity to see, remained to buy. The honest principles on which it was firmly established, and the sterling regulations according to which it was conducted, were immediately felt, and the Soho Bazaar became at once a considerable trading mart, resorted to and patronised by all ranks of society. So it was when I knew it, and so I have reason to believe it continues to be to the present day, the foremost, as it was the first, of all the marts which have imitated its outward appearances, without, perhaps, devoting so much rigid attention to its essential interior details. The empty buildings were thus re-occupied; the toy became a focus for industry and enterprise; the Bazaar proved a productive estate.

Am not I fully justified in stating that the late John Trotter was an extraordinary character? But he was more, he was a humane, benevolent, and in every relation of life an excellent man.

ADDENDA.

In the previous description of the early Strand residence of John and Coutts Trotter, a few trivial particulars were discreetly omitted, and I bow to the editorial revision, which I have every reason to thank for acceptable improvements on all my contributions. But I have restored them in brackets, for to me they were impressively characteristic of the men and the manners of the times, when I heard them in their elevated positions, tell of the days when their jams and jellies and other Scottish provender, per Leith Shipping Company's Packet ——, was hurriedly stowed away and hidden anywhere out of sight of casual visitors. Railways have made the intercourse far more convenient and easy now-o'days. I question if the Scottish supplies have proportionately increased!

Of Mr. Trotter I have not much more to state, unless I went into details respecting some of his ingenious, and I may add, extraordinary anticipations of social inventions (?) and improvements which we now see in full practical utility. Truly does a letter from his son, and worthy successor, Captain John Trotter, remind me of remarkable traits with which I was familiar, and add "very many of his wise acquirements and far-seeing plans are in active operation, and with God's blessing, do good to many:" and of a more distant date is a similar testimony borne to his virtues by one who had the best right to know what they were, for she shared in their application with a spirit like his own. "How justly," wrote the lady, whose loss I yet continue to regret—"how justly you say that 'we have lost an extraordinary man, whose life was one of superior usefulness.' Indeed it was so; his thoughts were for ever bent on what would be useful to others, without a particle of selfishness in anything he did. Many mourn for him truly, and have good cause for doing so."

As my humble attempts, however, are simply essays to revive and consecrate a few faithful lineaments of the Men I have Known, and, though chosen for my work, not chosen for mere eulogy, I shall drop my pen on our great device for establishing the currency of the country on a boundless yet solid foundation. At any rate, the pamphlet on National Polity and Finance is deserving of bibliographic notice as a curiosity after my friend's original manner. It had as many blank as printed pages, and not only every page, but line, was numbered so that the smallest objections could be pointed out and——refuted. I do not assert that we silenced Mr. Huskisson and Sir Coutts Trotter, but neither did they convince us; and even within the last few years, the author of a very elaborate and able work entitled "Currency self-regulating,"* has adopted some of our notions, and it is not too much to say that the currency question is not yet definitively settled.

One other of Mr. Trotter's favourite pursuits was the discovery, or rather the complete accomplishment, of a Universal Language. Sought for centuries and earnestly systematized to a certain extent by men of great intellectual powers, I cannot exactly recall to memory the salient points of Mr. Trotter's investigation and consequent formation of means for ready intercommunication among nations and peoples without reference to difference in language or translation. The key was connected with the notes in music, and it was demonstrated that words quite unintelligible in *viva voce* conversation, might be made as intelligible when written as if they were the native tongue. Thus it is stated that the inhabitants of China and Cochin China do not understand the spoken language of each other, but can correspond as readily with the pen, as if the language were the same. Something to this effect was shown by writing, say a sentence in Latin, of which a person out of the room

* Glasgow and London.

knew nothing, but who being called in and furnished with the key, at once read and explained the sense. I frequently witnessed this done, and am inclined to believe that a certain method may be devised and perfected, for conveying intelligence throughout the civilised world without the necessity for interpreters and other troublesome agencies—which may or may not truly reproduce what you have wished to state.

But with me the discussion is over, and I can only faintly remember that it was a pleasing knotty subject to discuss on a lovely spring day, strolling under the sweet lime-tree avenue, with my friend, in the very anciently recorded Dyrham Park, and then resting for awhile by the gate under which General Monk triumphantly entered London two hundred years ago, and now adorning a different scene, where the only mob to shout were the bees clustering in thousands upon the odorous lime-blossoms.

John Trotter

LORD CHANCELLOR TRURO.

THOMAS WILDE was the second son of a small attorney, living in a small house in a small square in one of the most unclean localities of the city of London,* and yet very close to its magnificent cathedral, St. Paul's. At an early age he was admitted into St. Paul's school, but did not remain long enough to get into the upper school; and, being a very sharp, lively boy, was taken away to assist in the business of his father's office. A slight impediment in his speech operated against the successful prosecution of his studies, or at least against the *vivâ voce* demonstrations of his acquirements, whatever they were; but still he was too young and too short a while at lessoning to have learnt much, and he only left behind him (at "Paul's") the character of being an idle, saucy, bold, clever urchin, with no signs of plodding or laborious application. Dean Colet, therefore, the founder of this great institution, could claim less merit on the score of his future career, than in opening the path for the poetic glories of Milton (who went thence to Cambridge), and only about as much as he contributed towards the military renown of Marlborough (also removed at twelve years of age)—two preceding Paulines who enjoyed the privileges of rudimental instruction at this far-famed seminary. This would seem to be no very auspicious commencement even of legal life: no flattering position whence to lighten lowly and unpleasing toils by the cheering view of a bright hereafter. But what will not indomitable perseverance and indefatigable industry accomplish? Tom

* Warwick Square, Newgate Market.

Wilde never tired. He never ceased from work. He aspired, and he pressed upwards with his eyes fixed on the summit of the hill, as an archer's upon the target at the centre of which he aims.

Stimulated by the contemporaneous youthful example of certain companions, he extended his grasp to intellectual improvement and the mastery of various knowledge derived from books and able men; and thus when he had, consequently, advanced into respectable and lucrative practice as a principal, his reputation for skill and energy stood high, his services (as an attorney) were widely sought, and his progress was rapid as it was solid and productive. A wealthy marriage crowned this gratifying condition.

His growing ambition, however, was not to be satisfied in an inferior walk of the profession. He felt his strength, and he threw off the attorney to be called to the bar. By an extraordinary infliction (for so the contest might be truly described) of self-control and management of the vocal organs, he overcame the obstacle of the impediment to which I have alluded; and by an almost unparalleled devotedness to his functions soon rose to eminence as a pleader and lawyer. Days and nights were spent in the most arduous undertakings; and no advocate ever addressed a court who took more conscientious pains to become completely acquainted with the bearings of every case intrusted to his charge, and the merits on which his clients relied. Substantial ability, unwearied diligence, and accumulating experience in all the intricacies and difficulties of law, as well as in the mysteries of mankind (exposed to the lawyer as to the physician and Romish priest), led him on surely, step by step, to that mountain summit of which his youth might not dare to dream—that elevation approached by few, achieved by one in thousands. One day I walked into that august assembly, the British House of Peers, and, seated on the woolsack in ermined robes, at the head of them all, beheld the first subject of the realm, their

President, Thomas Wilde, the Lord High Chancellor Truro! The impediment in his speech, to which I have alluded, was rarely perceptible when he was at the bar and addressing judges or convincing juries. But in early manhood it annoyed him much, and it was only by an extraordinary self-command, and resolution not to speak till he got the organs into a proper condition for pronunciation, that he first qualified, and finally conquered, the defect, which if not conquered must have forced him to be a Chamber Counsel, and so have baffled his ambition. An instance will show.

Bloomfield, the author of the "Farmer's Boy," was promoted (as Burns in the Excise) to a clerkship in a public law-office, which did its work in Middle Temple Lane. I was desirous to see the poet, and Wilde made an errand to this office in order to afford me an opportunity. Bloomfield was behind the desk, and came forward to know what was wanted. But Wilde was speechless; some emotion on seeing the minstrel in so unfit a place might have affected him; but there they stood for full five minutes gazing at each other, while I wondered what could be the result; whether it was Bloomfield or not, and whether my friend meant to ask his question, or walk out, as Lord Burleigh does in the drama, with a shake of his learned head. But at last the dumb-show ended, and some explanations took place. The poet had good cause thereafter to remember the day when his apparition in a dark, dingy hole produced a fit of silence and a victory, instead of a fit of stammering and mortification.

ADDENDA.

It is a remarkable thing to notice, but a truth that some, probably much, of Lord Truro's grand success in life arose out of the very imperfection in speech, with an anecdote of

which my preceding remarks conclude. But it was so. Often driven to use words he could pronounce more readily than others, he acquired that *copia verborum* so essential at the bar, and, in short, made himself that vocabulary of inexhaustible variety and force, which furnished the abundance of his oratory, and lifted him from the bar to the bench, and from the bench to the woolsack.

I am afraid I shall expose myself beyond licence to the charge of egotism I have expressed my anxious desire to avoid, as far as I could, in this more than octogenarian work, by what I am about to state; but my pride in it prevails over my prudence, and I have only to beg for a good-natured and not a critical construction—*peccavi*. Among my early friends, thank Heaven, there is one remaining who has not fallen within my mournful category—Sir F. Pollock, the Lord Chief Baron. From him, a few weeks ago, I had a kindly letter, and, *inter alia*, as follows:—"I have received the Number of the L. H. ['Leisure Hour'] with a notice of Lord Truro; and I am (as we used to say in Latin declamations at college) '*non nisi indignabundus*,' that *you* should write a notice of Tom Wilde, the Pauline attorney, and not mention the common friendship of us all three; and there are anecdotes of Wilde worthy of being recorded in print—one especially, when he refused to hold a brief to defend a man who said he was guilty, thinking his counsel ought to know *all!* He (Wilde) said, 'the single question is, whether the witness is perjured or not. I will not defile my mind and powers of reasoning by trying to persuade a jury that a witness is perjured, when I know from the defendant that he is telling the truth!'"

Fain would I take this advice, and dilate with strangely mingled feelings of pleasure and regret upon the period here alluded to; but it is not my theme. I will mention that a youthful literary, *quasi* debating club of twelve members, meeting monthly, or oftener, at Chambers in the Temple, emitted from its bosom a lord chancellor, lord chief baron,

two judicial knights,* an eminent surgeon, a commissioner of excise, a City magistrate, two distinguished engineers—brothers Bramah—leaving the *oi polloi* in a poor minority. I may also mention that as the result of a wager with my comrade Wilde, I devised a means of secret correspondence, which introduced us to the Government of that date, and afforded the opportunity to make his abilities known, after I had returned to Scotland in bad health. From such small causes do matters of much consequence not unfrequently spring.

The residence of Wilde's father was in Warwick Square, a small house, now taking down to make room for improvements, not before they were wanted, in Newgate Market and its vicinity, and I cannot remember more of the humble interior than merely calling there. But, reader, we had a country house, not a villa, in those days. It was situated at the foot of Highgate Hill, in a neat row, Holloway, and I rather think not windowed enough to be liable to the tax, and thither on a Sunday afternoon have "all three" walked to dine with the old people, at two o'clock; and the juicy boiled beef and greens on a frosty winter afternoon formed a repast to be greatly enjoyed by a lord chancellor and a lord chief baron in embryo! I suppose we were as happy then as any of us were ever after. Could we have dreamed that in future years the Prince Consort, the husband of the Queen of England, when over-rated, that is, over-taxed—for in the other sense it could hardly be—on his Windsor farm, should tell the collector, "We must consult our Cousin Wilde about this?"

It may be only worth telling to show how long youthful impressions will remain unforgotten. Thirty years after the time I have been "illustrating," (as the phrase is) when Serjeant Wilde was at the head of his profession, an

* Sir David Pollock and Sir John Wylde, who spelled the name with a *y*.

opponent in a cause observed upon some poetry quoted "that the writer of such stuff must be a fool;" to which my old associate demurred and argued, on the contrary: "I had a companion early in life who was not only no fool, but a very clever fellow, who was so inveterate a rhymster that he even addressed his letters by the post in verse, and he repeated—

"This is for David Pollock, squire,
In Elm Court, Temple, pray inquire,
On the first floor, and look no higher
To catch him!
He'll pay you twopence for this letter,
He never did so for a better;
But if he should remain your debtor—
Then watch him!"

To remember so boyish a jest was curious, and one might apply to it what the learned Serjeant most legally remarked when some one dogmatically pronounced the apophthegm, "The hairs of our heads are all numbered;" "It was a great waste of accuracy!"

But to speak of graver matters. T. Wilde having attained great reputation as an attorney, consulted his schoolfellow and friend F. Pollock, then becoming more and more distinguished at the bar, about the expediency of quitting his lucrative practice in the City, and risking the chance of a barrister-at-law. The advice was given: "With your abilities you have nothing to fear." And the result proved its soundness. For three years before leaving the Rolls, indeed, his labours as a solicitor had so injured his constitution that he was in constant pain from severe headache, and even intended to retire into Yorkshire, the county from which his family came, and practise as a provincial counsel. For the three years after striking his name off, his health was reinstated, and he came to the resolution I have noted, was called to the bar with brightening prospects, and took chambers in the

Temple at head-quarters to carry on the war. In the first term, so well known and highly appreciated were his talents that he was in full business; but his health gave way again under the new species of exertion, and in the second term he was unable to go into Court at all. In the third he was better, and went to Court, but was again taken ill and prevented from attending on the fourth. This was unfortunate, but his fees in the year amounted to £1,500, and his firm character for perseverance soon overcame every obstacle, and the course was wide and clear.

It may perhaps afford something of greater consistency to my narrative, to notice that he had not been four years at the bar when he was retained as junior counsel in Queen Caroline's case, and his labours became more intense than ever. Being called upon as her executor to attend her funeral, he followed her corpse to Brunswick, and, her obsequies being completed, made a tour to Rome. On his journey he was attacked by neuralgia, against the frightful agony of which he bore up with his usual fortitude, and insisted upon going through the galleries, his servant carrying a camp stool to enable him to take rest between picture and picture, or statue and statue—his enemy never letting go his hold day or night. On arriving in England he grew worse, and the pain he endured was, in the opinion of Dr. Baillie, greater than that of any victim to tic doloureux whose case was known to the profession by any trustworthy record of it. The torture was sometimes so maddening that he has been known to gnaw the sheets of his bed in holes during the night. Months elapsed. His physicians tried every known remedy, which means pretty much every known poison, without effect. At length the circuits being about to commence, they told him they must make a change of some kind, and that they had determined he must be lifted out of bed, placed in his travelling carriage, and go the western circuit, as usual. He was, of course, very much astonished, but he yielded, and went into Court at several

towns, if not at all; being supported in an erect posture when he had to examine witnesses or address juries. He returned somewhat better than he left home, and persisted in attending at his chambers every day. Mr. Hill (of whom see further on) often saw him at that period; assisting him in reading up his briefs, consulting authorities, and discussing certain points of law. At first, as he relates, he found this very painful. Mr. Wilde would go on for a sentence or two, and then in the middle of a third would stop to groan, as only a man of great fortitude, overcome by agony, can groan. He would then take up the sentence without repeating a word, and conclude it as if nothing had happened. So matters went on for weeks, until one morning, on entering the chambers, Mr. H. was struck with the change in the appearance of his friend, whose face had resumed the expression it bore prior to this illness. Upon asking what it meant he learnt that about 12 o'clock on the night before, the patient suddenly felt that his pain was gone,—conquered, as he believed, by a long course of opium, that left its marks upon his face, which, in a strong sunlight, shone as if it were oiled. For a long time afterwards the same medicine in his constitution seemed to protect him from catarrh, and the disease did not return for many years, and never with any approach to its former severity.

In health or in sickness, Mr. Wilde was remarkable for the power with which he attracted everybody around him. No one I could refer to ever exceeded him in this respect, and there were many friends who would have made any exertion, or submitted to any sacrifice, to serve him. And how he came to merit such attachment may be explained by the fact that one of his chief characteristics was his benevolence. "He delighted," writes one of his friends, who knew him intimately during many years, "in acts of generosity, and his success in life enabled him to gratify his desires; but he held indiscriminate donations a great evil to society, and therefore never gave money without a preli-

minary inquiry, which often cost him what he could much less conveniently spare than money, viz., time, and much of it." In other respects, his strength of will was enormous, and, if it had not been regulated by high moral principles and sound judgment, might have been a curse instead of a blessing. It showed itself in various ways. His industry, as I have observed, was almost unrivalled, and my statement is corroborated by Mr. Hill, the Recorder of Birmingham (and widely known and justly respected for his own earnest labours in the cause of reformatory institutions and education), who says, "I never knew any man, with the exception of Lord Brougham, who could enter into competition with him.* I have sometimes worked with him all day, and all the succeeding night, and, having worked again all the succeeding day, I required rest. Not so Serjeant Wilde. In truth, although ten years younger than he, I never could work with him without breaking down."

In several other of my sketches, I have had occasion to describe the predilection of my "Men," in the most different walks in life, for the Drama—a proof, I think, that the love and appetite for it is very general, and a pity that its ministers do not cultivate it in a more elevated sphere. Another characteristic of Lord Truro he had, in common with almost all great advocates, was that of being so good an actor that, if he had gone upon the stage, he most probably must have risen to the topmost eminence. Once at the dinner-table at his country house he was called out to speak to a candidate for the appointment of gardener, and, on his return, gave the dialogue between them, wherein he had cross-examined the applicant as to why he had left his former place, etc., and played the part of Mr. Gardener with such inimitable *vis comica* as to excite the company to bursts of laughter. On another occasion, in the course of

* Mr. Hill adds another exception in M. Demetz, the founder of the celebrated reformatory at Mettray, near Rouen.

a trial, when he had to get rid of adverse conclusions which a witness against him had drawn from what took place in an interview with his (Wilde's) client, he told the story of Gondomar's pantomime with the butcher, and the very different meanings which each of the actors put upon the gesticulations of the other, with such marvellous force and vividness as utterly to surprise the hearers and carry his point.

So seemed he to do in all things. He reached the highest office in his profession, and all know how hard it is to climb; from the birthplace of five windows in Warwick-square, he became connected with the Royal Family in his second marriage, and he founded a British peerage. Truly stands he forth as one of the most Eminent and Exemplary Men with whom it was ever my happy fortune to associate. *Reliquendum est.*

A good bust of the Chancellor, the full face and massive head well expressed, is the only ornament of the kind to be seen in the grand library of the House of Lords. It was presented, together with his rich law library, by his lady, and they form a striking compartment on the walls of that magnificent suite of rooms.

SHARON TURNER.

SHARON TURNER furnishes as little for merely personal biography or anecdote as can possibly be imagined of so eminent an author. *Si monumentum quæris*, consult his voluminous and admirable standard works. If you wish to know something of the man, I can only tell you that he was simple, as all truly wise men are, unassuming, genial, laborious, and conscientious. In him the moral elements were finely mingled; so that all who had the gratification of his acquaintance, highly prized him as an estimable fellow-wayfarer on the beaten path of life; and, by those who knew him intimately, he was not only held in still higher estimation, but was loved and venerated with a degree of warmth in proportion to the measure of that intimacy. For Sharon Turner was purely a good man in every relation with society, and, in his public capacity, a model of faithful and honest literature.

"Yet he was, could he help it? a special attorney."

A special attorney! Thereby ought to hang a tale. It is certain that prejudice exists against members of the profession. The *rationale* of this fear and dislike of attorneys is not far to seek. The relations of most men with attorneys are, in a vast majority of cases, mixed up with some disagreeable feelings. If you employ one, it is usually at best but to enforce a hard justice; it may be, and often is, to gratify an evil passion—anger, punishment, revenge;

and when, instead of the active you are the passive in affairs in which that instrument is concerned, you are sure to be in a condition to inspire you with tenfold suspicion and resentment. That the blessing of the peacemaker does not adhere to him, is the most certain of your convictions; as, if he really possessed the character of a composer of strifes, he could hardly live, or must live very poor, instead of abiding in comfort or opulence. Such ideas may often be inapplicable—may be harsh, may be unjust; but we cannot be surprised at their being so widely entertained; for the moral sores on which the majority of this class feed, and the suffering and unhappiness they superintend, and the worst among them aggravate, are upon the surface, before the eyes and within the cognisance of the multitude; whereas the mighty countervailing power of the laws, wisely and humanely administered, rests on deep foundations unrecognised by every-day observers, who are indeed alike insensible to the benefits they enjoy and the source from which they spring. It is to be regretted that, in this profession, the bad and the worst are familiar to all the world; whilst the good and the best are so hidden as to be rarely visible or heard of. It is a misfortune; since, with temptations and opportunities to accumulate gain, numerous and seductive, and a perpetual intercourse with the blacker shades of human nature, the truly benevolent and righteous attorney is one of the noblest specimens of mankind within the entire circle, private and public, of our social system. And one of these was Sharon Turner, a special "special attorney!"

It is pleasant to set before the present generation of men —of literary men, of lawyers, of politicians, of all, whether engaged in ordinary or exalted intellectual pursuits,—the portrait of a man belonging to the respectable station in middle life whose whole career was adorned by the possession and exercise of the purer virtues, who was patriotic as an historian, gentle in his profession, friendly to his

neighbours, exemplary to his family, charitable to his adversaries, and liberal towards all; for there are none amongst us so fortunate as not to provoke enmities, with some show of reason—or without.

In these brief papers I have generally endeavoured, by some personal trait or other, to illustrate, or, if I may use the expression, individualise the character impressed upon my memory. With regard to Mr. Turner I have no striking anecdote; but his generous disposition may be indicated by the fact, that when Robert Montgomery's first poem, "The Omnipresence of the Deity," was published, his approbation of the poor, young, and aspiring poet was manifested by a most welcome and encouraging present of ten guineas for his copy, and an introduction to his domestic circle, in which he tasted pleasures and reaped instruction unknown to his earlier years, and highly conducive to his future prosperity and comfort. And I may take this occasion to inquire how it comes to pass that Montgomery's productions have been made a by-word for all that is contemptible in poetry, so that writers not gifted with a tithe of his talents fling out their sarcasms upon him, as if he had never written anything but trash and nonsense. To the dispassionate and competent judge it is not so. Not arguing for his shortcomings or faults, there is enough left not only to warrant his extensive popularity, but to justify the critic in acknowledging many beauties in style and composition, as well as the suasive inculcation of moral and religious sentiments. Why his name should be abused, as of the worst in the Dunciad, I have not been able to discover. It is something like the parrot note attached to that of Martin Tupper, who may have been guilty of some absurdities, but who has at the same time given to the world a number of things far above the reach of the majority of those who seek to disparage him, and exalt themselves by silly allusions to his failures, without the honest counterbalancing tribute to his better efforts. Depend upon it, it

is a sign of weakness in the detractor. Not such was the custom of Sharon Turner. He could observe and encourage merit and promise.

Once, when I went to see him in a quiet retreat from the busy world, at Epsom, he gave me a volume of which few of my readers have probably heard.

Horace recommends nine years' patience with a poem before you venture to obtrude it on the public—a very sound advice, though so many in our age seem to fancy nine days more than enough; but in this instance our author commenced his "Richard the Third, a Poem," in 1792, when he was twenty-four years old, and he finished it about 1838, when he had attained the patriarch-margin of threescore and ten. The volume is now before me; and besides rescuing its hero from some of the historical distortions with which Tudor hate caused his memory to be loaded, and which even Shakspeare, if he had willed it, dared not set right, contains a great deal of poetic merit, both in thought and expression—quite enough to have insured the writer's being hanged in the glorious reign of good Queen Bess, though quite safe under the sceptre of the better Queen Victoria. I shall only quote one passage, which may be applicable to both periods—

> "The general multitude seek peace and rest,
> And hail the hand by which they thus are blest!
> They care not for the title to the crown,
> If to their homes the reign sends food and comfort down;
> The deadliest strife and conflict it forgives,
> If from the conquering sway in honour'd ease it lives."

Whether the ease be honoured or not, this well-turned political, if not especially poetical, lesson teaches us a striking truth, and one remarkably exemplified at the present hour. Why does any great nation submit to an absolute autocracy? Because it allows to the people a certain degree of protection and ease. Because experience has demonstrated the problem, that one year of mob-rule

would reconcile the oppressed to a century of despotism, as the least of the two evils. This consideration is the strongest hold of tyranny; and Sharon Turner, whose every work breathed true patriotism—whose calm advocacy of great public measures for the general good infused every syllable of his historic writings—clearly saw that anarchy (which often failed of the aim of its first movers, and fell into military thraldom) was too desperate a price to pay even for the glittering chance of a conclusion in absolute freedom and a constitutional government.

It is not within the scope of my slight sketches to enter upon the severer labours of our eminent Anglo-Saxon, either for description or criticism. His research was unwearied, his judgment impartial, and his views liberal. The early portions of the history of England were never more deeply studied; and the results of these studies evinced a spirit honourably national in patriotism, and sincerely Protestant in religion. There was no arrogance in the one, nor bigotry in the other. His differences in opinion with the Roman Catholic Lingard were conducted in a most becoming manner, and, in justice to his adversary, it may be allowed that in his disputation-style he (Lingard) showed himself one of the most candid and tolerant examples of the creed he upheld. New lights are being thrown upon our Teutonic ancestry, their domestic habits, customs, and social system; but the foundations have been so broadly and accurately laid by Sharon Turner, who broke up the ground, and most materially cultivated it, that all subsequent investigation only serves to furnish a few additions to his comprehensive disclosures, and confirm the acuteness of his conjectural inductions.

The "Sacred History of the World" is another deservedly standard book of reference; and the repeated new editions of his work confirm their title to our estimation of them, as possessors of those rare qualities which justify contemporary admiration, and send them down as in-

valuable teachers of truth and fountains of knowledge to future times. With patient unwearied study he gathered the plenteous data on which he pored through many a long day in his Saxon research, till, I dare say, he could almost have groped his way blindfold to King Athelstan's fridstool, or chair of peace, at Beverley. But the Holy Scriptures were the main inspiration of his studies. A firm believer in Divine revelation, he reached a far higher pitch of blessed faith. His pamphlet of "Sacred Meditations, by a Layman," proved that herein, at least, he had devoted himself to an inquiry which brought its own exceeding great reward. During several years it was his practice to allot two hours every morning, from five o'clock, to the close investigation of the Bible; and hence he derived consolation in every trial of life.

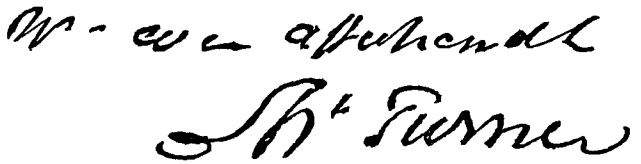
I have spoken of Sharon Turner as belonging to a profession which often sorely tries the virtue of humanity, and of his rising superior to these perils. I have told of his genial conduct towards struggling literature, his extensive charity, and his philanthropic affections for all his fellow-creatures; and I would colour the canvas yet more richly, were it fit for me to portray aught of his Christian headship of an amiable family circle. Such patterns are not frequent in this stirring world of ours. But I cannot refrain from signalising one worthy fruit from this admirable tree. From the charitable institution for the relief of the suffering poor, and the education of forlorn children in St. George's-in-the-Fields, to the greater establishment, with somewhat varying objects, at Red Hill, the Rev. Sydney Turner has devoted himself to the blessed work with a zeal that has reflected honour upon his father's memory, as well as on his own well-directed benevolence. Many a wretched parent has cause to bless his painful exertions; and so long as humane feeling exists in the bosom of mankind, a deep debt of gratitude will be acknowledged to him, who proved on a large scale that the gaol was the worst of schools for

delinquent youth; that the whip and the gallows too often hardened early offences into incorrigible crime; and that mild persuasion, religious instruction, lessons of industry and encouragement of reward—the stimulus of these and other means such as a careful view of human nature suggested, were the true and efficient remedies to reclaim criminal outcasts.

ADDENDA.

THROUGHOUT his long life, which (like all lives) had its trials, Sharon Turner displayed strong moral powers, active benevolence, and the strictest integrity. Among instances of his charitable disposition I may repeat that he was a fast friend to Robert Montgomery, whom it has become a cuckoo fashion not to speak of according to his poetical merits and demerits, but to fling a gibe upon, as unjust as it is senseless. Upon Montgomery's Poems Mr. Turner was not hypercritical: he entirely approved of his religious aim, and admired much of his versification. Of the value of his criticism I have no opinion to volunteer in this place, but if it require to be a Poet to judge of Poetry, I fear that our excellent historian has not shown himself fat enough to be entitled to drive the fat oxen. His "Richard the Third" * to which I have alluded is founded on the impression that the crook-back character had been unjustly drawn, and so persistent was his sense of justice, the idea haunted his mind from the age of twenty-four to seventy, when, "as the thoughts occurred, he recorded them in verse, and, at last, connected the whole together." It seems interesting to view the erudite Archæologist in this

other light, as he informs us he endeavoured to reach the ease and melody of Goldsmith, and did not aspire to the elaborate and elegant style of Pope. The Life of Richard he paints as an example of the *facilis descensus Averni*, but never excuses vice nor palliates crime. His reasons for the task of developing this opinion are thus stated :—"Bodily debilities, increasing with advancing age, unfit and preclude me from laborious investigations, and greatly lessen my usual activities in my intellectual pursuits. But to look over and arrange what I have formerly composed for my own enjoyment suits my present condition; and desiring that it may contribute to support the moral interest of society . . . I publish this work, with the hope that it may be, in some respects, not unserviceable to others, nor, to my friends at least, unwelcome from myself." Would that as venial and valid reasons could be given by many literary men I have known for writing and publishing tragedies. In this case, though a singular, it was not an uncongenial relaxation.



SIR DAVID WILKIE.

WILKIE has been called the Scottish Teniers: a tribute justly due to his technical skill and faithfully characteristic portraiture of national features in the middle and humbler walks of life. But in several respects he departed from, and greatly surpassed, Teniers. He was never vulgar. That vice of an elder age of boorism, conspicuous in the Ostades, Jan Steens, and other masters of the Dutch and Flemish schools, had not a trace in the equally homely and familiar scenes of Wilkie. His truths were common; but I might say refined, as if (and it is odd enough to try to imagine the effect) the genius of a Teniers and a Watteau could be blended together, and we might see what pictures the amalgamation would produce. Again, Wilkie possessed sentiment. Many of his pieces appeal to the higher and better feelings of human nature. How are our sympathies awakened by the sorrows and anguish of the suffering group in the "Distraining for Rent!" and how strong the moral lesson taught by the contrast of the apathetic and sordid worldlings! Pity and hate are ineffaceably planted in the mind of the spectator; and precept and example must be lost on a stolid temperament, if the reality of such circumstances, in living experience, does not (as the lesson has taught) cause the soul to burn more sensibly against the oppressors, and the heart to yearn with greater tenderness for the afflicted.

Then, also, with regard to all the incidents in telling his story, how excellent are the works of Wilkie! "The

Penny Wedding," and "Reading the Will," and "Blind Man's Buff," and "The Village Festival," can only be matched by such treasures of art as Maclise's "Irish Snap-Apple Night," Frith's "Ramsgate," or "Epsom Downs," or a masterpiece of the admirable artist whom we have lately lost, Mulready, each a *chef d'œuvre* of a famous hand. And if we look for a composition of the most perfect dramatic interest—a bit of canvas, to read through every minute part as if they were printed words and lines and pages in a captivating volume—we have only to sit down before the "Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo," and remember that, since Hogarth's "March of the Guards to Finchley," there has been no such achievement of the same merit among all the paintings of Europe. I will not here speak of "The Queen's First Council," "The Maid of Saragossa," and other performances in different styles, but drop at once from the great artist to the small Fifeshire boy.

Davie Wilkie was the son of the minister of Cults and of —— I forget the name, but it is of little consequence. As it is the fashion now-a-days, to ascribe all the attributes of extraordinary men to the fountain-head of Mother, it may be well to mention that Davie's mamma was not a remarkably clever woman—not even strong-minded, nor gifted with any capacity beyond being a staid and worthy minister's wife, a good neighbour, and very douce and undemonstrative in her manners—as, indeed, her celebrated son was, in the height of his fair fortune, renown, and popularity. So far he inherited on the maternal side, and there was no "contrariwise" infusion of the blood from the paternal origin: his father being a becomingly decent and very respectable clergyman. His first, and I should surmise almost his only, perturbations with respect to the young Davie arose from his having to scold him for his addiction to the spoiling of paper by scribbling pictures, instead of giving all his time to more profitable employment. Yet,

sooth to say, the practice was not so unremunerative as might be supposed; for at ten or twelve years of age, or perhaps even earlier, Davie was in the habit of selling his pictures to his schoolfellows for pence and halfpence, which enabled him to provide materials for himself without trenching on his father's stationery or purse for cartoons and colours. My informant, a near neighbour and contemporary, has seen many of these drawings. They were in water-colours, and he remembers one specimen which left the most vivid impression upon his mind, viz., a "Recruiting Sergeant," which for fidelity and character afforded the fairest promise of the future Royal Academican. Several other subjects were in the possession of the family of Cockburn, who resided near Pitlessie (the village adjacent to Cults), and who preserved them some years; but whither they have gone, or whether still in existence, are questions I have no means of answering. They led, however, to the painter's first grand essay in oil, and "Pitlessie Fair" fixed him in the professional groove of the Fine Arts for life. His studies for this grand essay were chiefly portraits of his own relatives and acquaintances, and caricatures of the elders and grave members of the Kirk; and these, mingled with familiar rustics and noticeable characters, gave the Fair so loud a local fame that his father's doubts were vanquished. He gave in to Davie's education as an artist.

At the age of twenty years Wilkie had so distinguished himself in the Edinburgh school, as to assure those who directed his studies of his future eminence, should no casualty intervene to blight the manifest promise. He was advised to "push his fortune in London," and to London he came, where he found a friendly reception from a distant relative, I believe, of the same name, and who had been a fellow-student with his father at St. Andrew's in older times. This gentleman had seen much service in the navy, and was now a navy agent residing in Lambeth, with an office in one of the streets from the Strand to the river.

Under his auspices, and with his advice, the young Scottish aspirant was more readily planted, and took root with fewer obstacles to overcome than is usual in the crowded soil of the metropolis. He had his struggle, no doubt; but, chiefly owing to the genial introduction, it was neither so fierce nor so prolonged as is commonly the case with the generality of his countrymen—or, indeed, of almost all provincial adventurers—who rush to fight their way to fortune or fame in the mighty mart of vehement competition. It is true that his first public effort was not so liberally encouraged as it ought to have been by wealthy patrons; but it made its mark on the better judges of art, and attracted wide popular favour. Thence opinion grew, and prices rose with every new exhibition, and the "Village Politicians" obviously opened, and the "Blind Fiddler" clearly led his way into the rank of a Royal Academican, which he attained within little more than five years after his *coup d'essai* on the wall of Somerset House. Thenceforward his course lay only on a higher range, but was hardly more equable and satisfactory than it had been before. He held on the even though ascending tenor of his way, receiving tribute in the shape of round sums of "good red gold" for his works, and royal commissions, and appointments, and honours, as he advanced himself to the topmost step in the ladder of artistic ambition.

The election of president, on the death of Sir Martin Shee, hung (I had reason to suppose) nearly poised on the balance with the accomplished inheritor of that title, and the issue was decided by the idea (entertained especially after the elegance of Lawrence and the eloquence of Shee) that oratory was a needful quality in the head of the Academy, and that Wilkie was not distinguished by any extraordinary aptitude for making capital speeches.

To revert, however, to his chronological course whilst fortunately pursuing it under flowing sail: the failure of a very near relative, for whom he had become security, and

who died leaving a widow and family in great distress, involved him in considerable pecuniary loss; and, what was still worse, so deeply affected his health, that he was glad to seek in foreign travel and a wider scope for improvement in his art, a relief from the depression of mind occasioned by this calamitous visitation. During this tour in Italy, Spain, and France, which occupied three years, he seemed to have been particularly attracted by the Spanish painters, and, in Spain, became so fascinated with their productions, especially with those of Velasquez and Murillo, as to be induced to adopt a new style, more akin to theirs, and very different from that in which he had been so pre-eminently successful. In this there was a great deal to admire; but still, it must be owned it could not be compared with his own native and original manner. Some time after, I had the pleasure of traversing a portion of Ireland in his company, and he was as enthusiastic in his studies of Irish nationalities as he had previously been in adopting the Spanish type wherein to represent them. The anomaly was curious, and to witness the exercise of his pencil in gathering data for its development a source of frequent and precious delight. I grieved when he quitted me upon the Shannon, to dive into the wilds of Connaught, and paint Irish stills in the manner of Velasquez.

Abroad and at home Wilkie was ever the same. Tall and slightly *gauche*, he was frank and straightforward, and open as the day. There was, indeed, a simplicity in his character which tended to make society his friends. It appeared to the worldly wise that it would be something like a scandal to resort to deceit, in order to impose upon so unguarded a nature; but they were not quite correct in their reckoning, for Sir David had enough of the "canny Scot" about him for self-defence. He did not wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at. As in art he was gifted with the finest perceptions—the foundation of a highly cultivated judgment—so in the business of life his astute sagacity

served faithfully as a guide to save him from a rash reliance on appearances, and too ready confidence in words and professions. His own firm integrity, too, was a powerful shield against the temptations to error. Wilkie was prudent, not distrustful. He was also rather grave, or undemonstrative in his demeanour; and even when he appeared at evening parties he might have been mistaken for a Dominie Samson. Yet sometimes Sir David would astonish his younger friends by a specimen of a Scottish dance, a reminiscence of his earlier flings—double quick, over the buckle, and I know not what other strange frisks and capering vagaries.

Mild and unassuming, I dare say his behaviour at court was all that etiquette could command; but I will answer for it that, after his appointments and commissions brought him into the personal observation of our much loved and honoured Queen, her Majesty had not within her realm a more loyal and devoted subject than Sir David Wilkie. I never met with an attachment of the kind so overwhelming. It became literally a passion, the ruling passion of his art-life. To paint, and repeat, and repeat the royal portrait was his boundless delight. When the order was received all else was thrown aside, and a canvas worth a large sum, within a few touches of completeness, would be left unfinished (perhaps much injured) till the last touches were bestowed on the elaborate whole-length, which was to adorn the palace of some Continental prince, to whom it was quite immaterial whether it was presented in that year or five years later. As if bound by being the royal Painter in Ordinary, it was his sole unintermitted occupation till it was done, and his gracious sovereign's order fulfilled. He was generally fond of society (limited), but on these occasions hardly any entreaty could prevail on him for even a few hours to forego his almost idolatrous devotion to his painting.

Much moved thereto by motives in which art was really subordinate to religious sentiment, Wilkie, like his celebrated

countryman and contemporary, David Roberts, departed from us on a journey to Egypt and the Holy Land. It is above twenty years ago, yet I remember his farewell as if yesterday. He was high in heart and full of hope, and spoke of the sacred treasures he would bring back—the illustrations of the Scriptures and the relics of ancient times. Ah! had he never heard, or had he forgotten the Spanish proverb, "Man says, 'Thus and thus;' Heaven answers, 'Not so, not so;'" or the more frequent apophthegm, "Man proposes, but God disposes." He passed onward, and returned no more.

An account of his richly-stored portfolio, brought home by his travelling companion, Mr. W. Woodburn, does not fall within my plan. The last work he executed before he sailed from Alexandria for Europe, was a portrait of Mehemet Ali, the potentate of Egypt. At Malta (as everywhere else where he was recognised) he was honoured and *fêted*, and unhappily indulged too freely in the cooling refreshment of fruit and ices. An indisposition of apparently no threatening danger was the consequence; but, on the medical aid on board the vessel being called for, it was found that the symptoms were mortal, and in two hours he expired. The dread of the plague on shore, and the safety of eighty passengers on board, forbade the burial or preservation of the body; and, with mutilated rites, it was, without delay, consigned to the keeping of the mighty sea in the bay off Gibraltar. That rock will be a monument many a time and oft to recall to the mourning voyager the fate of our lamented artist—with the means just gathered and a new harvest of glory patent before him—in the midst of such a labour of love, at an age of unimpaired corporal and intellectual vigour (55)—a life sweetened by every circumstance that could be craved for human happiness, suddenly cut off and disappearing like the baseless fabric of a vision, without a trace, a momentary ripple on the vast expanse of ocean. To me it seems like a shadowy dream;

and even whilst I write—stimulated, perhaps, by my subject—I can hardly persuade myself that the stalwart form of the dead, yet alive and in health, bronzed by the Syrian sun, may not enter and approach me with the honest outstretched hand, and speak—oh, that I could hear it!—of Jerusalem, and Horeb, and Galilee!

When the sad news was received, a meeting at the "Thatched House" was held, Sir Robert Peel in the chair, and a subscription for a statue to commemorate the genius of Wilkie entered into. Above a thousand pounds was subscribed, and the statue now in the hall of the National Gallery is the result. The likeness, I believe, is from a bust by Joseph; but the figure looks small, and would not suit St. Paul's Cathedral, where it was at one time proposed to place it. The editor of the "Literary Gazette" suggested the application of any surplus fund to the award of an annual Wilkie medal towards the encouragement of that branch of the art in which he so brightly shone; but the idea was not adopted, if, indeed, there were means to carry it into effect. How deeply Wilkie loved it, and how deserving it was of his love, may be gathered from the glowing affection with which he regarded the Murillos in Madrid and Seville, and how justly he estimated one like himself, whose works were alike the admiration of the learned and the unlearned—thus oracularly writing: "Far be it from us to envy the taste of those who despise, in matters of art, the sympathy of the untutored mind; when unoccasioned by trick or deception, it is, perhaps, the most lasting evidence of the power of true excellence." I cannot conclude more appropriately than by adding another canon of sound art criticism which Wilkie quotes from Sir George Beaumont:* "White is not light, and detail is not finish."

* Sir George Beaumont, with Sir Abraham Hume and Sir Charles Long, afterwards Lord Farnborough, formed a most accomplished trio as connoisseurs and patrons of the British school. For muni-

The latter truth seems quite unknown to some of the miserable triflers of the pre-Raffaellite school.

ADDENDA.

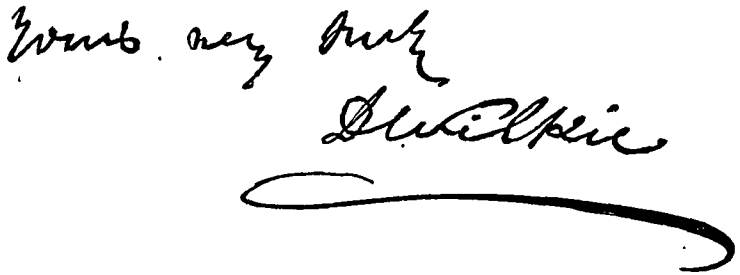
THE letter from which my autograph of Wilkie is copied is one I received from him after the Burns Festival at Freemasons' Tavern in 1816. To the meeting he came, with ten friends, and subscribed three guineas to the monument. Enclosing the fourteen pounds three shillings, and leaving Mr. Thomas Wilkie to account for another portion, he shows his national sympathy thus: "In case there should be a meeting of stewards to wind up the business, I beg that you will take the opportunity of recommending a proposition to them, which I have heard recommended both by those who were at the dinner and by those who have to regret that they were not: it is that the lively feeling which a festival in honour of Burns would at all times call forth among Scotchmen, should be taken advantage of on a future occasion in benefiting his family: and that the stewards, before separating, should make some provision for the recurrence of a meeting which would be looked forward to, even for its own sake, with delight by every true lover of his country and of its genius." My readers will see in the sketch of the Earl of Aberdeen, how great a benefit at once resulted to Burns's family from this meeting; though with regard to future festivals of the same nature, no specific plan has ever yet been organized. Still Burns's birthdays continue to be observed throughout the habitable globe, wherever the natives of Scotland and Scottish patriotic feeling exist; and

ficence, founded on pure taste, Sir John Leicester, afterwards Lord de Tabley, stood foremost among all in the encouragement of our National Art.

the late imposing Centenary made a grand demonstration in honour of his immortal name;—yet I must confess my agreement with the sentiment of Wilkie, that a universal and permanent holiday should be appointed and kept in connection with some desirable national object—the succour of the unfortunate—the solace of the poor. As it is, I am almost ashamed to confess I never made an effort, and add the conclusion of his letter:—"From the very handsome manner in which the last meeting was conducted, I think that any future meeting of the kind could not be better arranged than by yourself, to whom, in my opinion, the chief merit of the conduct of the last is due."

One of the rare honours paid to Wilkie himself was his election as an honorary member of the Highland Society; upon which he set much value.

His statue at the foot of the stairs of the Royal Academy Exhibition Rooms, is, as already remarked, a fair likeness, but has no other recommendation.



LORD WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY.

THOUGH he has been so recently taken from us, I cannot resist the desire to leave a record of Lord Willoughby on the roll of the Men I have Known. A long intimacy with which he honoured me enabled me fully to appreciate his character, and impressed a deep feeling of admiration for its peculiar and general excellences. He realized my ideal of a British nobleman. But I am certain, in my own mind, that this high opinion is not of a nature to warp the truth, and lead me to a delineation more imaginative than just, and so to idly indulge in the strain of eulogy too often mis-spent on the dull, cold ear of death. And my sincere conscientiousness in this respect will be confirmed by observing that I do not propose to set up, as it were, before the reader what the common language of the world calls a Great Man. Lord Willoughby, with all his endowments, too modestly retired from seeking his just share of public distinctions. But, in the comparatively private station in which he lived, his charities and good deeds were unbounded; and, when any of his beneficent or generous acts were discovered, he evaded recognition, and blushed to find them fame.

I looked upon, and shall ever esteem, the man as an invaluable model in his relations with his fellow-men; and hence my purpose is faithfully to present that example to view for grateful remembrance and imitation. If I am competent for my subject, it will prove how much true greatness may consist in true goodness.

Following my usual plan in these sketches, and avoiding any attempt at formal biography, I wish merely to present some prominent points of personal character; and these can often be best illustrated by simple anecdotes and brief recollections of minor incidents. But, in this case, it is only right to refer also to the lofty rank and the public eminence of Lord Willoughby as a peer of the realm—the representative of six centuries of illustrious ancestry, with, I believe, the blood of not less than six peerages mingling in his veins. Worthy of the highest descent, Lord Willoughby was endowed with clear perceptions and sound judgment. His spirit was lofty and his mind free. In political and private life he was the same. In the former his patriotism was liberal, and devoted to the honour of his country and the welfare of the people. In the latter his opinions were ruled by punctilious honour, and his benevolence extended to the farthest limit of judicious charity. These, in their most genial form, were ennobling attributes, and gave him great weight and influence in the sphere in which he was born to move.

Gathering their information chiefly from the newspaper reports of the speeches and actions of the busiest and most conspicuous of those who are engaged in political struggles, the public are little aware of the silent influence exercised by statesmen whose voices are rarely or never heard in the senate, nor their doings proclaimed through the press. I could mention names, unspoken of during the present time, which will be known to history as among the most potent movers in determining the policy and controlling the affairs of the empire. In this way the influence of men like Lord Willoughby far exceeds what might be supposed from the public mention of their names.

But, leaving the official points of character appropriately adorning one of the highest hereditary dignities of England,*

* Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain.

I proceed to my proposed endeavour to illustrate the amenities, the right feeling, and the sterling worth which are so admirable in all stations, though most conspicuous when they are added to wealth and rank. One of the distinguishing traits of the well-bred and naturally humane is the avoidance of aught that can offend the *amour propre*, or, in other words, give pain or mortification to others. It becomes so habitual that it seems innate. It is, in fact, only carrying into social life the beautiful maxim to do unto others as you would have them do unto you. It is often in mere thoughtlessness that this precious rule is so liable to be transgressed in ordinary life; its transgression is not a vice, but a defect evidencing that all with whom we associate are not gifted with, or educated to, the manners of gentlemen. Lord Willoughby was a perfect type of the highest class.

A familiar anecdote—I might, but for its teaching, call it trifling — will elucidate my meaning. I arrived as a guest at Drummond Castle on the eve of one of the great Scottish cattle-shows; and, as I knew Lord Willoughby took an earnest share in all agricultural improvements, I heartily wished he might take me along with him to the exhibition, more than thirty miles off. The day wore away, however; the reports of wonderful oxen and sheep were spoken of, but no invitation for the morning was offered to the poor disappointed visitor. At breakfast I learned from Lady Willoughby that his lordship had posted away at six o'clock, and I expressed my chagrin that I had not gone with him. How vexatious it was to be told that his lordship had expressed similar regret, but, as he supposed I did not care for such animal congregations, had not made the proposal. I had, unfortunately, missed his letter to Edinburgh asking me to go with him, and my silence was taken for disinclination. But the more marked delicacy of the treatment followed. I happened to be the only guest at the time, and Lord Willoughby, instead of stopping to feast with the Duke of Richmond and the other eminent persons at the

grand banquet, hastened home to fulfil the duties of hospitality at his own table with his imagined recalcitrant guest.

Nor let it be fancied that, though the incident seems trivial, the lesson is not important. The noteworthy point is that the same respect was paid to the humble individual as would have been to a prince. *Noblesse oblige* was shown to be the rule of courteous life. I am not one to undervalue the greater and homelier virtues that may shine under rougher manners, or to bow to condescensions from the higher to inferior classes as if sycophancy were the tribute due to them. With the Ayrshire poet, I would never forget that "a man's a man for a' that," and owes a certain value to his own manhood; but so long as there are great inequalities in the condition of mankind, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the educated and the ignorant, so long will there be sentiments engendered by the trying nature of their intercourse of incalculable service, if properly understood, for the comfort of society and the welfare of the community at large. The upper classes never can so essentially contribute to their own happiness and welfare as by living on the kindliest terms with the working classes, who form the broad basis of the social pyramid; and the masses are never in so right a path as when cordially receiving and appreciating the genuine consideration of their wants and feelings by their more fortunate brethren. Alas! it is in human nature for disparity to be envious, ignorance jealous, and poverty sensitive; and the wise, humane, and righteous way to avert the evils likely to spring from this common condition of mankind is to treat envy generously, and jealousy candidly, and poverty tenderly; and then we might look more assuredly to the return of a "golden age," or, what would be still more blessed, if the highest motives operate, a Christian state of social life.

But, though I have given one illustration of character, not for its importance, but for the impression it made on my own mind, I may not lose sight of the extension of the

feeling to matters of greater moment. I took an excursion to see Perth, so full of historical and legendary fame, in company with the then agent for the Drummond estates, and in the course of our conversations he mentioned to me the amount of rental, and how easy it would be, leaving still a most liberal margin for the tenantry, to raise it several thousands a year. Shortly after taking a turn in the garden with Lord Willoughby, waiting for the dinner-bell, I mentioned the statement, and, idly enough, expressed my surprise at the circumstance. I cannot well forget the reproof I received, agreeable as was the tone in which it was administered. We were just going in, his lordship hoped, to a good dinner, and he trusted that there was not much fault to be found with the other accommodations of the castle. Was there anything I might want for my comfort and enjoyment? No doubt I earnestly disclaimed the idea of my finding any fault with what I deemed (and all who ever knew it deemed) a paradise upon earth, and was brought to confess that I did not think the felicity of the situation could be increased by any addition to the rents. "Well," said my lord, "you seemed much pleased with the appearance of the young married pair in the pew near us last Sunday; how well they were dressed, how well they looked, how happy they appeared to be, and how excellent a specimen (man and wife being one) they were of the fine Highland race. The bridegroom is the son of your friend Vespasian yonder,* and has just entered upon one of the nicest farms on the property: do you think it would be any gratification to Lady Willoughby or to me to put a few

* The clan Drummond are generally well-proportioned and athletic, and the females good-looking. My "friend Vespasian" was a principal tenant, to whom I had given the title from his remarkable resemblance to the marble bust of the Roman emperor among the twelve Cæsar ornaments of the admirable garden at Drummond Castle.

pounds towards rack upon his annual charge?" I could not imagine it probable!

But solicitude for the welfare of those within their sphere did not stop with special cases like this. I had the pleasure to assist his lordship in drawing up a graduated scheme, which he had devised for the benefit of all who were connected with, or dependent upon, the chief now at the head of their community. It was so regulated that, at stated periods, and according to a scale laid down and agreed upon, every individual on the estate, from the highest tenant to the lowest labourer, should set apart a portion of profits or wages, to form a common fund as a provision against future contingencies. It was a noble plan; and when the sum total (a very considerable one, of many hundred pounds) was reckoned up, its generous promoters just doubled it. I need not describe what evils were prevented and what sufferings alleviated by means of this delightful savings bank, or mutual assurance fund. Cattle or sheep were lost on the farm, accidents happened to machinery, crops partially failed, sickness seized the labourer or casualty befell him, age and infirmity grew heavy on his family—in all the ills that flesh is heir to here was succour for the unfortunate and balm for the afflicted. Often have I pondered, were it possible to adopt such a system to our national condition (with the needful applications for migratory habits), how enormous would be the blessing, how few would seek the workhouse, how few beggars would exist, how the aged would be succoured, how the miserable would be comforted, how upright we should see the down-bent, stooping, worn-out labourer walk, how healthful many pale and decrepit mechanics would look, how crime would be diminished by the absence of prompting want, how self-respect would be cultivated, and the country never again be appalled by the horrifying stories of starving to death. Yet, *dream* as this may be, I am sure that a great deal might be accomplished in this salutary direction, even if compulsory measures to realize it

were resorted to. All the lessons of political economy, all the moral advising of prudence, and all the hallucinations of beatitude in equality are but vain imaginings to what is possible by any extent of practicable organization after the example of Drummond Castle.

I have so far exhibited individual and local effects of a very gratifying nature emanating from the simple sources of cultivated manners, refined tastes, and generous dispositions. But Lord Willoughby was eminently practical, and aimed at general improvement as the result of his persevering experiments. He devoted much time to the useful reclamation of waste land, and the conversion of peat into consolidated fuel, more valuable for all purposes, and especially for the arts, manufactures, and industrial pursuits of the country. He was the leader in this line of economic experiment, which, though of small account to Englishmen, is of no little importance to Scotland, with its vast tracts of bog and moor. Year after year I witnessed the progress of the design—the trials of seasons, conditions, newly-invented machines, methods of compression, etc.—till all difficulties were overcome, and the peat-fuel was employed in steam navigation. I possess a razor, made by Savigny, the celebrated cutler, which proved that, being without sulphur, this substance far surpassed coal in the manufacture of steel. Lord Willoughby finished his laborious and costly task, and, like the noble man he was, he threw it openly to the public; and all the advantages at present reaped from his services are hardly traced or acknowledged to have sprung from their unostentatious and disinterested author.

The same story may be told of his experiments with the steam-plough, which he brought into perfect operation; and other agricultural improvements for which the country owes him a debt of deep and lasting gratitude. He took the warmest interest in the prosperity of agriculture and the welfare of its labouring ranks, and, independently of his worth in other respects, might have deserved the answer

paid by the Delphic oracle to Myson, when Anacharsis inquired who was the wisest man in Greece, "He who is now ploughing his fields!"

My readers, I have essayed by a few light traits, to afford some idea of a truly good as well as great man—good in all the relations of life, fully sensible of the responsibilities of his social station, and urged far beyond the mere fulfilment of implied duties by a noble spirit of independent patriotism, and a firm religious sense of the claim of charity upon his fortune, and of Christianity upon himself. I may seem to be guilty of egotism from the manner in which I have spoken of association with several of the actions of one I have so highly eulogized; but at any rate I will make bold to say that, if I have exalted myself a little, I may plead as an excuse the fact of being honoured, through many years, with the intimate and confidential friendship of such persons as Lord and Lady Willoughby.

I have only to add that, in body as in mind, Lord Willoughby stood eminent among his fellows. His frame was manly, and he was distinguished in manly sports and pursuits. His presence was lofty and commanding, as may be seen in all the paintings and engravings of the grand national ceremonies of the last half-century. In the coronations, courts, royal marriages, and other magnificent assemblages, his high office of joint hereditary Great Chamberlain gave him a conspicuous place, and a glance at any of these splendid pictures will show that it could not have been occupied by one more to the manner born and dignified. Take him for all in all, he was as perfect an example as could be found of the noblest qualities which in our times have graced an English baron* and Scottish chief.

* Willoughby de Eresby is one of the very ancient baronies created by writ of summons, which pass, being heritable, by heirs male or female, at different periods into different families, and sometimes remain for centuries dormant; for, in the instance of

ADDENDA.

In my foregoing concluding summary of the character of a nobleman who possessed so rare a combination of the finest qualities that can adorn humanity, I have offered a praise in words which did not strictly belong to him, and which would, in fact, militate a little against my picture of that most delicate feeling which gave to every one what was due, and abnegated self. Thus if I hailed him as a "Scottish Chief," I should have found myself mistaken. *Suum cuique*, if he acted in every way as such a chief would, it was only as the *Henchman* of his Lady, the lineal representative, heiress and head of the great clan Drummond! It was almost amusing to observe his constant deference, and I may also say public homage in this respect! To a clansman on any errand of business, it was, "I must consult Lady Willoughby!" On every work or alteration upon the estate, even to the felling of a tree, nothing was done without Lady Willoughby.

It was all in the same spirit I have attempted to delineate, but could only indicate, in his attentions to so humble an individual as myself—it was wonderfully minute, as well as filling all larger space, and appeared to be a spontaneous acting of Nature. I had once expressed a higher opinion of one Leith wine than another: next season only the approved vintage was on the table! I question if this instance of refined hospitality could be surpassed by the best and most polished society in the world. But it was the same in every respect. I arrived late of a night when his lordship was feasting the tenantry in the restored gatehouse: was immediately presented to them (with many compliments)

there being no male heir, but several female, the barony does not devolve upon the eldest daughter, but upon all conjointly, and cannot, consequently, be inherited until there be a single heir to the whole without the especial interference of the Crown.

and toasted as his friend, being thus at once made a freeman of the Clan. And no thankless promotion either. No matter where I wandered thereafter, I was recognised and my sport assisted everywhere. Where the game was to be found—where it had been disturbed—and, in short, every useful intelligence was sedulously communicated; and when successful I had but to follow the honoured custom of the Drummond Estates, to make a sign where I had deposited a hare or brace of grouse for the farmer to take home to his own fireside. This is an excellent method for securing good sport; and an example worthy of being generally followed.

Surely it is not surprising that the autumnal migration to the Highlands of Scotland should have assumed such magnitude. Nothing, to any individual doomed for months to sedentary habits, can exceed the benefits and pleasure, the exchange bestows. With every day of wholesome exercise, health and vigour (obviously) increase; and then, if the privilege of sporting be accessible, the heath will supply a wide range of enjoyment: he can make himself very happy in climbing a rugged rock for a shot at ptarmigan, or even be lifted to ecstacy by "knocking over" a red deer! Why, he becomes heroic.

I proposed to myself in this paper to illustrate Lord Willoughby's character, in one private point of view, by some of those small incidental anecdotes which prove much, though they may seem too trivial for serious record. I can only hope that I have not missed my object, by the misuse of my means. My gratitude for a long life of kindness, and my attachment to his Lordship and Lady Willoughby may have influenced my expression of sentiments in a manner not altogether seemly in our comparative social rank but I trust that in this case, and throughout my work, the reader will do me the credit to believe that my familiarity in style has not proceeded from presumption or vanity, but simply from the desire to avoid repetitions and circumlocu-

tion in language. With this explanation, or apology, I will take the liberty of completing (as it were), the Portrait of Lord Willoughby, by joining with it, as a rightful exception in my plan, that of the admirable lady whom I have described as *one* with him, in life and in death, and conspicuously above all in the splendid hospitalities of Drummond Castle, unspoilt by frivolous etiquette, and rendered all but domestic by the kind heartiness and good heart that never ceased to reign there.

The warm home of true Highland hospitality is cold. Drummond Castle has lost its noble mistress. I will not venture to pronounce, as it might justly be pronounced in superlative language, a funeral eulogy upon Lady Willoughby; it shall suffice me to say she was admirable for a rare combination of an amiable nature with sound sense, a highly cultivated mind, a finely appreciative knowledge of the world and its men and women of many ranks, a liberal charity, and a considerateness and respect for the feelings of others, high or low, which alone is one of the most endearing qualities that can be met with in all the diverse relations of social life. In short, she was, to the letter, a good, humane, generous, and high-souled Christian woman—none more excellent and exemplary in the observance of domestic and private duties, or more estimable in the discharge of those functions to which she was called by her position as peeress of the realm, and wedded to its hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain. The family of Drummond is of very remote antiquity; but it is enough to notice the marriage of the Lady Annabella, daughter of Sir John Drummond, of Stobhall (the original estate still among the larger Perth inheritances), to King Robert III., thus becoming the mother of James I., who was murdered by his rebellious nobles. To this royal alliance may be traced a part of that devoted loyalty to the Stuart race which rendered the Drummond clan so obnoxious to the successful power, and subjected it and its chiefs to the severest

persecution. They were patriots, as they understood the sense of the term, and loyal to the utmost verge of endurance for the sake of their king and their country. The principle was tried by the fire and not found wanting. Three "Thanes of Perth" took prominent parts in the falling fortunes of the Stuarts, fearfully and chivalrously set their all upon the cast, even when most desperate, and they died —banished—in a foreign clime, within the space of thirty years. The first of these three dukes died at St. Germains in the service of King James, who bestowed the title and appointed him governor to the Prince of Wales; his son James was attainted in Fifteen; and the third was the celebrated Lord Chancellor of the Forty-five, who died of privations and fatigue in his attempt to escape in 1746.

> "Old times are changed, old manners gone,
> A stranger fills the Stuart throne,"

sang Sir Walter Scott, but he did not live to witness the memorable proof, only a few years ago, when the youthful Queen of the Brunswick "usurpers" and her consort were splendidly entertained at that Drummond Castle from which the Chancellor Duke barely escaped with his life, by her Majesty's own Lord Great Chamberlain and his lady, the direct descendant of that proscribed line, and heiress to that ancient feudal abode! Around that abode it was delightful to see Lady Willoughby continually consulting the welfare of her tenants and the comfortable settlement of their families, and caring for the wants of the poorer classes, in which she was zealously seconded by her congenial husband, as if, and indeed so it was, their supreme enjoyment to diffuse happiness throughout the spacious circle of which they were the centre.

That the Jacobite feeling (now transferred to the Queen and her children) was by no means extinct in the days of George III. is proved by a cherished tradition of the people. Near the castle there is now a considerable sheet of water—an artificial lake—and, as the story goes, it was

upon this site that the cottages of a party of the military, such as were stationed all over the north to overawe the natives, had been erected. When the estate was restored, the mother of Lady Willoughby was consulted about demolishing these huts; but the very ground on which they stood was hateful to her sight, and she gave orders that the lake should be formed, and the odious spectacle be blotted out from visible memory for ever.

On closing this to me very interesting chapter, I have obtained leave to transcribe a congenial tribute from the pen of an estimable nobleman whom I have had the honour of meeting at Drummond Castle. These feeling Stanzas were addressed by Lord Ravensworth to "his dear and lamented friend Lord Willoughby, after the [supposed] successful operation of Couching," and were presented to Lady Willoughby by their accomplished author, whose autograph I added to my illustrative list.

"FIAT LUX."

Addressed to my dear friend, LORD WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY, *after the operation of couching for Cataract.*

"Let there be light!" th' Eternal word
At Earth's creation spoke—
Primæval Night obedient heard,
And light through chaos broke.

And all the heavenly host on high,
God's angel ministers,
Loud anthems sang in harmony
With music of the spheres.

And from the watery waste below
The mists of darkness clear'd,
Before that word retiring slow,
As the young earth appear'd.

Pleased at the new and glorious sight,
The great Creator stood;
Divided darkness from the light,
And saw that it was good.

And still we see each changing moon
Her change of seasons bring,
Each night's repose succeed to noon,
Each winter lead to spring.

And still we bless the glorious light
Of spring, of Heaven fresh-born;
And hail with joy the promise bright
Of each approaching morn.

Then oh! how sad the lot of him,
Blind wanderer on his way,
Whose visual orb suffused and dim,
Denies its wonted ray.

To whom each day as night is dark,
And each fair prospect hid,
And at one entrance every spark
Of knowledge quite forbid.

Yet men have lived of ancient date
To whom the muse hath given,
Such visions in their eyeless state,
As seem sent down from Heaven.

Thus Homer sang of gods and men,
And Milton spirit fired
Soar'd into heights beyond the ken
Of morta uninspired.

And Willoughby, perchance to thee
Some inward radiance shone
Of power to chase the world's *ennui*,
And check the rising groan!

Such consolation sure was thine
In those long hours of night,
Which Hope and Patience, maids divine,
Cheer'd in their tardy flight:

Thine were the steady heart and eye,
The scutcheon without stain,
Borne by the brave Lord Willoughby,
In wars of swarthy Spain.

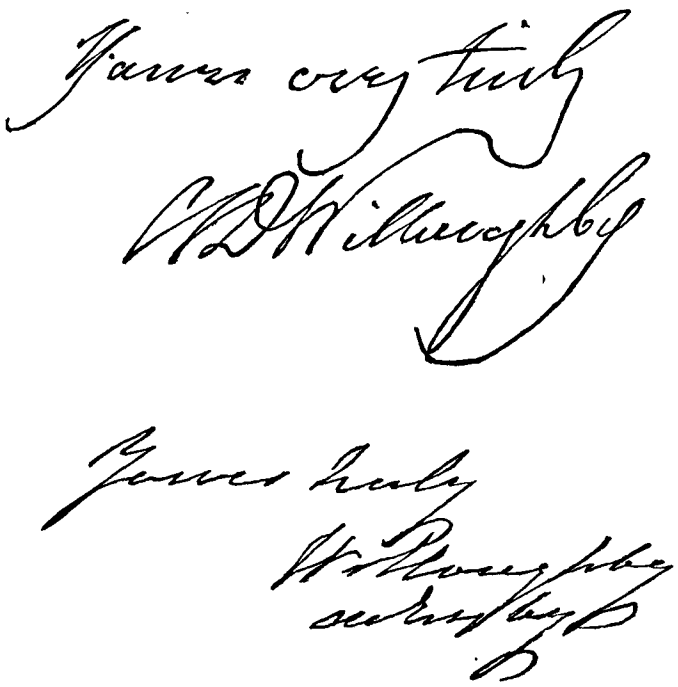
And sure they stood thee in good stead
Of youth's forgotten glow,
When fourscore years their snows had shed
Upon thy silver'd brow.

For when the hour of trial came,
That steady heart and eye
Unflinching still remain'd the same,
While friends stood trembling by.

"Let there be light!" the artist spoke,
And at his magic word,
The light once more through shadows broke
On Eresby's patient lord.

RAVENSWORTH.

Dated January 25th, 1865.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WORDSWORTH was the "representative man" of the Lake poetry, pre-eminently and peculiarly the head of the school. Coleridge and Southey, and their followers, diverged into other tracks, and aspired to loftier strains; but he was faithful to the Helicon waters of Cumberland and the mountain Parnassus of Skiddaw. His perceptions and conceptions, his means, his manner, his method, his objects of study, and his modes of thought and expression, were most distinctly and individually his own. He looked earnestly at matters generally esteemed not worth notice, and he treated them as a philanthropist and philosopher. The former habit imparted an originality to his musings, and the latter enabled him to draw beneficial lessons from small things in nature, and even good out of evil, when conflicting anomalies or gross aberrations were presented to his views.

His pursuit of poetry, in this frame of mind and temper, led to his questioned talent at the offset, and his doubtful repute as he persevered in his course. They were the cause alike of his failures and successes. The weak and puerile sprang from their predominating infusion of the simple, just as the truly beautiful and poetic emanated from the genius they fostered. And thus it came to pass that one class of critics railed at what they deemed to be low and silly, whilst another class applauded to the skies what they maintained to be the noblest and most beneficent themes for the exercise of the heaven-born art. And both, to a certain

degree, might be right: for it can hardly be denied that there is a strange incongruous mixture of the namby-pamby with the delightful, the ludicrous with the pathetic, and the affected with the natural in Wordsworth—that his poet eye never reached the sublime, or rolled in frenzy, but was chastened into a pervading sobriety of vision, which nevertheless included a magic sphere, sweetly adorned with grace, wisdom, and purity.

At all events, he aimed to be natural, and, in the conviction that this was the true mission of the minstrel, defied or perhaps despised ridicule; and, whether abused or bepraised, held on undauntedly the even tenor of his way. The appeal was new, and consequently liable to great difference of opinion. What else could he expect who offered a theory for the regeneration of English poetry, and illustrated it by compositions of his own? Indeed, nothing could be more easy than to pick out, as taste or fancy dictated, passages like indifferent "nursery tales," or verses breathing the pure spirit of the immortal gift. It was a curious condition to be held up as a Zany with the cap and bells, on one side, and, on the other, to be elevated above the altar, and worshipped as an exalted Genius; but so it was.

A minute observation of Nature, and a studied simplicity in applying language to the ideas suggested by her infinite variety, made the fountain of Wordsworth's verse. In his descriptions of the lowlier beauties he affected the tone of Touchstone towards Audrey, "homely, but mine own;" and never essayed to touch the strain (held to be complimentary to a painter, and also to a poet), that, if his peasant was spreading manure, "he scattered it with the air of a gentleman." And, when his theme rose into a higher sphere, it was not by figurative imagination, or words that burn, that he elaborated his design, but by the plainest possible prosaic realization of the matter it was his object to impress. His mirror reflected the naked truth, when unadorned adorned the most, and never distorted nor exaggerated, but attended

by all the congenial attractions with which genius only knows how to illustrate the breathing world, and persuade and delight mankind.

His profession of poetic faith, the key to nine-tenths of his writing, may therefore be found in the short piece entitled "The Banks of the Wye," and serve as a text for all who discourse upon his literary or personal character. It runs thus:—

> "This prayer I make,
> Knowing that Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege,
> Through all the years of this our life, to lead
> From joy to joy: for she can so inform
> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
> Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
> The dreary intercourse of daily life,
> Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings."

It is but a terser song to bid—

> "Come forth into the light of things,
> Let Nature be your teacher,"

and amplify the same into the source of every virtue, pleasure, and happiness.

In personal appearance Wordsworth was a noticeable man; one of the few whom, having once seen, you remember as apart from the common herd. His life was mostly spent in rural retirement, amid the romantic scenery of the Lake district in Cumberland. I went once from Cheshire to visit him at Rydal Mount; I was not unexpected, nor denied the favour of a first home-picture. On walking up the beautiful greensward, on a fine summer afternoon, towards the house, I at once saw the poet seated, almost in attitude, at

an open window which descended to the ground, and with a handsome folio poised upon his crossed knee, which he seemed to be reading. Had those been the days of photographs, the position would have been invaluable. He speedily left it, however, and gave me a kindly welcome to his very charming retreat, the apparent seat of "idlesse all," and "lettered ease."

It was here that the child was father to the man, and the man to the minstrel. From youth to age his devotedness to the *Ars Poetica* was so intense that it must have been pronounced most laborious, had it not been so calm, dreamy, and philosophical as to forbid the suspicion of any industrious application. It was not the fate of his authorship to toil through the calamities of

> "Labour and Care, and Pain and dismal Age,
> Till Hope deserted,"

and cast him a wreck upon the shoal of time; on the contrary, his path lay through pleasant places. He had enough for comfort, and a little more, when appointed distributor of stamps, and then laureate; and, morning, noon, and night, for years after years, he beguiled the hours in the same congenial way. He wandered, and he pondered, and he mused, and he indulged in the love of all the rural scenery around him, and the objects it offered to the appreciation of human sense; and, when satiated with the endless fancies upon outward things, he would retire within himself, and pile up thought on thought in the revision of his personal feelings throughout the long period of his contemplative existence. The former were gleaned from matters of fact—the latter were founded on experiences; and both were susceptible of ever-teeming fresh and novel views, as the temperament or the varying disposition of the passing moment might light them up for the scrutiny of the watchful and observant mind. This dreaminess, with few

exceptions, dissolved into softness in one who "walked far from the world like a blissful creature," and "lived a whole life in absorbing thought"—

"As if life's business were a summer's mood."

In the country he would walk with you, talk with you, and seem gratified with your society; but, somehow or other, it seemed to me as if he were ready to relapse, become wrapt up in speculation, and would rather prefer being left to commune with himself. There must have been thousands of hours of these communings. It was during them that he had so much time to cultivate his elaborate simplicity, and descend to the trite and trifling subjects which he deemed consistent with that style, and believed he could elevate to the spirit, if not to the dignity, of song. It was this attempt which caused him to be accused of childishness, and induced the production of a certain kind of doggerel which no reputable periodical of the present day would accept.

You cannot, says the proverb, make a silk purse of a sow's ear, neither can you make a very small thing great. Even poetry cannot enlarge it by description, though it may possibly manage to elicit wonders from the materially insignificant, just as one might carve wonderful sculptures on a cherry-stone. Yet we are not convinced by the apostrophe—

"Oh, gentle reader, you could find
A tale in every thing;"

at least I am of opinion that Wordsworth himself has failed in endeavouring to accomplish this task; and that in the attempt he often damages the beauties which stand in juxtaposition and alternate with these defects. Thus, his "Daisy" is at least but a blossom of prettiness—most of his reflections on similar pretty objects being incongruous,

though some are charming. As a whole, how inferior to the delicious lesson on the same suggestive flower by Burns! In "We are Seven," indeed, the pathos overcomes the quaint familiarity of the style, and embodies the touching sentiment with irresistible effect; but the "Pet Lamb" is more artificial, and the "Leech Gatherer" rather contrasts than assimilates with it, by diving below water-mark and dabbling in the mud; fit enough for leeches, but which no power of poetry could transmute into a golden sand for admiration to flow on with Pactolus.

I could distinctly conceive Wordsworth and his choice of subjects—his imaginings and manner of treatment, when I witnessed the constant habits of his daily life. By day and by night he fed his soul with sights and emotions and analyses. He dwelt in no airy or fantastic world. He raised the temple of his fame on realities. The vicissitudes of atmospheric phenomena—thunder and calm, light and shade, drought and rain, heat and cold—the mountain peak, the undulating hills, and the extended champaign—the foaming torrent, the roaring cataract, the murmuring streamlet, and the ample mere; these, and truly Nature, in her every aspect, engrossed the devotedness of his ceaseless contemplation and study. And when he sought his themes from animate creation, it was the fate of his idiosyncrasy most readily to find, and most zealously to adopt, the Goody Blakes and Peter Bells, *et hoc genus omne*, for whom he had to adapt language suited to their stations, and yet not be inconsistent with the tone of refinement and polish which we seem to expect from the judicious muse.

How rarely he missed his aim or lost his way is marvellous, and how lavishly he bespangled even his beggar's rags with gems of unpriced value, so as to make them a nation's wealth and boast, is proven by his acknowledged triumph over all difficulties, and the high place he fills among the immortals in Britain's glorious poetic fane.

On his visits to town, the recluse of Rydal Mount was

quite a different creature. To me it was demonstrated, by his conduct under every circumstance, that De Quincy, in some fit of resentment or unopiated ill-humour, had done him gross injustice in the character he loosely threw upon the public, viz., that "he was not generous or self-denying, but austere and unsocial, and would not burden himself with a lady's parasol or any civility of trouble;" and farther, that he was "slovenly and regardless in dress." I must protest that there was no warrant for this caricature; but, on the contrary, that it bore no feature of resemblance to the slight degree of eccentricity discoverable in Cumberland, and was utterly contradicted by the life in London. In the mixed society of the great Babylon, Mr. Wordsworth was facile and courteous; dressed like a gentleman, and with his tall, commanding figure—no mean type of the superior order, well trained by education and accustomed to good manners—shall I reveal that he was often sportive, and could even go the length of strong (whatever invidiousness might say, not vulgar) expressions in the off-hand mirth of his observations and criticisms?

I remember accompanying him one day to the Royal Academy Exhibition, wherein Turner had indulged his most defiant whim in colour by painting a Jessica looking out of her father Shylock's window. It was certainly an outrageous slap-dash of crude reds and yellows, lake, vermilion, gamboge, and ochre; harmonious it might be, as the great artist could blend it to be seen from a distance, but assuredly a strange spectacle to be closely examined. Will it be credited that, on looking at the unlovely Jessica, the poet laureate, so chaste and delicate in all his own paintings, should have repeated a simile, probably heedlessly caught from one of his low-lived studies, "She looks as if she had supped off underdone pork, and been unable to digest it in the morning." Oh! fie, for a laureate; but very unlike De Quincy's austere, unsocial misanthrope. I also recollect, among other minor traits, his enjoyment of the theatre

when there were Kembles and others like them on the stage, and when witnessing the vivid impersonation of a Brutus in "Julius Cæsar," or a Kent in "Lear," an audience felt as Wordsworth wrote—

> "We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakespeare spake."

Nor did he mislike the music of the opera; though the ballet afforded him matter for one of the most humorous critiques that could be imagined. He also was much solicited to write in the Annuals, but, with the exception of a friendly intimacy with young Reynolds (the son of the dramatist, and author of an extraordinary volume, entitled "Miserrimus"), did not incline to be bribed into that service. Nor, indeed, was he a money-seeker; for on his way to a continental tour, after the incidents above related, he declined the offer of a considerable sum from the editor of the "Literary Gazette," which would have amply supplied very liberal expenditure on six weeks' travel and more, on the ground of an "idleness" of disposition, and that, being obliged to keep a diary, would cramp his movements and prevent his occupying his time as the spur of the moment might suggest. The wish for this diary, be it remarked, was inspired by the exhibition of the talent (so unlike the poetic conception of the man) for original observation and lu'crous description, which I have endeavoured to point out as duplicate (or a second moiety) to the simple notions and intellectual refinement of the Poet of the Lakes. I dare affirm the world lost an instructive and amusing treat by his refusal to journalize.

Yet prose writing was not his forte, and his want of perspicuity has been judiciously ascribed to two causes—his admiration of Milton's prose, and his habit of dictating instead of writing. If he had been his own scribe, his eye would have told him where to stop; but in dictating, his own thoughts were familiarly intelligible to himself, and he ran on,

unconscious of either the length of the sentence or of the difficulty an ordinary reader must necessarily meet in unravelling all its involutions, and following its meaning to the end. I have always found dictated composition to be complicated and diffuse. But we have more to do with his poetic career, to which I revert.

Born in 1770, during the last dozen years of the last century, he composed a great deal, including the "Borderers," a tragedy, "Peter Bell," and others of the watery class, which, however, were not published till in long after-years. But, from beginning to end, his devotedness to the poetic art was manifested under an atmosphere so rich in incense and rejoicing, that it could only be esteemed an immeasurable pleasure, and hardly a labour, even of love! The quantity of his offerings at the shrine he worshipped was astonishing. *Nulla dies sine linea* would be a very defective estimate of his registry of meteoric appearances, infinitely more minute and searching than ever Admiral Fitzroy could boast—his more intense regard of innumerable features of rural scenery than ever landscape-painting or topography or land-surveying could embrace—his abundance of characters, not so striking as those of Crabbe—his tales, more picturesque than pointed—his placid thoughts, his humane sentiments, his beautiful passages, and his epithets, proclaiming the poet in simple words; as of the stone "fleeced with moss;" the man remembered thirty years ago, who "was so old he seemed no older now;" or the deep calm of Westminster Bridge at sunrise, "glittering in the smokeless air:" when

> "The very houses seem asleep
> And all that mighty heart is lying still."

The inculcation of charity and morality, which pervade every page of Wordsworth, needs no comment or commendation; and I only allude to the latter virtue for the sake of picking out a trifling contrast to the beauties of the

"Waggoner," and the still more admirable and affecting strain of the "Old Cumberland Beggar" (to my taste the most perfect composition of the author), in the questionable tale of "Harry Gill and Goody Blake." The Goody, it may be remembered, is gripped by the farmer in the act of breaking down his fences (and not for the first time) for sticks to light her fire; and in her terror she prays that he may "never more be warm." And the curse falls upon him: his "teeth they chatter, chatter still;" which seemeth an admission contrary to the holy commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." The author appears to excuse the transgression, and say, "Let them steal;" seeing that Farmer Gill is poetically punished for asserting his rights, and checking her evil deeds.

But Wordsworth was an upright, benevolent, and virtuous man, and justly enjoyed—

> "That best portion of a good man's life,
> His little nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love."

His sympathies were of the right order, and few human beings ever passed through so long a term of life, who could say at the close they had given less offence or done less injury to their fellow-creatures. There is in this sketch no evil to live after him, nor can the good ever be interred with the bones of the poet, who has left so lasting a monument to show what he was, and preserve the exemplary memory thereof to generations yet unborn.

ADDENDA.

On looking back on what I have written concerning the Poet, William Wordsworth, it seems to me that I could hardly supplement it more characteristically, than by transcribing the letter in which he declined the commission to keep a diary on his continental tour. It touches on other points, but is, I hope, worthy of preservation here as a whole.

"Dear Sir,—

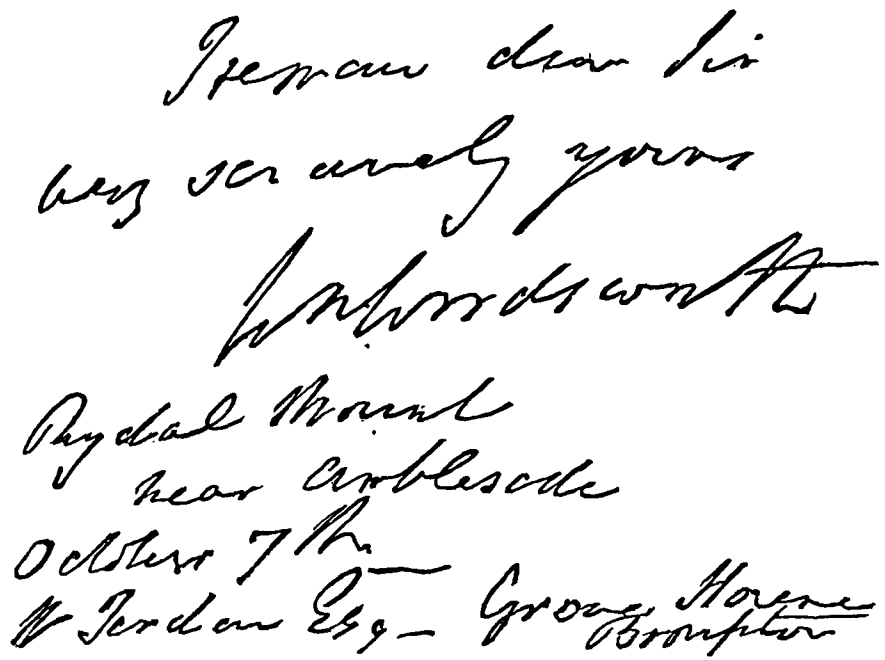
"Your letter of the 23rd August, I did not receive till my arrival here, several weeks after it was written. My stay in London was only of a few days, or I should have been pleased to renew my acquaintance with you.

"I really cannot change my opinion as to the little interest which would attach to such observations as my ability or opportunity enabled me to make during my ramble upon the Continent, or it would have given me pleasure to meet your wishes. There is an obstacle in the way of my ever producing anything of this kind, viz. idleness, and yet another which is an affair of taste. Periodical writing, in order to strike, must be ambitious; and this style is, I think, in the record of tours or travels, intolerable; or, at any rate, the worst that can be chosen. My model would be Gray's Letters and Journal, if I could muster courage to set seriously about anything of the kind; but I suspect Gray himself would be found flat in these days.

"I have named to Mr. Southey your communication about Mr. Percival's death; he received them and wrote you a letter of thanks, which by some mishap or other does not appear to have reached you.

"If you happen to meet Mr. Reynolds, pray tell him

that I received his prospectuses (an ugly word), and did as he wished with them.



At his charming home Wordsworth appears to have been most accurately foreshadowed by Burbadge—

> "Give me the man who can enjoyment find
> In brooks and streams, and every flower that grows;
> Who in a daisy can amusement see,
> And gather wisdom from *a floating straw*;
> His soul a spring of pleasure might possess
> Quite inexhaustible."

But confined within its own circle, and not quitting it for the noblest study of mankind, nor for creativeness, nor

imagination, nor sublimity: with the exception of an occasional playfulness, the simplicities of nature were his Muse's all, and the ideal had no place with the real in his inspirations. But his own Autobiographical Poem, "The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind," tells its own tale; and as my office, now, is not critical, I shall merely notice his great attachment to, and admiration and love of Coleridge, as a prominent feature in his conduct through the vicissitudes of the life of the Ancient Mariner, so entirely different in ideality and enthusiasm.

POSTSCRIPT.

HOW gratified I should be if I could hope that not "*Historia*" alone, but "*Biographia*" also, *quoque modo scripta delectat;* but since that claim, possibly, may not be allowed, I must endeavour to avail myself of a better plea. With regard to this volume, I can vouch for its perfect truthfulness, and have therefore only to crave indulgence for its imperfections. Few men, as noticed in my Preface, have lived through so long a period of such mixed and busy life in the metropolis as I have done, and been influenced by their peculiar pursuits to be equally observant and reflective. I have cast a retrospect upon the panorama, and endeavoured to reanimate it with the figures of some of the remarkable personages who gave life and motion to the scene, whilst many have slipped from memory and vanished, like *Ombres Chinoises*, to be recalled no more. For the rest, it is a weary journey to look back upon; and at an age, years beyond fourscore, with flagging brain and wavering hand, be reminded that my work must be very nearly done. Would it were worthier! but—

"Vixi, et quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi."

Some of my anecdotes may, by the severe critic, be thought too trivial to contribute effectually to the elucidation of character; but, besides being expedient to lighten the more essential portion of my aim, I may shelter myself from blame for their introduction behind the shield of a very acute observer of human nature (especially among the higher and distinguished circles), Horace Walpole. In developing the idiosyncrasy of the unfortunate Earl of Essex, he states that, "having consulted a great variety of writers,

he may give at least some anecdotes, though of a trifling sort, which will appear in a stronger light than they have hitherto done." Now, having derived my data from personal association, may not I fairly presume, even more than Horace Walpole, on the inference that "such matters do not rest in the great historical works on the shelves of what Voltaire so happily calls La Bibliothèque du Monde." Feathers serve to show whence the wind comes and whither it blows; and slight traces may not be without their value, especially where it is attempted to catch and delineate the natural traits of individual character:—unless we are disposed, indeed, which I, on my assuredly certain facts, could not be, to go the length of a dictum thus expressed to me in a note from my lamented friend Ingoldsby, touching a memoir of Sir Thomas Lawrence, five-and-thirty years ago: "I begin to suspect that biography as well as history is what an enlightened friend of mine pronounced Frankenstein to be, viz. a pack of lies altogether!"

There is yet another apology to make, which I would offer with some diffidence, because I am well aware of the smart reply, "If sensible of unfitness, why trouble the public;" and as Ossian further declares "age to be dark and unlovely," I can only urge that there are many interesting things which must suffer when left to report and conjecture to determine, and which the memory and experience of age alone can reveal, verify, and satisfactorily discuss. Be this as it may, as my offence can hardly be called rank, I hope my readers will not think I have provoked a worse word than was given to a preceding candidate for his maladroit performance of what he flattered himself might be received as a useful service. I trust the reader will not say to me, "Adieu, Monsieur Gil Blas; je vous souhaite toutes sortes de prospérités avec un peu plus de goût!"

Desirous as I must be to merit similar good wishes, and take my leave on pleasant terms, I am still so beset with saucy doubts and fears about my own production, that I would fain

bespeak the gentle handling which my shortcomings need. I am conscious of many imperfections, and particularly of certain explanatory repetitions, though brief, which have sprung from the disconnected nature of publication in the periodical press, and for which in the conception and execution of a whole design no valid excuse could be offered. After all, poor evidence as it affords of the deserts of so long a literary life, it may cheer on my successors in a like career, by showing on how slender a foundation (not, however, without constant labour and some severe trials), one of their number could attain the gratifying condition, which these pages partially unfold, though left, alas! at the close in mournfulness to exclaim—

"Nobiles socios sortes miræ."

Nearly half a century passed in an enviable sphere, in confiding communion with numbers of the eminent, and some of the most illustrious, men of the time, was a consummation far beyond even the sanguine dreams of young aspiring—and now much remains as of a vague, unsubstantial vision. My revelations ought to have been of a higher order; but there are things that cannot be told, and I can only offer my contribution, in its unassuming form, to the fund of general information. May it be accepted!

AUTOGRAPHS.

It is very natural to wish to know all we can of remarkable persons, and the autographs introduced into this volume will, I hope, be approved of, as interesting memorials (additional traits as it were) of my Men of the nineteenth century, distinguished for great endowments, important services, or transcendant genius. The extent to which

autograph collecting is carried, is almost too enormous to be credited; and where they are rare, the value of specimens is extraordinary. In one case, where my own correspondence failed, I had much difficulty in procuring the coveted embellishment of Richard Martin. As a final resource, I addressed the Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and having no reply for a month, concluded my sketch as at page 321. But I have great pleasure in adding, together with the signature of this memorable philanthropical phenomenon, that it has been communicated to me in the most courteous manner, being the only one in the archives of the Society; and having been lent to a photographer at the date of my letter, the answer was postponed till the autograph was returned.

Witness the hand of—

COX AND WYMAN, PRINTERS, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

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